

**PRESIDENT'S SECRETARIAT
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1879.



THERE was nothing else for it, they said at the F. O. and the C. O.

It had been SIR GARNET's last wish, as he stepped on board the transport at Portsmouth, to have me at his elbow.

I had promised him to think about it. I had thought about it. I had handed over the charge of the Office to TOBY—transferred the Editorial Chair to the oldest Contributor—kissed JUDY and embraced our child—bought a solar topee and a Kharkee jacket—detached from the trophy, of which it forms the central ray, “*le sabre, le sabre, le sabre de mon père,*”—and, to cut a long story short, I was there!

“Push on to the front,” said SIR G.; “and see if you can't set things straight with CETEWAYO.”

To hear was to obey. I am not particular about Commissariat or personal comforts. My habit is not to make difficulties, but to overcome them. I waive the tale of my inspannings and outspannings, my struggles over spruits and drifts and dongas, my weary veld-marches, my breakneck kopje-climbs, my gauntlet-running of Zulu ambuscades, my defiance of all imps of darkness, and imps of deeper darkness still. Enough that I was there, at last—in the black presence—front to front with the formidable son of PANDA. I will not say that my interview had not been facilitated by a letter of my friend and CETEWAYO'S, worthy BISHOP C-L-NSO.

“Let me introduce my old friend PUNCH,” he wrote, concisely. “If anybody can make things straight between you and the English Government, *he* will. Only listen to what he tells you, and *do it*.”

I have no very distinct recollection of *how* I came into the Royal presence. My recollection on this point is, I own, confused. It could not have been the Caffre beer. I had kept it up late, I know, with the chief poet and head witch-finder, but they assured me there was not a head-ache in a hundred calabashes; and I was cool, quite cool—in fact, in something like a cold chill—when I was told by a black Chamberlain in cow-tail garters, and a court-dress of a bead-belt and head-ring, that CETEWAYO would be glad to hear anything I had to say to him; that I was his father; and that he hoped I would adopt him as my son, and teach him, now that he had washed his spears, how to dry them.

To my astonishment the Zulu monarch was not alone when I reached the presence. He was surrounded with representatives of all the Powers England has been at odds with during the last twelvemonth. No wonder the kraal of audience was crowded. As I stood there—my topee on my head—I had notified to the Chamberlain that I would no more stoop to take off my hat before the Royalty of Ulundi than our Burmese Envoy his shoes before that of Mandalay—the sabre of my father under my arm, “in act to speak, . . . and graceful waved my hand,” I was enabled to identify, on the other side of the estrade which divided me from my auditors, types of Afghan and Burman, Sclav and Bulgar, Egyptian and Greek, Turk and Skipetar and Montenegrin—representatives of almost as many races and bloods as there are divisions of opinion in the Irish Home-Rule party.

“And these are the races we have been fighting—or at least quarrelling with when we were not fighting!” I thought with pride. “What an illustration of that ‘peace’ which we have, at last, learnt to reconcile with ‘honour’!”

My self-congratulations were interrupted by CETEWAYO springing nimbly to the front, and clashing his assegai against his shield by way of enforcing attention.

" Speak, oh PUNCH ! " exclaimed the sable monarch. " What should CETEWAYO do ? "

" CETEWAYO should listen to the Missionaries England has sent him."

" England is very kind. But why send all to CETEWAYO ? Why not keep some at home ? "

" We have not left ourselves altogether without reverend counsellors of the same cloth," I replied, " if not the same name."

" But if you have Missionaries left at home, why do they not teach you the same things they teach me ? They tell me I must not invade Englishman's country. Englishman invade mine. They forbid me to wash my spears in Boers' blood. Englishman wash his bayonets in Zulus'. They teach me I must not keep up my army of young men. Englishman keep up his army of younger men than mine. They say I must not kill Zulu. Englishman kill Zulu. I must not take your cattle. You take mine. I must not settle on Englishman's or Boer's land. Englishmen and Boers settle on my young men's."

" Hear ! hear ! " rang loud from the delighted Representatives of hostile or aggrieved Nationalities, who had hung on the thick lips of the sable Sovereign.

" Ditto to CETEWAYO ! " they cried, as with one voice. " Do as you would be done by, and you will not do as you have done."

I found it harder to answer the naked Savage's argument than I had expected; and felt that to go into a detailed reply would be hopeless. But I at once saw my way to a short cut—like our own High Commissioner.

" You will find my answer *there* ! " I answered, pitching

Volume Seventy-Six

right in the face of the Zulu Monarch. It took him unawares; broke down the feeble guard of his cowhide shield, and laid him on his back, prostrate and helpless.

Seizing my opportunity, I leapt on the Volume, and executing a wild war-dance, strove, with emphatic *entrechats*, to drive its contents into the prostrate Zulu. In the violence of this exertion, I awoke—and lo ! it was a dream ! And the sound I had heard was the clamour of the Printer's Boy craving "copy" for the Preface of



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.



THE CALENDAR - 1879.

January xxxi Days.

1 W Gleamian.	11 W	Franklin B.
2 W S. & 3rd. M.	12 F	Lytton d.
3 F S. & 4th. 2d.	13 F	Lyttelton d.
4 S. & 5th. 3d. p.	14 S	S. & 7th. 3d. p.
5 S. & 6th. 4d. p.	15 S	F. Palmar.
6 S. & 7th. 5d. p.	16 V	F. Palmer.
7 S. & 8th. 6d. p.	17 F	F. Palmer.
8 W Fessell d.	18 F	F. Palmer.
9 W Lucas.	19 F	F. Palmer.
10 W Nelson's fa.	20 F	F. Palmer.
11 W F. Palmer.	21 F	F. Palmer.
12 S. & 1st. 7d. p.	22 F	F. Palmer.
13 S. & 2nd. 8d. p.	23 F	F. Palmer.
14 S. & 3rd. 9d. p.	24 F	F. Palmer.
15 S. & 4th. 10d. p.	25 F	F. Palmer.
16 W Odger plott.	26 F	F. Palmer.
17 W B. Cowen.	27 F	Hilary T. a.

July xxii Days.

1 T. & 2d. 13d. 49d.	17 F	Punch b'41
2 W S. & 3d. 17d.	18 F	Sherlock d.
3 F B. Baldwin.	19 M	B. Baldwin.
4 S. & 4d. 18d.	20 F	Petard d.
5 S. & 5d. 19d.	21 M	G. T. T. T.
6 S. & 6d. 20d.	22 F	R. Burns d.
7 S. & 7d. 21d.	23 F	T. Burns d.
8 S. & 8d. 22d.	24 F	T. Burns d.
9 S. & 9d. 23d.	25 F	T. Burns d.
10 T. & 1d. 24d.	26 F	A. Chisholm b.
11 F. & 2d. 25d.	27 F	A. Chisholm b.
12 S. & 3d. 26d.	28 F	A. Chisholm b.
13 S. & 4d. 27d.	29 F	A. Chisholm b.
14 M. & 5d. 28d.	30 F	A. Chisholm b.
15 W. & 6d. 29d.	31 F	A. Chisholm b.
16 T. & 7d. 30d.		

February xxviii Days.

1 F	12 F	Cole b.
2 S	13 F	Cole b.
3 S	14 F	Cole b.
4 F	15 F	Cole b.
5 F	16 F	Cole b.
6 F	17 F	Cole b.
7 F	18 F	Cole b.
8 F	19 F	Cole b.
9 F	20 F	Cole b.
10 F	21 F	Cole b.
11 F	22 F	Cole b.
12 F	23 F	Cole b.
13 F	24 F	Cole b.
14 F	25 F	Cole b.
15 F	26 F	Cole b.
16 F	27 F	Cole b.
17 F	28 F	Cole b.
18 F	29 F	Cole b.
19 F	30 F	Cole b.
20 F		

August xxii Days.

1 F	12 F	Lemnæs.
2 S	13 F	B. Nib.
3 S	14 F	B. Nib.
4 F	15 F	B. Nib.
5 F	16 F	B. Nib.
6 F	17 F	B. Nib.
7 F	18 F	B. Nib.
8 F	19 F	B. Nib.
9 F	20 F	B. Nib.
10 F	21 F	B. Nib.
11 F	22 F	B. Nib.
12 F	23 F	B. Nib.
13 F	24 F	B. Nib.
14 F	25 F	B. Nib.
15 F	26 F	B. Nib.
16 F	27 F	B. Nib.
17 F	28 F	B. Nib.
18 F	29 F	B. Nib.
19 F	30 F	B. Nib.
20 F		

March xxxi Days.

1 F	12 F	D. Collet d.
2 S	13 F	D. Collet d.
3 S	14 F	D. Collet d.
4 F	15 F	D. Collet d.
5 F	16 F	D. Collet d.
6 F	17 F	D. Collet d.
7 F	18 F	D. Collet d.
8 F	19 F	D. Collet d.
9 F	20 F	D. Collet d.
10 F	21 F	D. Collet d.
11 F	22 F	D. Collet d.
12 F	23 F	D. Collet d.
13 F	24 F	D. Collet d.
14 F	25 F	D. Collet d.
15 F	26 F	D. Collet d.
16 F	27 F	D. Collet d.
17 F	28 F	D. Collet d.
18 F	29 F	D. Collet d.
19 F	30 F	D. Collet d.
20 F		

September xxii Days.

1 F	12 F	D. Collet d.
2 S	13 F	D. Collet d.
3 S	14 F	D. Collet d.
4 F	15 F	D. Collet d.
5 F	16 F	D. Collet d.
6 F	17 F	D. Collet d.
7 F	18 F	D. Collet d.
8 F	19 F	D. Collet d.
9 F	20 F	D. Collet d.
10 F	21 F	D. Collet d.
11 F	22 F	D. Collet d.
12 F	23 F	D. Collet d.
13 F	24 F	D. Collet d.
14 F	25 F	D. Collet d.
15 F	26 F	D. Collet d.
16 F	27 F	D. Collet d.
17 F	28 F	D. Collet d.
18 F	29 F	D. Collet d.
19 F	30 F	D. Collet d.
20 F		

April xxx Days.

1 F	12 F	C. G. Cole d.
2 S	13 F	C. G. Cole d.
3 S	14 F	C. G. Cole d.
4 F	15 F	C. G. Cole d.
5 F	16 F	C. G. Cole d.
6 F	17 F	C. G. Cole d.
7 F	18 F	C. G. Cole d.
8 F	19 F	C. G. Cole d.
9 F	20 F	C. G. Cole d.
10 F	21 F	C. G. Cole d.
11 F	22 F	C. G. Cole d.
12 F	23 F	C. G. Cole d.
13 F	24 F	C. G. Cole d.
14 F	25 F	C. G. Cole d.
15 F	26 F	C. G. Cole d.
16 F	27 F	C. G. Cole d.
17 F	28 F	C. G. Cole d.
18 F	29 F	C. G. Cole d.
19 F	30 F	C. G. Cole d.
20 F		

October xxx Days.

1 F	12 F	H. G. Cole d.
2 S	13 F	H. G. Cole d.
3 S	14 F	H. G. Cole d.
4 F	15 F	H. G. Cole d.
5 F	16 F	H. G. Cole d.
6 F	17 F	H. G. Cole d.
7 F	18 F	H. G. Cole d.
8 F	19 F	H. G. Cole d.
9 F	20 F	H. G. Cole d.
10 F	21 F	H. G. Cole d.
11 F	22 F	H. G. Cole d.
12 F	23 F	H. G. Cole d.
13 F	24 F	H. G. Cole d.
14 F	25 F	H. G. Cole d.
15 F	26 F	H. G. Cole d.
16 F	27 F	H. G. Cole d.
17 F	28 F	H. G. Cole d.
18 F	29 F	H. G. Cole d.
19 F	30 F	H. G. Cole d.
20 F		

May xxxi Days.

1 F	12 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
2 S	13 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
3 S	14 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
4 F	15 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
5 F	16 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
6 F	17 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
7 F	18 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
8 F	19 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
9 F	20 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
10 F	21 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
11 F	22 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
12 F	23 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
13 F	24 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
14 F	25 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
15 F	26 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
16 F	27 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
17 F	28 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
18 F	29 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
19 F	30 F	J. H. Fleetwood.
20 F		

November xxx Days.

1 F	12 F	M. J. Adams.
2 S	13 F	M. J. Adams.
3 S	14 F	M. J. Adams.
4 F	15 F	M. J. Adams.
5 F	16 F	M. J. Adams.
6 F	17 F	M. J. Adams.
7 F	18 F	M. J. Adams.
8 F	19 F	M. J. Adams.
9 F	20 F	M. J. Adams.
10 F	21 F	M. J. Adams.
11 F	22 F	M. J. Adams.
12 F	23 F	M. J. Adams.
13 F	24 F	M. J. Adams.
14 F	25 F	M. J. Adams.
15 F	26 F	M. J. Adams.
16 F	27 F	M. J. Adams.
17 F	28 F	M. J. Adams.
18 F	29 F	M. J. Adams.
19 F	30 F	M. J. Adams.
20 F		

June xxx Days.

1 F	12 F	W. H. Hunt.
2 S	13 F	W. H. Hunt.
3 S	14 F	W. H. Hunt.
4 F	15 F	W. H. Hunt.
5 F	16 F	W. H. Hunt.
6 F	17 F	W. H. Hunt.
7 F	18 F	W. H. Hunt.
8 F	19 F	W. H. Hunt.
9 F	20 F	W. H. Hunt.
10 F	21 F	W. H. Hunt.
11 F	22 F	W. H. Hunt.
12 F	23 F	W. H. Hunt.
13 F	24 F	W. H. Hunt.
14 F	25 F	W. H. Hunt.
15 F	26 F	W. H. Hunt.
16 F	27 F	W. H. Hunt.
17 F	28 F	W. H. Hunt.
18 F	29 F	W. H. Hunt.
19 F	30 F	W. H. Hunt.
20 F		

December xxx Days.

1 F	12 F	W. O. M. T. a.
2 S	13 F	W. O. M. T. a.
3 S	14 F	W. O. M. T. a.
4 F	15 F	W. O. M. T. a.
5 F	16 F	W. O. M. T. a.
6 F	17 F	W. O. M. T. a.
7 F	18 F	W. O. M. T. a.
8 F	19 F	W. O. M. T. a.
9 F	20 F	W. O. M. T. a.
10 F	21 F	W. O. M. T. a.
11 F	22 F	W. O. M. T. a.
12 F	23 F	W. O. M. T. a.
13 F	24 F	W. O. M. T. a.
14 F	25 F	W. O. M. T. a.
15 F	26 F	W. O. M. T. a.
16 F	27 F	W. O. M. T. a.
17 F	28 F	W. O. M. T. a.
18 F	29 F	W. O. M. T. a.
19 F	30 F	W. O. M. T. a.
20 F		

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.

[December 9, 1878]



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING.

ENABLES THE WEARERS THEREOF TO SUSPEND AT WILL THE FORCE OF GRAVITY, SO THAT THEY CAN FAN THEMSELVES GRACEFULLY ABOUT THE ROOM

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING—(continued).

Tommy. "OH I DON'T WIND US IN YET, MAMMA ! IT'S SO JOLLY UP HERE, AND NOT A BIT COLD !"



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING—(continued).

Cissy. "BLOW HARDER, HARDER, PAPA ! BLOW ME UP TO THE CEILING !!"



"WINTER WITH US." (From Our Ironical Artist at Cannes.)

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.
(By our own private Astrologer—specially engaged.)

Winter Quarter.—Venus occupies the first house in a fashionable quarter. There will be evening parties, and other festivities. Good time for cooks on the job, waiters, and servants generally.

Those born under the sign *Cancer* will suffer from indigestion. Some people never read *Crabbe* because they can't digest him.

Females born under the sign *Virgo* will be old maids.

Those born under *Libra* will be Librarians.

NOTES ON NAME-ABBREVIATIONS.

ABHORRED by Paterfamilias—
Bills.

Shunned by Little Fishes—Jacks.
Welcomed by Anglers—Bobs.
Liked by Lively People—Sallies.
Familiar to Weavers—Jennies.
Sought by Sporting Men—Bets.
Well known to Burglars—
Jemmies.

Loved by Lawyers—Wills.
Dear to Coquettes—Fans.

BY A SEA-SICK PASSENGER.

Mare! Mare!
Most contrary,
Why do you tumble so?
While you heave and swell
One can't feel well,
And—I think I'll go below!

THE LADY'S OWN BOOK.—SHEE
The Rights of Woman.

**CELESTIAL INFLUENCES
FOR 1879.**

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

March 1st (special). Postpone everything till to-morrow. Good day for being "not at home" to creditors.

2nd. Same again: only more so.

5th (of any month). Good day for taking a long drive in a cab, then descending at one end of the Lowther Arcade, and going out at the other.

6th. Bad day to meet the Cabman whom you left yesterday at the one end of the Lowther Arcade.

7th. If you have carried out our directions for the last two days, then now our advice is—Avoid Policemen. Also avoid Cabmen.

10th. Make friends with very old and feeble millionnaires.

11th. Continue to reside with them.

12th. Capital day to get very old and feeble millionnaires to make their wills in your favour.

13th. Court, but don't marry.

14th. Court, borrow of the object of your affections sufficient to enable you to leave the country—but don't marry.

15th. Avoid }

16th. Avoid } everyone.

17th. Avoid }

18th. Good day for sailing for America suddenly.

19th. Get hold of a good after-dinner story, and dine out on it for the rest of the month.



SORE SUBJECTS.

First Young Blood (whose Parent has lived to the preposterous age of Seventy-Five and makes him an insufficient allowance). "WELL, BILLY, HOW'S YOUR FATHER?"
Second Young Blood (his is Seventy-Two, and has disinherited him). "WELL, IF YOU COME TO THAT, HOW'S YOURS?"

THREE CARD LOO IN AMERICA.
—One hand holds the cards, another holds a revolver, and the third holds the inquest.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.



"WINTER WITH YOU." (From Our Ironical Artist at Cannes.)

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—specially engaged)

Spring Quarter.—Good time for all railways paying twenty-five per cent. Bad time for holders of Stock marked with an asterisk in the *Times* official list. This "asterisk" is not the only risk about them.

Those born under the sign *Pisces*, will find their affairs in a very fishy state.

Should the corn be ripe in March, there will be a most extraordinary harvest. Farmers take notice.

There will be many births in May. Parents must look out for squalls. Good time for nurses.

In June the Matrimonial Causes List will be very full. Bad time for the United States.

Great caution should be observed on the First of April by all who receive hampers, parcels, and letters. Best to be secluded on this day.

AFTER AN ACCIDENT.

Severely Shaken Traveller. Safe, thank Heaven! Send a telegram at once.

Sympathising Official. Certainly, Sir—to your Wife, of course?

Severely Shaken Traveller. No ; to my Stock Broker!

A NATURAL PRODUCT.—What wonder if excellent whiskey is made from potatoes. It is the "spiritus potatorum."

ANTI-RESTORATION SOCIETY.—The people who borrow umbrellas.



IMPROVEMENTS, 1879.

"Bung" of the Future (to Customers who were arguing some "Eastern Question" of the Period—the Discussion getting a little warm). "GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN!—ORDER I BIG—RECOLLECT YOU'RE IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE!"

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

April 1st (special). Good day for stopping a stranger in the street, and saying to him, "Oh, you April fool!" Good day for kicking any one who says the above to you.

9th (of any month). Capital day for playing any game of cards of which you are a perfect master, with anyone who knows nothing at all about it.

10th. Avoid Police.

11th. Take every opportunity of saying, "I never said it was a bad day, Sir," to anyone who says to you, "Good day, Sir."

12th. Remove things belonging to other people, and travel.

13th. Go on travelling—for the rest of the month, or year, if necessary.

19th. Avoid stopping in the street to listen to a respectable person who wants to know "if he might be allowed to address you."

20th. Avoid poor relations.

All Sundays. Avoid sermons. Avoid charity sermons.

Sept. 1st. Avoid Gamekeepers.

Dec. 25th. Good day for calling on very rich relations. Wear shabby clothes, have a bad hat, and tearful eyes.

26th. Bad day for acknowledging a salute from any inferior who touches his hat to you. Bad day to be "at home" to anyone. Good day to be taken to see the Pantomime. Good night.

THE TITLE FOR DARWIN.—
Tails of a Grandfather.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.

(December 9, 1878)

UNDER THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Ten Years of it. From Young Aristocriton's Peace Primer
(Paris Edition—in the Press)

1888. General pacific movement of the Federation of the Peoples. Flag of the New Republic first hoisted, amidst universal rejoicings, over the entrance of St. George's Hall.

1889. Equitable division of Bank of England Stock among working men in Clerkenwell Green, Woolwich, Portsmouth, and the Hyde Park Magazines blown up, and the use of gunpowder, except for pacific purposes, declared illegal.

1890. Fraternal massacre of patriots of all nations.

1891. "Rule, Britannia!" burnt by the hang-man at the Crystal Palace. Cafres, Cannibals, Chinese, and trained Gorillas admitted into the House of Commons.

1892. First appearance of real live Emperors in the bear-pit of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

1893. Grand "Gala Year" in honour of *universal pacification*. Policemen abolished. Olive branches carried in the Park. Perfect strangers obliged to kiss each other by Act of Parliament.

1894. Slight European difficulty about the price of Sugar-Sticks.

1895. Further complication of the Sugar-Stick difficulty.

1896. Failure of Arbitration to settle the Sugar-Stick difficulty. Dynamite worn at evening parties.

1897. Ominous resolution of the various branches of the federated peoples. Levy en masse.

1898. The *Ninety Years' War* commences. First battle of the New Republic. Killed, 180,000; wounded, 370. Sugar-Stick difficulty still unsettled.

OUR AQUARIUM.

An "Allegory from the banks of the Nile."

Some splendid specimens of the Cock-roach.

Crocodiles' Tears (in bottle).

Crabs caught in the Thames.

The Frog returned from wooing, accompanied by his mother.

A pike (now becoming scarce).

A bunch of Seals.
A fawn sole.

Toad with a valuable jewel in his head.

Trout tickled by a joke.

A Triton surrounded by Minnows.

A pair of turtles.

Something very like a Whale.

An assortment of Toadeaters and Marine Store Dealers.

THE CHRISTIAN JINGOES' MOTTO.—War and Illwill to men!

How does a tumbler display his humility?
By going without his T.

GOOD FOR THE VOICE.—Tonic Sol-fa.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NURSERY RHYME.

PAT a cross baby, not on his top,
The faster you pat him the sooner he'll stop;
When the pat ceases poor baby mayn't squall,
But his brain is concussed, and that's about all.

ARGUMENT FOR THE GREAT AGE OF THE EARTH.—Its whiteness about the Pole.

THE "HOUSE" IN THE CITY AND THE "HOME" IN THE SUBURBS.

(From Mr. Punch's Special Wire.)

10 A.M.—Breakfast flat. Strong demand for the Times. Bearish inquiries about Household Expenditure. Nothing doing in the Costume Market in spite of prices having fallen 25 per cent on the close of the Season. Imprecations rising.

10.10.—Departure of Paterfamilias to the City. Omnibuses heavy.

10.30.—Business easier in Bayswater consequent upon Paterfamilias's departure. Some speculations in dresses for the Fall.

11.—Slight rise in Cook—from the kitchen to the dining-room. Operations for the rise in Dinners active. Family Butchers and Contract Fishmongers in strong demand.

11.30.—Business in Cooperative Stores lively.

12.—City Tempers dull. Stocks (in Haberdashers' shops) deferred until the Money Market is easier.

12.15.—Sherries (8d. per glass) in some demand. Biscuits dull.

12.30.—Paris Bourse flat. City Tempers rising.

1 P.M.—Foreign Stocks at their lowest. City Tempers at their highest.

1.30.—Paterfamilias returned into Bank Villa. Omnibuses leave off easier.

2. Some demand for Luncheons. Recriminations strong. Paterfamilias quoted as flat. Domestic Rows lively. Great rise of Juniors from dining-room to second storeys. Heavy fall in tears.

2.30.—Domestic Market easier. Little doing, but opinions unaltered.

3.—Rise in Telegrams from hall to study. Tempers buoyant. Opinions decidedly better. Some business in Jokes. Juniors looking up.

3.30.—Money in great demand. Cheques payable to bearer rising. Spirits at their best. City Flutters at 6 to 7 premium.

4.—Quotations of Past Opinions at a discount. Prospects steady. Paterfamilias Preference Stock freely bought in return for a large consignment of Slightly Deferred Bonnets. The Market closes with renewed Confidence in weak Bulls and vacillating Bears.



"WAGES!"

First Flimsey. "WELL, I HEAR YOUR YOUNG GOV'NOR'S MADE A MATCH WITH MISS DERONDA?"
Second Flimsey. "YAAS, HE'S GONE AND DONE IT!"
Third Flimsey. "COME NOW—WHAT'S THE FIGURE? ANY IDEA?"
Fourth Flimsey. "WELL, TAKING EVERYTHIN' INTO ACCOUNT, I CALCULATE HIS PLACE'LL BE WUTH ABOUT EIGHT UNLAD'D A MONTH!"

THE FIVE STAGES OF BRANDY AND WATER.

- 1st. BRANDY and water.
- 2nd. Brandy and warren.
- 3rd. Bran warr.
- 4th. Brraorr.
- 5th. Collapse!

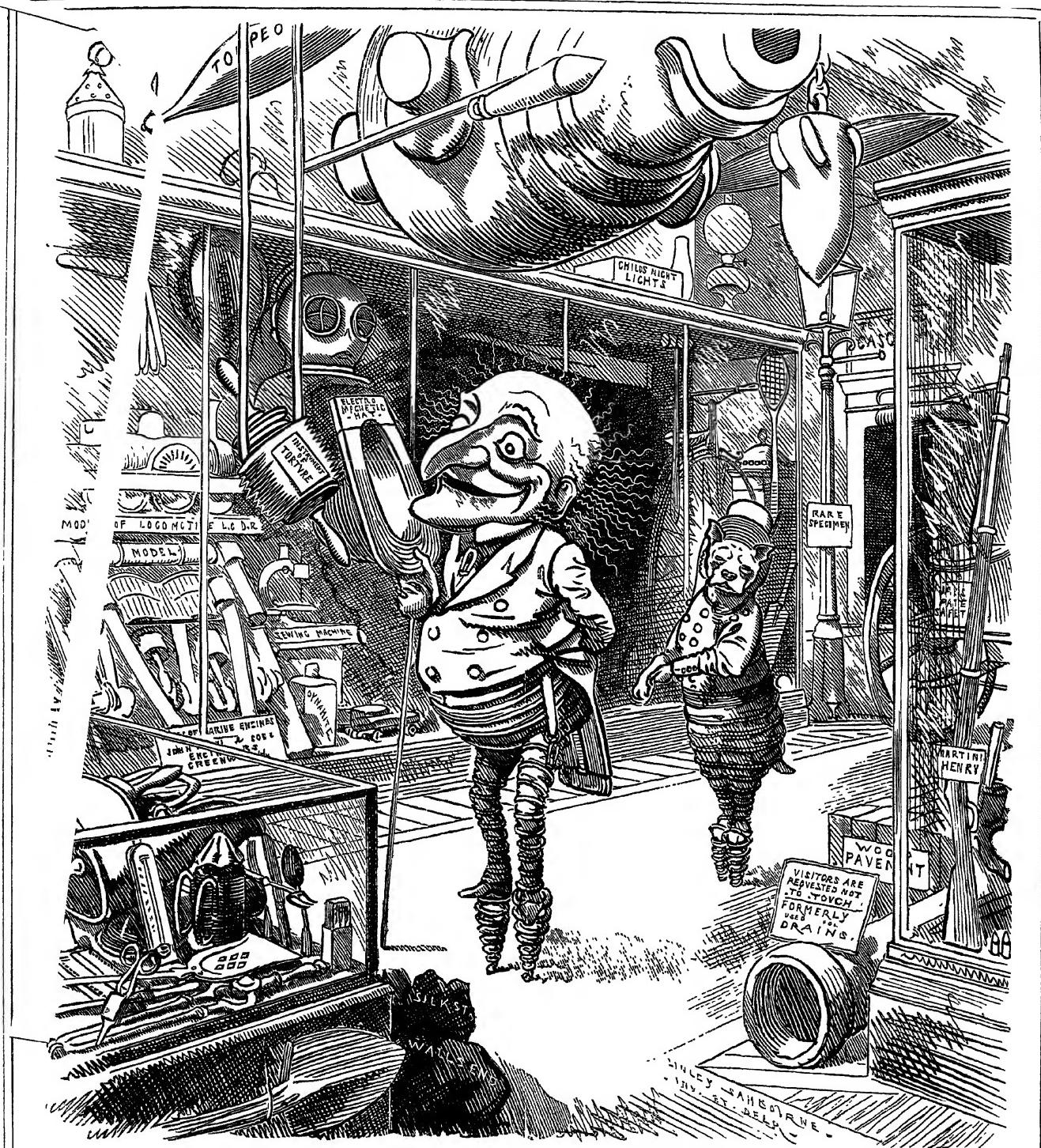
THE LAST THING CUT.—My bed-candle.

HOW TO ANGLE IN THE DOG-DAYS.—Swim about the hook, and get the Dog to hold the rod for you.

BETWEEN THE METALS.—Silver: the more chaste. Gold: the more run after.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Strikes and Trades Unions.

THE GREAT DOG PAINTER.—SPANIELETTA.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ANTIQUES.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF INVENTION (PORTRAIT OF WELL-KNOWN MEMBER OF SOCIETY IN PROBABLE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC LOCOMOTIVE COSTUME OF THE FUTURE)

TWO LAST WORDS TO SWITZERLAND.

(By a British Tourist and Family Man)

ON Uri's lake, in Kusnacht's dell,
What is the thought can almost quell
Thy patriot memory, oh TELL ?
Hotel !

Whether by blue cravasse we reel,
Or list the avalanche's peal,
What question blends with all we feel ?—
Wie viel ?

"RESURGAM" as the Onion Sauce observed to
the Rabbit !

FOR INTELLIGENT INQUIRIES.

EXPLANATIONS of the letters often appended to names, illustrious and otherwise :

- M.P. : Master of Palaver.
- F.R.S. : Feeder on Roast Sirloin.
- M.D. : Maker of Doses.
- B.A. : Breaker of 'Arts.
- M.F.H. : Man of Fences and Hahas.
- S.T.P. : Strong Tory Politician.
- F.S.A. : Fellow Slightly Amusing.
- R.A. : Real Artist.
- A.S.S. : Needs no explanation.

To PICK A DEAD LOCK.—Use a skeleton key.

SEASONABLE SLANG.

For Spring.—You be blowed !

For Summer.—I 'll warm yer !

For Autumn.—Not so blooming green !

For Winter.—An ice little game all round !

MEM. BY AN OLD MAID.

WHAT ? *L'homme propose !*—that's nonsense, goodness knows.

The mischief is that man does not propose.

HORTICULTURAL.—How to get rid of Weeds.—

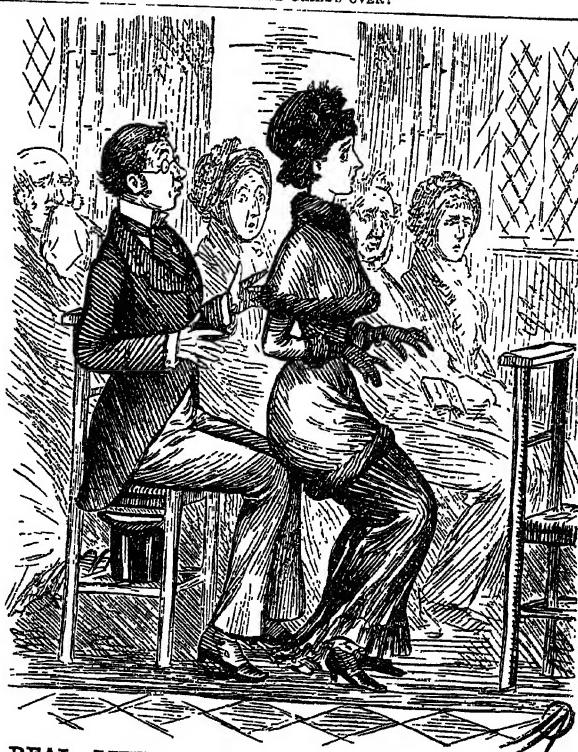
1. (For Gentlemen). Always carry a cigar-case ;
2. (For Ladies). Marry again.



EDISON'S TELEPHONOSCOPE (TRANSMITS LIGHT AS WELL AS SOUND).

(Every evening, before going to bed, Pater- and Materfamilias set up an electric camera-obscura over their bedroom mantel-piece, and gladden their eyes with the sight of their Children at the Antipodes, and converse gaily with them through the wire.)

Paterfamilias (in Wilton Place). "BEATRICE, COME CLOSER, I WANT TO WHISPER." Beatrice (from Ceylon). "YES, PAPA DEAR." Paterfamilias. "WHO IS THAT CHARMING YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON CHARLIE'S SIDE?" Beatrice. "SHE'S JUST COME OVER FROM ENGLAND, PAPA. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER AS SOON AS THE GAME'S OVER!"



A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A VACANT CHAIR * * *

SHE AROSE SUDDENLY FROM HER KNEES * * *

A HINT TO LADIES WHO WILL WEAR OUTSIDE POCKETS.—Have your purses made up to look like Prayer-books.

OBJECTION TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT (By an Anti-Gallows Advocate).—Its Newgate-tory character.

HOW TO MAKE TIME FLY.—Accept a bill for £100 at three months, and you will find yourself at the end of the quarter in no time.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

Or, How we shall have to Talk.

As you find the light of 3784 candles, concentrated in one point, a little trying to your eyes, shall we sit out the next while in the dark?

With pleasure. But can you tell me the name of that old gentleman who is groping about for assistance in the aethanic halo under the chandelier?

No, I fear I cannot, for I have been here quite a quarter of an hour, and everything appears to me upside down, and of a light pinkish colour fretted with chocolate spots.

Indeed? That is most strange, for, to me, your hair, face, shirt-front, and boots all seem a deep ditch green.

Really? Under those circumstances, then shall we seek the gaslit refreshment room; that is, if the last couple, suffering from partial paralysis, have been already removed?

Certainly; if you will be kind enough to carry my blue calico head-protector, ether-flask, bouquet, and pebble spectacles.

This contrast is very agreeable. I can feel the ices and tea-cups distinctly when I sweep the table for a spoon.

Thanks; we will now find Mamma, if possible. You will know her by her yellow satin umbrella, cork helmet, and I think I should recognise her groans.

Yes, that is our carriage, I think. But I'm so glad you fancy catherine-wheels and rockets are going off in both your eyes every five seconds, for that, I believe, is a sign you are not permanently injured.

And now give me something that feels like my hat, and lead me to my brougham, and tell the man to drive at once to the nearest oculist.

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—specially engaged.)

Summer Quarter.—There will be great complaints of the stuffiness of our Police and Law Courts. Good time for sea-side lodging-house keepers. Bad time for fathers of families. Good time for the families. Several benefits at various theatres.

A YOUNG HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

OH, I am weary, weary,
Of that pretty pinky face,
Of the blank of its no meaning.
The gush of its grimace.

And I am weary, weary,
Of her silly, simpering ways,
Bugles, buckles, buttons, spangles,
Tight tiebacks, tighter stays.

And I am weary, weary,
Of that hollow little laugh,
Of the slang that stands for
humour,
Of the chatter and the chaff.

Sick of the inch-deep feeling
Of that hollow little heart,
Its "too lovely" latest fashions,
Its "too exquisite" high Art.

Its Church high, higher, highest,
Their Curates and their clothes,
Their intonings, genuflections,
Masqueradings, mops and mows.

But I must curb my temper,
Grumbling helps not wedlock's
ills
Fashion, High Church, or Aesthetics,
Let me grin and pay the Bills!

PECUNIARY PREDICTIONS.—The year goes out with Christmas boxes, and with bills coming in. The year comes in with taxes, and with New Year's gifts going out.

MOORE MODERNISED.

Air:—“The young May moon.”

THE young May moon's not beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp's not gleaming, love,
Yet we mayrove

Through the garden grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake, the world looks bright, my dear,
Though 'tis twelve o'clock at night, my dear,
For the best of all ways
To lengthen our days

Is to use the Electric Light, my dear.

True all the world is sleeping, love,
But a glow the garden's sleeping, love,
That is brighter far
Than the brightest star,
From the blue at midnight peeping, love.
Then awake! Don't wait for the sun, my dear,
His garish glare we'll shun, my dear,
The Electric Light
Makes the hours of night
The best season for love and fun, my dear!

THE EFFECT OF DRINK.—XANTIPPE, the wife of SOCRATES, was a virago and a shrew. An extreme Teetotaller attributes her ill-temper to intemperance. XANTIPPE should have been called Xantpsy.

MOTTO FOR THE CHAMPIONS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—“Divide et impera!”

CARMEN, by BIZET. English version by PICKFORD & CO.

TITLE FOR A PARVENU.—Lord NEWGENT.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—The Jews.

HINTS FOR A CERTAIN CLASS OF TRAVELLERS.

(To be hung up in the Halls of Alpine Hotels.)

BE pleased not to yell at the top of your voice between the hours of twelve midnight, and four o'clock in the morning.

On ascending to your bed-room, *au quatrième*, in the small hours, carry your hob-nailed boots in your hands, to avoid manslaughter of your invalid fellow-travellers.

Songs (even of a comic character) are never heard to advantage between the hours of two or three A.M.

Rough horse-play was not a part of the treatment recommended to patients by their doctors when they were sent to the Engadin, and other mountainous places, for the sake of their health.

If you wish to be considered a Gentleman at home, behave like one abroad.

AT A CERTAIN MUSIC.

(By a High-Art Singer who prefers his own singing to other people's)

PEACE, peace at last, if it can really be!
Yea, all unchecked, the swelling soul explores
Each cranny of the silence timidly,
As summer tides well up rock-pillared shores.
Green mead of peace! The huddled sense expands
In soundless bliss of restful vacancy;
Bruised buds of Fancy spread their feeble hands,
While Quiet tends them in a soft embrace,
And kisses motherly each drooping face,
And bids the pallid blades of Thought rejoice;

For EMILY her music doth forego,
Whose bass was most promiscuous, and her voice,
Throughout, some fifth part of a tone too low.

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

1st. Avoid giving presents. Receive as many as possible.
5th. Avoid granting favours. Ask them.

10th. Capital day for travelling first-class with a third-class ticket, and getting out before the end of the journey,—unless discovered before you can leave the train, when if you have no valid excuse ready, it is a bad day for doing it.

21st. First-rate day for calling on a friend who has just come into a lot of money, and borrowing a hundred pounds of him.

29th. Bad day for lending books, money, or an umbrella, to any one on the point of leaving England.

OCCURRENCES ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

THERE can no longer be any doubt about the existence of a marine ophidian hitherto regarded by the majority of naturalists as fabulous. This day the Sea Serpent comes up the Thames, stretching the whole of Chelsea Reach, from head to tail.

A Gunpowder Plant is discovered in the Island of Cyprus. It bears fruit in the form of cartridges containing seeds which explode when ignited. This plant has no affinity whatever to the Chinese shrub yielding Gunpowder Tea. Its fruit ripens in the beginning of November, and may be gathered on Guy Fawkes's Day.

The Sheikh-ul-Islam is converted by missionaries from Bristol, and joins the Wesleyan Methodists.

Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE are seen walking down Parliament Street arm-in-arm.



THE EDISON WEATHER-ALMANACK.

Edwin “WHY SHOULDN'T WE BE MARRIED ON THE SIXTEENTH?”

Angelina (consulting her E.W.A.) “IT'S SUCH A RAINY DAY, LOVE?”

Edwin (looking over). “ONLY IN LONDON, DARLING. SEE, IT'S FINE AT FOLKESTONE AND ALL OVER THE NORTH-WEST OF FRANCE UNTIL THE AFTERNOON OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH, AND THEN WE CAN POP OVER TO JERSEY, WHERE IT'S FINE FOR A FORTNIGHT LONGER!”



PROMETHEUS UNBOUND; OR, SCIENCE IN OLYMPUS.

Punch's Almanack, 1871

[December 9, 1873.]

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.

December 9,

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS.

For both sexes at various ages.

AT FIVE.

She. Will my new doll open and shut her eyes?
He. Off to a party! Will they have mince-pies?

AT TEN.

She. Will pretty Master SMITH be there this time?
He. Will Uncle take me to the pantomime?

She. Will Mamma let me wear my hair in curl?
He. I say, how many l's are there in "girl"?

AT FIFTEEN.

She. Will he give me or FAN the first round dance?
He. Will our chaps at the wickets have a chance?

She. Will my next dress be made with longer skirts?
He. Hoisted? O crikey! Wonder if it hurts?

She. Did that sly FANNY hear him call me "dear"?
He. I wonder if this "weed" will turn me queer?

AT TWENTY.

She. Will Papa think dear Percy's "screw" too small?
He. Does this moustache mean to come on at all?

She. Was it my eyes with which he seemed so struck?
He. Is it a "pass," I wonder, or a "pluck"?

She. I wonder whether *He* will "pop" to-night?
He. I wonder whether *She* will answer right?

AT TWENTY-FIVE.

She. Shall I, oh shall I, have a chance this season?
He. A stiffish total! Will there be a breeze on?

She. Quite pale! Shall I put on the tiniest touch?

He. Most brilliant! Wonder if she rouges much?

She. Not a bad figure! Has he any tin?

He. Backed "Slowboy" for a pot! D'ye think he'll win?

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

3rd. Avoid marrying to-day—if you have already a wife alive in any part of the world.

4th. Sign contracts which are immediately beneficial to your pocket, and which do not bind you to anything.

18th. Travel. Avoid creditors.

19th. Travel further. Avoid more creditors.

20th. Travel further still. Avoid all creditors.

21st. Stay where you are. Receive no letters or telegrams. Don't come back.

25th. Good day to tell old stories to deaf persons.

28th. Go into the City. Borrow money without giving security, at one per cent. Lend it at ten, taking property worth three times the amount, as security.

THE TABLES TURNED.—The complaint about schools nowadays is that instead of being a case of "Dotheboys" it is one of "Dotheparents."

KEATS (for Smokers' Wives).—"One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days."—*Endymion*, Book II.

THE SUBLIME.—The fashions of this season. THE RIDICULOUS.—The fashions of last season.

THE BEST FRENCH EXERCISES FOR GIRLS.—A series of practical studies in cookery à la Française.

She. Long dress bill! Shall I get into hot water?
He. Can I stave off old Snip another quarter?

AT THIRTY.

She. Will the new Curate be engaged or not?
He. Close thing! Shall I have nerve to make the shot?

She. Is flirting *really* now a sort of sinning?
He. Is my neat middle parting *really* thinning?

She. Now shall I get a partner for this dance?
He. Old BODDLES leaving! Shall I have a chance?

She. Engaged at last! Now *will* he keep a carriage?

He. That's done! How shall I like the yoke of marriage?

AT FORTY.

She. When *will* the Major come up to the scratch?
He. Fat, plain and forty! Shall I risk the match?

She. Is that a tinge of red about my nose?
He. Does the grey show—unless one looks too close?

She. Could I get on those "sixes"—at a pinch?

He. Must I allow the vest another inch?

She. Did Lady LINDA mean that as a snub?

He. Will they blackball me at the Buffers' Club?

She. Is the dear fellow right about Confession?

He. How stands my chance if they dissolve this Session?

AT FIFTY.

She. Will FLORA hook the wealthy cotton-spinner?

He. Must I drop drinking port wine after dinner?

She. Not meet! Great Heavens! am I getting stout?

He. By Jingo, was that twinge a touch of gout?

She. Did he mean anything by that warm glance?

He. Shall I have "go" to get through this round dance?

She. Will it be Brighton or the Continent?

He. My dear, can that last cheque be wholly spent?

AT SIXTY.

She. Will Lady JANE before those JONES's bow?

He. Shall I, I wonder, get my knighthood now?

She. Doctor, dear doctor, what does ail my back?

He. Will Lord FITZ-FADDLE give that berth to JACK?

She. Is NELLY really sweet on that young BROWN?

He. Are Costa Ricas going up or down?

She. He seemed so sparkish! Is it quite too late?

He. Dull, this! Am I too old a bird to mate?

FASHION.

GIVEN a legion of visages various, Different powers and instincts gregarious, How to sway all by some dominant passion? Set up a something and make it the Fashion, And make every person find joy in *excessus* In being precisely as every one else is, Why should Fashion's follies excite us to passion? Were Fashion not foolish it could not be Fashion.

MUFFS AND MARQUISATES.

LORD M's a muff; but shrewd Mammas determine Muffs have a value when they're trimmed with ermine!

"A CONSUMMATION," &c.—Much is said and written about the "Consolidation of the Statutes;" but when shall we hear of a "Consolidation of the Statutes," by which all the bronze horrors in our streets shall be melted down into one shapeless mass?

Q. What's the difference between a fraudulent Bank Direction and a Servant's Registry Office? A. The former cooks books, the latter books cooks.

"Pancrous hard lines"—as the Locomotive said to the Railway.

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—especially engaged.)

Autumn Quarter.—Good time to stay with friends at their country-houses. Bad time to go out shooting with anyone who has never had a gun in his hands before. Bad time for persons going out hunting for the first time in their lives on young untrained horses.

APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS.

"ALL'S SWELL that ends swell," as 'ARRY remarked when he purchased a pair of "misfits."

"Pleasant it is when the woods are green," as Pater-familias observed when all the doors in his new villa took to warping.

"For this re-leaf much thanks," as the trees said at the coming of Spring.

LIGHT WEIGHTS.—Formerly the "fancy" name of a small class of pugilists, now the real name for the means of plunder employed by a large class of small tradesmen.

HOW TO SUPPLY A COMMON DEFICIENCY.—"If you haven't an idea"—borrow one of somebody who has.

CONSISTENCY.—A gentleman attracted by a beautiful foot, seeks the owner's hand.

MEM. FOR YOUNG HOUSEWIVES.—To make both ends meet—burn the candle at 'em.



NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY EXTERNALS.

Boy (with Game). "IS THIS SQUIRE BROWN'S?"
Boy. "ARE YOU SQUIRE BROWN'S BUTLER?"
Boy. "WHOSE BUTLER ARE YOU?"

Squire Brown. "IT IS!"

Squire Brown. "I AM NOT!"



LADY AND GENTLEMEN HELPS.



END OF COOK'S VOYAGES.

INFATIATED AND OVERWROUGHT TOURISTS "FINISH OFF" THEIR CONDUCTOR, ON ONCE MORE THANKFULLY PUTTING FOOT ON THEIR NATIVE SHORE.

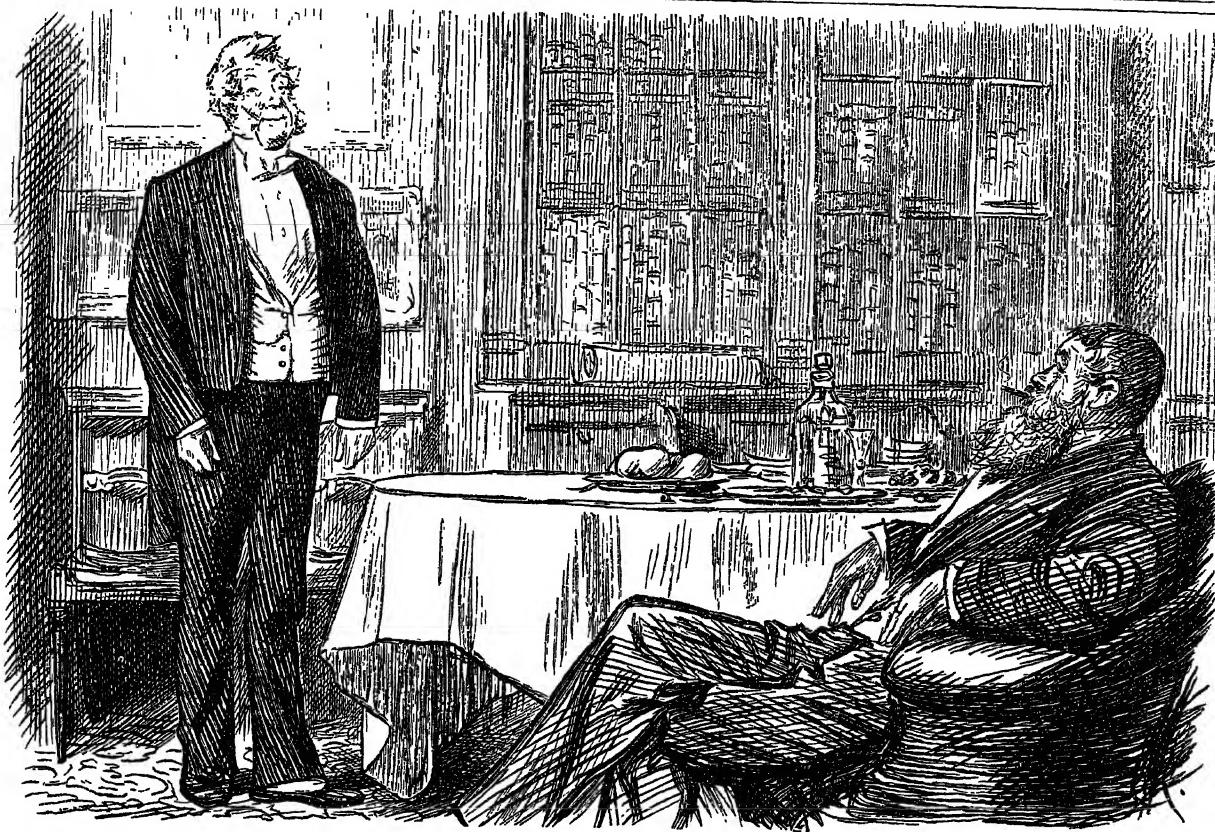
SMALL CHANGE FOR SILENCE.—The Foreign Office does not, in practice, acknowledge the maxim that "silence is golden." To copy diplomatic records of the most momentous State secrets, it employs writers at tenpence an hour. At this rate, silence is copper.

HOMAGE OF THE HEART.

(*To a wealthy Wife.*)

My wife weighs more than good twelve score ;
She weighed scarce seven of old.
She has now grown fat—but what of that ?
She is worth her weight in gold.

POLICE.—A South London Tradesman is pulled up at Lambeth for using false weights and measures. The Magistrate commits him to prison without the option of a fine, where he is set to learn prosody, by way of correcting his false quantities.



THE COMMISSARIAT.

Squire (to new Butler) "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND—" Mr. Prodgess. "IGH OR LOW, SIR?"
 Squire "WELL—I HARDLY—BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?" Mr. Prodgess. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THI 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!!"

SCIENTIFIC ANNOUNCEMENT.

LECTURES will shortly be delivered on the following subjects:-

Natural Selection. — As instanced in the choice of eligible bachelors. By Miss Honeycrab Husbandhunter, M.C. (Matrimonial Candidate).

On Organic Development. — From the days of BABBAGE to the present time. By a Confirmed Barbelorganophobist.

The Struggle for Existence. — As illustrated in the lives of poor City Clerks. By One of Them.

The Survival of the Fittest. — As exemplified in the longevity of donkeys and delusions. By Iconoclast.

FOOD AND PHYSIC. — According to *Mistress Quickly*, prawns were "ill for a green wound," but modern science has discovered them to be a sovereign remedy for indigestion, eaten whole. Their shells, consisting principally of carbonate of lime, or chalk, absorbent and antacid, are an infallible antidote to acidity in the stomach.

NOTHING like "cheek"—provided you do not provoke a slap on it.



INTERNATIONAL COMPARISONS.

Henri Dubois (who can speak English) to his friend *'Arry Smith* (who can't). "PARDON ME, MON AMI! YOU ARE VERY PRETTY BOY, YOU DRESS IN ZE MOST PERFECT 'CHIC'; BUT VY DO YOU SPEAK YOUR OWN LANGUAGE SO UNGRAMMATICAL?"

'Arry. "WHY DO I SPEAK MY HOWN LANGWIDGE SO BUNGGRAMMATICAL? 'AND IT, YER DOWN'T SUPPOSE AS I WERE HEDGERIKIT AT HETON OR 'ARROW LIKE A BLOOMIN' SWELL, DO YER?"

Henri. "VOYZE DONG G'A! NOW IN FRANCE ZERE IS NO ETON, NO HARROW: ALL ZE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE ZE SAME, AND ZE BUTCHER AND BAKER'S LITTLE BOYS GO ZERE, AND ZE LITTLE CANDLESTICK-MAKERS, AND ZE LITTLE BOYS OF ZE MERCHANTS OF CHEESE LIKE YOU AND ME!"

'Arry. "COME, I SY, WALKER, YER KNOW! AND WHERE DO THEIR CUSTOMERS' LITTLE BOYS GO?"

Henri. "PARBLEU! ZEZ GO ZERE TOO!!"

[*'Arry*, suddenly conscious of his deficiencies, feels bitterly towards his country.]

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR 1879.

THERE will be a disappearance of Mars in the early part of the year. Paris will go after her. The result will probably be a suit before Mr. Justice HANNEN.

Saturn's rings will disappear about the end of March. From information received at Scotland Yard, the Police will take the case in hand. The case, however, will be empty.

During the bathing-season there will be strict regulations issued along the coast about observing the transit of Venus with the naked eye.

During the summer months there will be several "superior conjunctions" by special licence. There will be a larger number of "inferior conjunctions" by ordinary banks.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—What is enough for one, is half enough for two, short commons for three, and starvation for half a dozen.

MUSICAL MULTIPLICATION.—In writing one opera the composer always produces a score.

Hold Hard Charlie, or they
will ride over us!

DIANA IN 1879

You need not have
waited dinner. I only want
a cutlet & cigarette

OR
WE ARE COMING



Pleasures of a Scarecrow

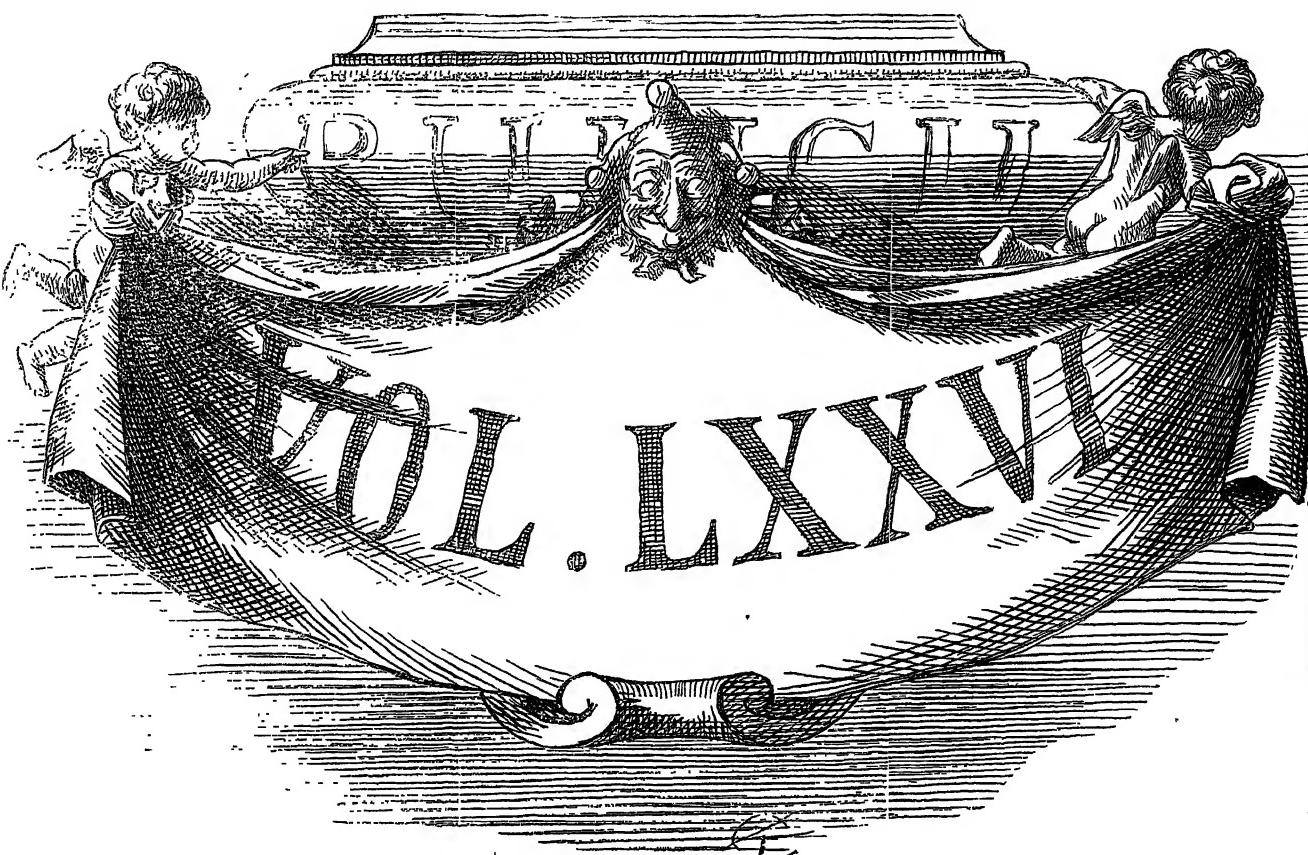
"Come on Uncle Tom, let's have
these rails before some Duffer
breaks the top one!"



Never mind me Sir! My Sister
has caught my horse;

Yes, I mind my horse borrowed a
coat and got me lost home!

SWAIN & CO.



A YEAR'S GOOD WORK.

PEOPLE may grumble about the management of Charities, doubt the good of Soup-Kitchens and Asylums for the houseless, or even venture a query whether the great good of Hospitals is not diminished by serious physical and economical drawbacks which might be lessened by wiser management; but there is one institution whose work, and whose way of doing it, nobody, so far as *Punch* knows, ever questions, and that is the National Lifeboat Institution. Its battle with the sea and the storm is never-ending. But if the ocean can score to its side an awful list of casualties,—dead, wounded, and missing,—the gallant Institution whose head-quarters are at 14, John Street, Adelphi, can boast its victories, too, and reckon up the lives saved by its gallant navy of life-saving craft, and their life-risking not life-destroying crews.

Its roll of brave deeds bravely done in 1878, shows—

"A total of 471 lives rescued by the Society's Lifeboats, in addition to 17 vessels saved from destruction. In the same period the Lifeboat Institution voted rewards for saving 145 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 616 lives saved last year, mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether, since its formation, the Society has contributed to the saving of 26,051 shipwrecked persons, for which services it has granted 980 Gold and Silver Medals, besides pecuniary awards to the amount of £56,350. The character of these noble Lifeboat services has varied much, some having been performed during the darkness of the night, others in the daytime; but nearly all have been rendered during stormy weather, which would have prevented any ordinary open boat from accomplishing the rescue. Again, it is most satisfactory to know that, notwithstanding the peril and exposure incurred by the gallant crews, not a single life was lost last year from the 269 Lifeboats of the Society, although about 12,000 men were out in them on all occasions."

And all this saving of life, with not one life lost in the act of salvage, terrible as were the enemies in whose teeth all these victories were won!

It is something to be proud of—better—something to be thankful for,—and in no way can our gratitude to the gallant salvors, and the heads that station and equip them for their warfare, be shown, than,—as they respond to the cry "Man the Lifeboat!"—by responding to the cry "Money the Lifeboat!" for even the saving of life costs money, though incalculably less than the destroying it.

Then let *Punch*, too, send round his cap and bells, in aid of the work and wants of the National Lifeboat Institution!

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

(*By a Poor Relation.*)

Wish my old Hat looked as new as it did this day last year.
Wish I knew where to buy another without paying for it.
Wish my Sunday Trousers would not bag so at the knees, although I seldom kneel down on them now.

Wish that my Umbrella had not caught that awkward knock of turning inside out when a whiff of wind gets under it.

Wish that Mr. EDSON would invent some indestructible clothing for small children, and also some cheap and filling substitute for butchers' meat.

Wish some rich young fellow of a generous disposition would fall in love with our JEMIMA, and ask my leave to settle something handsome on her parents.

Wish old Uncle SKYNTFLYNT would finish that Marsala, which he always passes off instead of Sherry when I dine with him.

Wish that somebody or other would take a fancy to AUGUSTUS, who really is a clever boy, and I am sure would prove a credit—to anyone who would trust him.

Wish that something would turn up, in the mining way, or otherwise, which would enable me to snap my fingers at my creditors.

Wish I could afford to take the children to the Pantomime, and give myself the treat of an oyster-supper after it.

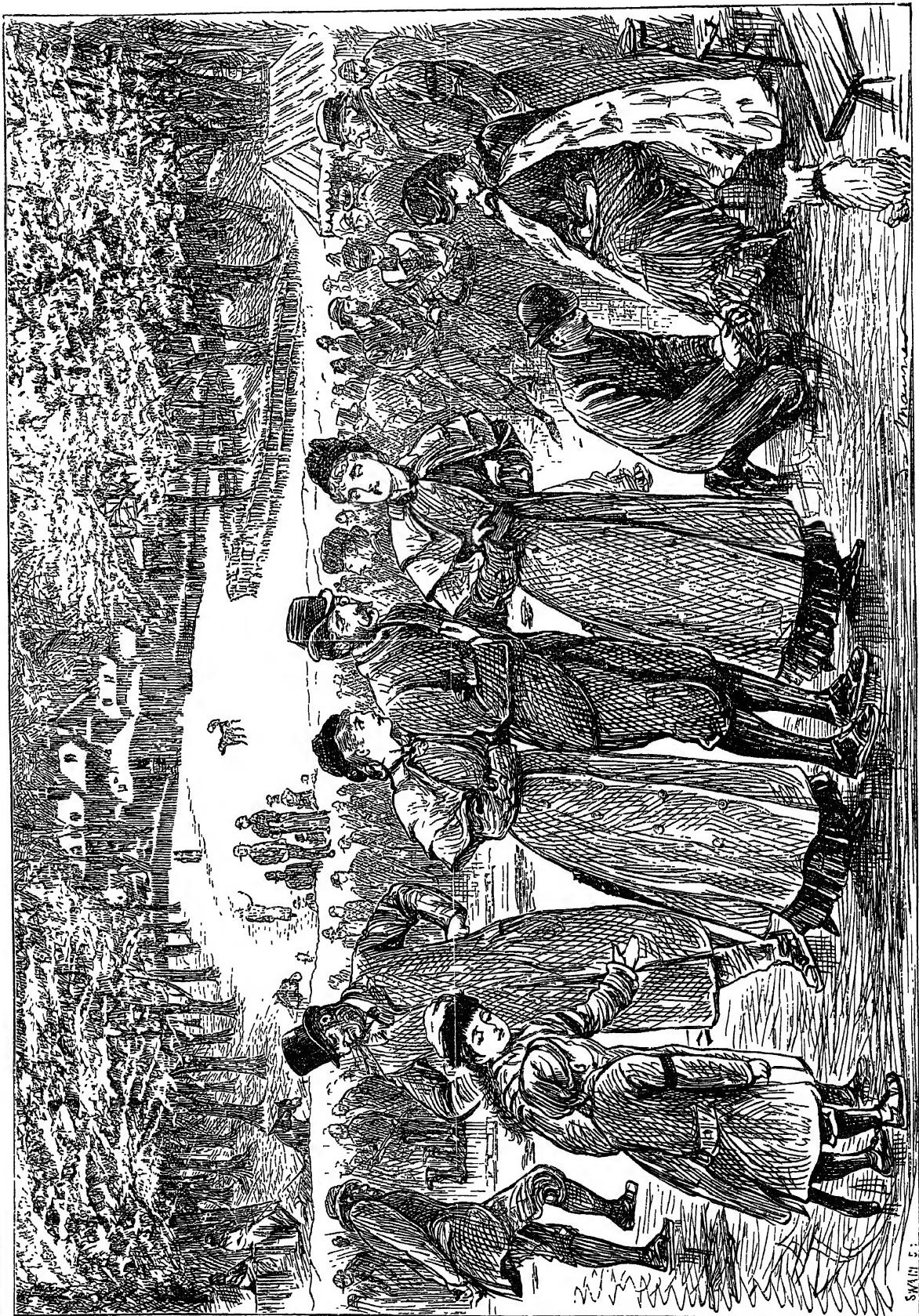
Wish that somebody would die, and leave me something worth living for.

Wish I had the chance of getting something under Government.
Wish profoundly I *may* get it.

Another Bogey!

"In the impending revision of the import-scale, our own interests must be our only guide."—Prince BISMARCK.

PRESTIGE, that re-vamped Bogey, so admired,
Calls up Reaction, for companion spectre;
Retrograde folly with wild hope is fired,
Now BISMARCK is Protection's sworn protector.
Since Interests become our only guide,
Bland Selfishness, to fools, displays fresh beauties,
Their faith in *Duty* having laid aside,
They mean henceforth to put their trust in *Duties*.



A VENIAL IMPOSTURE.

SKETCH OF A CERTAIN Bold Major, JUST HOME FROM INDIA ON SICK LEAVE TAKING (AS IN INDIA) HIS FIRST LEAP IN THE ART OF SKATING. — (WE RECOLLECT THE D.M. IN DAYS GONE BY. HE WAS THE CHAMPION OF THE LAST PICTURE SKATING CLOTHES.)

BETWEEN THE YEARS.



Time's river flows without a break or bridge,
The moments run to days, the days to years:
Strange how we pause on the dividing ridge,
Which 'twixt Old Year and New our fancy rears!

There, with divided mind, see England stand,
Between the chill of fear, the flush of hope,
Scanning the cloud that lies about the land,
For any rift that way to light may ope.

With backward survey o'er the dark "has been,"
With forward gaze into the dark "to be:"
Summing the good and ill that we have seen,
As if God's purposes stood plain to see—

As if 'twere man's to reach Heaven's far-off ends;
To reckon up Time's harvest in the seed;
To write off gains of good and ill's amends—
The balance of their books as traders read.

As thick a fold between us and the past,
As e'er between us and the future, lies:

The ills we grieve for may work good at last:
Out of our seeming good what ills may rise!

Only one thing we know, that over all
A wise and loving Power holds sovereign sway:
This knowing, let us stand between the years,
Bent but to do the duty of the day;

Speaking the truth and holding to the right,
As we the truth can reach, the right can read:
Trusting the hand that steers, through dark and light,
By His lode-star, not ours, to ends decreed.

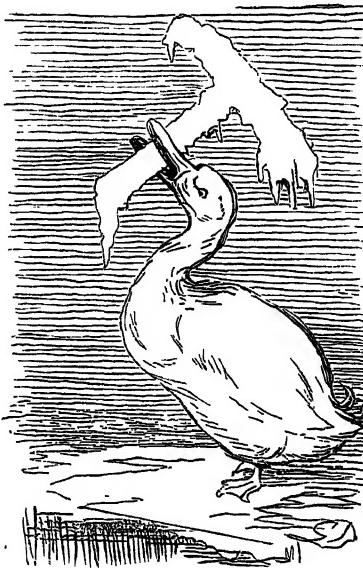
Between our larger and our lesser worlds,
Of self, home, city, state or continent,
There is no variance of far or near,
Of great or small, in that Guide's measurement,

Twixt strokes of policy that hit or miss,
And sleights of skill that make or mar a cause.
Then, grateful, take his gifts, his strokes, submiss,
And look to Man for rule, to Heaven for Laws.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(Practical and Post-Classic Period.)

OXFORD.



THE Mech Professor of Steam-ploughing will commence his mid-winter course of lectures as usual on Port Meadow on the first day of the coming term. Members of the University wishing to attend are requested to call, with their machines, gearings, stokers, coke, and farmers' certificates, on the Professor at Christ Church, not later than Wednesday next.

The subjects selected for the examination in the final school (*Literæ Domesticae*), are as follows:

Catalogues of the Civil Service Co-operative Society (Limited), Lloyd's List, 1848-78, the British Postal Guide, Bradshaw, and one or more standard works on Pastry, Drainage, the Cheese Trade, Coat Building, or Glazier's Bill, and Ironmongery, at the option of the Candidate.

CAMBRIDGE.

The subject for the Yorke Prize is "The Rise and Fall of Hair-cutting as a Fine Art." Candidates, who must be members of the University, and have taken the degree of "Bachelor of Dancing," will be expected to send, together with their composition, two or more life-sized barber's busts in a sealed packet marked with a trade motto, by which their names may be subsequently recognised. The Regius Professor of Haberdashery will continue his course of lectures on the "Striped Stockings of Western Europe," immediately after the commencement of the approaching Term.

At a congregation held yesterday, the *ad eundem* degree of D.B.P.M. (Doctor of Prime Butcher's Meat) was conferred on Mr. WILLIAM SILVERSIDE, of Smithfield University.

The Examination for the Tiger Hunting Tripos will commence on the First of April next.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He visits the Alhambra to see "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or," and Covent Garden for "Jack and the Beanstalk.")

SIR,

La Poule aux Œufs d'Or—why not an English title?—belongs to the class of piece which, in my humble opinion, ought, not only at Christmas time, but throughout the year, to find its home at the Alhambra. This sort of Show is suited to this place, *pas autres Shows*. It is this kind of fairy spectacular entertainment which should be the Alhambra's *spécialité*, and if only sufficient care and consideration are given to the details of the production, if ample time be allowed in every department, if the preparations are made well ahead, then, with the varied resources at their command, the Directors of the Alhambra Company, without having recourse to Paris for a ready-made piece, having, like Immortals, commanded success, would shower down on their devout worshippers, the Shareholders, the great and unspeakable benefits of twenty-five per cent. profit, half-yearly, while the name of the Alhambra itself would be to the amusement-seeking public a synonym for all that is artistic in design, sumptuous in accessories, brilliant in effect, harmonious in combination, melodious in musical utterance, and entertaining in performance—an extravaganza unique and original. The present piece has not, of course, all these qualifications, but it is a considerable step—not a stride (*the Stride is at the Box-Office, Drury Lane*—quite another affair)—by the Directors, in the right direction.

La Poule aux Œufs d'Or lasts from about 7.45 to 11.30, and it never once flags, although one Ballet Scene, "The Union of the Nations," is a case of "flags" from beginning to end, the stage being crowded with the banners, the standard-bearers, and the attendants, in costumes of all the principal nationalities.

But, experienced and invaluable M. JACOBI, the music for the hornpipe should invariably be our well-known old friend the

"*Sailors' Hornpipe*," which everybody in the house can hum or whistle, and to which everybody in the house feels, individually, inclined to get up and dance. The good old-fashioned hornpipe, thoroughly well danced—for the English public is most exacting on this point, as every one in the audience flatters himself that, however ignorant he may be on other matters, he does at least know something about a hornpipe—I say, the old national hornpipe, perfectly executed by girls in sailors' dresses, is just the one thing of which an *encore* may be safely predicted. But dance your old hornpipe never so well to a new tune and its success is a risk, because the public is puzzled. No, M. JACOBI, you are, for once, in error,—*on ne badine pas avec le Hornpipe*.

For combination of colour, for grouping, and for the figures of the ballet, there is not a more effective show in London than the Union of the Nations, and the Bird-Ballet in the Second Act of *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*.

It is a pity the libretto should have been printed before the "cuts" were made. The Book at sixpence gives you not only plenty for your money, but a great deal too much, and occasionally something too little, as, for instance, in the omission of the French song and duet, and the capital medley sung by Miss LOSEBY and Mr. RIGHTON, which was three times *encored*, and would have been *encored* three times more if the Music-Hall airs, of which it is most cleverly composed, had been brought down to the very latest vogue. This duet is a fair example, of the style of comic music exactly suited to the Alhambra audience. Other specimens may be selected, such as the duet in French, between Mlle. RIVIERE, who admirably executes a *jodel* after the *Café Chantant* receipt, and M. BRURT, and also *Urbain's* song, "*'Tis not in Wealth*," a very taking air, composed by M. JACOBI, and well sung by Mr. KNIGHT ASTON.

Miss SOLDENE is the dashing *Princess Fanfreluche*, but in this piece she has not the chances which *Generière de Brabant* afforded her. Miss LOSEBY sings charmingly. So perfect is her "trill" that I'm afraid Mrs. GIRLING will swoop down on the Alhambra one of these days, and claim her as a thorough "shaker." "She shakes—like a jelly," observed a *bon-vivant* among the audience, rather at a loss for an appropriate musical comparison.

The magical and amusing changes of scene, from a grotto to a boudoir, from boudoir to a garden, from garden back again to boudoir, are excellently managed; while the arbour that gradually rises until it becomes a sort of tower of three storeys, with a lover in each compartment anxiously waiting for the Princess, who ascends from the ground floor to the attic, receiving the attentions, *en passant*, of all three, is a specimen of such practical fun as is thoroughly to the taste of the audience. All the transformation tricks are good, and as, in their opening Scenes, the Pantomimes of Drury Lane and Covent Garden seem to have discarded these mechanical devices—without which a pantomime loses half its charm—it is quite a treat to meet with them in full force in *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*.

The marvellous GIRARDS ought to have been made part and parcel of the *diablerie* business of the last Act, instead of having an interpolated scene all to themselves, which begins to weary the spectator by reason of its utter want of point and the absence of all connection with the story. The GIRARDS are as amusing as a set of children who get up an impromptu pantomime in the back drawing-room. *Ars est celare artem* is perfectly true of them, as all their actions appear to be inspired by some absurdly mischievous inspiration of the moment. This seems to me to be the distinguishing characteristic of the entertainment. They are naughty, cruel, malicious, tricksy sprites let loose for a frolic, and their "humours" would have exactly suited the Grand Scene of Act III., representing the Realms of Pluto.

On the whole, the Alhambra has now got an entertainment, which, in many respects, can scarcely be equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by anything of the kind this Christmas time.

Messrs. GATTI are now the managers of Covent Garden. Good. Should any one be surprised at this announcement he can adapt for the occasion the well-known tragic question of Mrs. SIDDONS,—who, when informed of the death of a certain French Minister "in his bureau," exclaimed, "In his bureau! how *gut* he there?"—and ask "In Covent Garden! How! GATTI there!" and the person who does this *once* will have performed more than his duty at a seasonable festivity.

Certainly in giving Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON *carte blanche* to design the costumes for *King Pepin's Court* in the Pantomime of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the management has done well and wisely. For numbers, for variety of designs, and for brilliancy of effect, the like of this scene has rarely been seen on the Covent Garden stage, except the review in *Blue Beard*, and the Amazonian troop in *Babil and Bijou*, when Miss HELEN BARRY cut so distinguished a figure. But having got together all this unexampled splendour scarcely anything is made of it. There is a glittering crowd, but that is all. As much may be said of the Pantomime. It is funny, as far as it goes, with its big heads and fairy opening (charming effect that clock, by the way), but it doesn't go far enough, except in the case of Messrs. MACDERMOTT and CAMPBELL—two comic vocalists from

the Music Halls, where they are the right men in the right places—who in a certain topical song most decidedly go too far for ears polite, forgetting that at Christmas time their audience consists chiefly of children, as ignorant of “political and social hits,” as of slang phrases. Their songs might be less numerous and more humorous, and the sooner the Messrs. GATTI insist on that couplet about SHEER ALI being cut out altogether, the better for the Pantomime, whose success, after all, must be in Mr. ALF THOMPSON’S Great Show at *King Pepin’s Court*, and also, for a wonder, in the Harlequinade, where the comic scenes, arranged by Mr. HARRY PAYNE—son of the inimitable Pantomimist lately, alas! deceased—are worthy of being styled comic. In fact the real fun of the Pantomime does not commence until Mr. H. PAYNE appears as *Clown*, and I should imagine that he is now the best *Clown* on the stage. Under his supervision the palmy days of Pantomime might return. If Mr. PAYNE, during the present year, will but study “the humours” of the streets, of the Law Courts, Railway Stations, Markets, City, &c., &c., the result would be comic business so entirely “new and original,” as would astonish the oldest playgoers, delight the youngest, and be a subject of congratulation from his very truly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SEASONING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



1 P.M. *Editor to Contributor.*

Much distressed. Another change. November fog. Must keep the article up to date. Thaw your frost, and melt your snow.

Contributor to Editor.

All right. Altered to order. Thaw works in well. But how about working in fog without damping climax?

Will this Do? (*By Book Post.*)

Christmas! Yule-tide extending well into the New Year! What memories rise before us! Father Christmas—the dear old snowy-bearded man, with his evergreen sceptre, redolent of the green buds of the coming spring, and wrapped in his mantle of Scotch mist.—Father Christmas lingers with us for many a week after the children have returned to school. Cheery, beery, sneezy, snowy, blowy old Father Christmas! In this gladsome, merrie England of ours he loves to hold his Court. He may pay a flying visit to Germany or Canada, but England is the land of his adoption. His children are worthy of their father. Let us watch them as they keep his memory green.

The snow is falling so thickly that the little village spire is scarcely seen, even though a sun like that of summer may be pouring its rays upon the weather-cock behind the snow veil. Merrily sing the birds, rejoicing in the crisp morning air, on one side of a ditch, regardless of the bleating of the sheep, who are calling to the shepherd from out of the dense fog which has invaded the field on the other. Here are happy school-boys skating on the pond, whilst their seniors linger in the shade! All should be called home by their respective grand-parents, for the ice is thin, and vows made in the gloaming are easily broken. But no, the young people are safe from interference! Grandpapa is no match for a Scotch mist, and Grandmamma is kept at home by the fog. Oh, Christmas, Christ-

mas of ice and snow, season of mists and mellow fruitfulness—apples and oranges, nuts and bills of the play! How we all love thee! How we drink thy health, in the shadow of thy tree, as the wheels of the weather revolve, in bumpers of steaming punch, and tankards of cooling cup!

(Have reserved climax till I know how weather stands last thing before going to press.)

SYMPATHY WITH SMALL BIRDS.

MR. PUNCH,

PLEASE, Sir, don’t you call this a jolly case—the jolliest of all the late cases—of benevolence to little birds? I copy it from a letter in the *Times*, signed “E. C. T.”:

“The bad weather may return, and hints are valuable. A Lady in Hammersmith has, during the recent severe weather, left open the door of her greenhouse, and every night twenty birds—thrushes and blackbirds—have come in and roosted in the vine inside.”

I only wish during the next cold weather I could persuade the Governor to leave open the door of his greenhouse and let the birds in to roost—and be roasted, or made a pudding of, twenty or “five-and-twenty thrushes and blackbirds baked in a pie.” But don’t I wish I may catch him at it. I can’t understand that old Lady at Hammersmith being so green as to leave her greenhouse door open in the cold, unmindful of the plants and the vine inside; for I don’t suppose she did it to catch the thrushes and blackbirds; but if so, no doubt her idea of a trap beats everything of that kind in the *Boy’s Own Book*, or anywhere else within the knowledge of your admiring youthful reader,

GILBERT WHITE, JUN.

P.S. How pleasing to see the cock-sparrows collected in the elder-bush, outside the back-door, waiting till breakfast is over, and CHARLOTTE takes out the table-cloth, and shakes down the crumbs, whilst I load my catapult, and get ready to have a shy at them by the time she comes back, and they are all comfortably settled, and pitching in.

G. W.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

For those who give quiet little dinners, the following rule of precedence, from the “Answers” in the *Queen*, will be found eminently useful:—

“PRECEDENCE.—The host must take the Marchioness; the Bishop the Earl’s daughter; the Earl’s younger son, the Dean’s wife (daughter of Viscount); the Privy Councillor, the General’s wife (daughter of Baron); the K.C.B., the wife of K.C.M.G.; the K.C.M.G., the Baronet’s daughter; the Dean, the Bishop’s wife; the General, the Privy Councillor’s wife; the Marquis, the hostess. There seems no lady provided for the Colonel; if there is a daughter of the house, he would take her.—YOUNG MATRON.”

All young Matrons should study this. Any one of them may find herself in just such a trying position. It makes one shudder to think what the consequences would be if the Colonel took down the Marchioness, the Marquis the Privy Councillor’s wife, the General the Earl’s daughter; and if by any dire mischance the Dean’s wife (daughter to a Viscount) and the General’s wife (daughter to a Baron) fell to the K.C.B. and the K.C.G.M.! Or if it was the Bishop instead of the gallant Colonel that was left single-handed to bring up the rear. This is really quite too awful to contemplate; yet if the young Matron lost her head, in such trying circumstances, it might so happen.

Pity a Poor Roof.

(*A Cry From St. Albans.*)

HELP me! some are hot to stone me.

Others with a view to “tow” me—

Want to lead or copper-plate me;

Others at less cost would slate me.

Is’t odd, ‘twixt stone, slate, copper, lead—

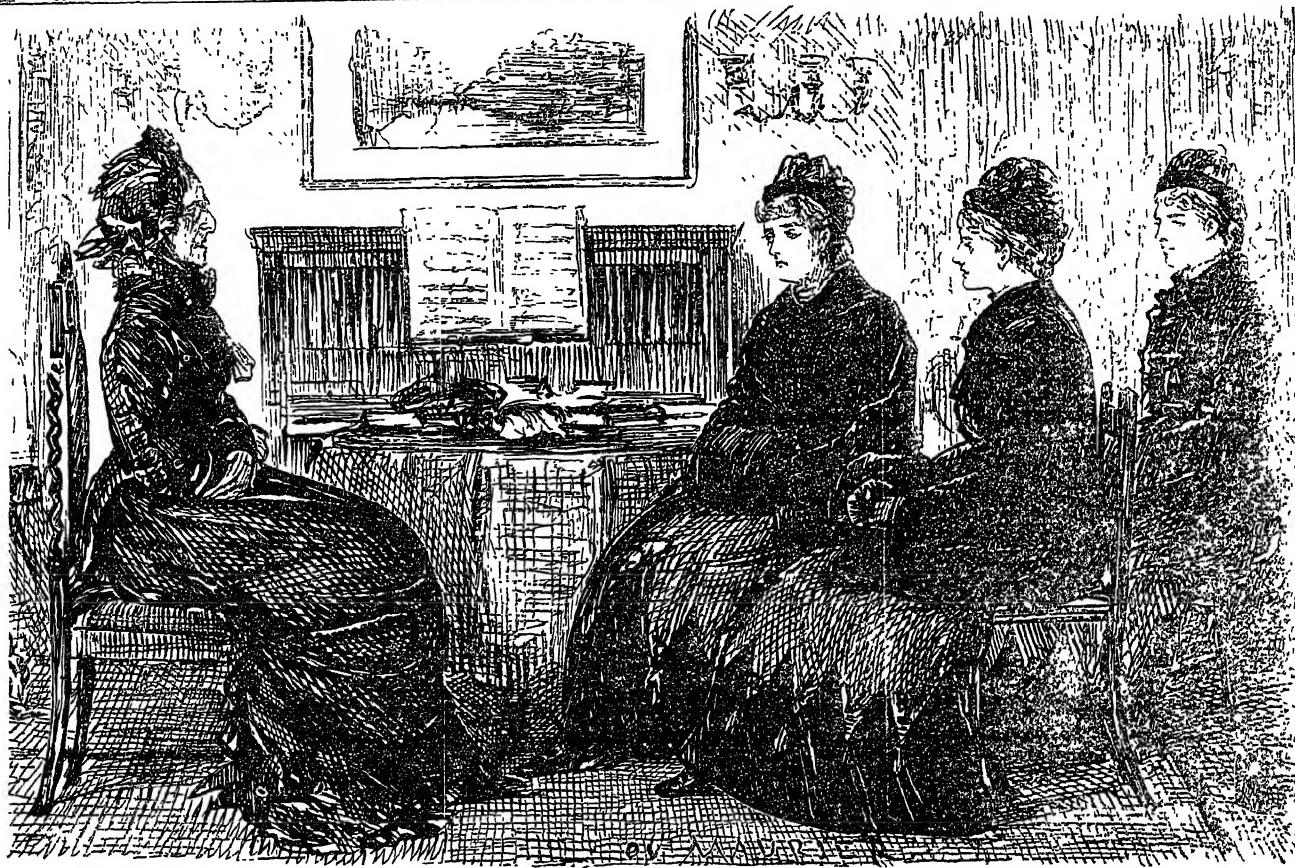
That I should still be off my head?

THE FORCE OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.

AMONG the notices given in the House of Commons the first night of the Session, was one “To introduce a Bill for the improvement of Spirits in bond.” Does this point to further “rectification”?

ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF OUR INDIAN POLICY.—To convert Sheer Alis into sheer enemies.

PROPER DECORATION FOR A “BLOCKED” LAW COURT.—Bar-relief.



PARADOXICAL.

Ethel. "IT WAS A MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE, AUNT TABITHA! FIRST, SHE WAS SHOT OUT OF A CANNON'S MOUTH ON TO A TRAPEZE FIFTEEN YARDS ABOVE THE ORCHESTRA, AND THEN SHE SWUNG HERSELF UP TILL SHE STOOD ON A ROPE ON ONE LEG AT LEAST A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET ABOVE OUR HEADS!"

Aunt Tabitha. "AH! I ALWAYS THINK A WOMAN LOWERS HERSELF WHEN SHE DOES THAT!"

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Benjamin (*hugging his casket*). Call that a New Year's Gift? Just look at mine!

William (*feeling the edge of his axe*). Oh, you were always caught by show and shine.

The simple and substantial suit my taste.

Benjamin. You've no imagination!

William. Yours you waste
On flashing, fleeting figments.

Benjamin. Don't be tart;
But own that this most gorgeous Work of Art
Evokes your envy. You are vastly clever;
But you'll admit that Eldorado never
Stirred at your voice, or offered at your shrine.

William. Tribute from Midas is no wish of mine.
I only filled the Empire's money-bags.

You empty them, and so the "glittering crags
And golden rivers" greet you—tis most fit.

Benjamin. Such sorry irony you take for wit,
And think you're brilliant when you're only bitter.

William. In gibes that gleam and epigrams that glitter,
I humbly own I'm not a match for you.

My axe is no stiletto.

Benjamin. *Roderick Dhu*
Trusted to ponderous strength 'gainst supple skill:
You recollect the issue, my dear WILL?

William. Quite. But good sword-play's not all trick, and then
You're scarcely a *Fitz-James*, my dodgy BEN.

Benjamin. My dodges, though, have brought you many a cropper.
I'll back my sleight against your silver chopper,
Gift of a small scratch Caucus, whom to know
Argues oneself unknown. It is no go!

You're *too* parochial. Greatness is a scorner
Of the foregatherings of *Idle-cum-Corner*.
But you—have you not strength your ears to shut
E'en to the peddling praise of *Lilliput*?

William. Its small revilings I can scorn, and do,
Even when echoed by a wit like you.

Benjamin. But do look at this casket, and admit
The People's WILLIAM might be proud of it.

William. Perhaps; did conscience tell him that the cause
In which 'twas earned was worthy of applause.

Benjamin. Oh, when you come to conscience, that, of course,
Is *your* monopoly. With deep remorse
I own I'm the Black Bogey which you paint,
And you are a serene and snowy Saint.
Only you see the Saint is scarce the winner;
The wicked world, of course, prefers the Sinner:
Conscience is *not* much liked when it turns sour.

(WILLIAM is about to expostulate.)

Shut up!—and if you please—my worthy WILL,
Don't perorate. An antibilious pill
Would do you heaps of good. Jaundice, I'm sure,
Distracts you, and demands a drastic cure.
Try exercise, and your new axe. You're good,
They say, at cutting down. I own my mood
Leads more to setting up.

William (*grimly*). I hold that he
Does better who brings down a rotten tree,
Than he who rears a Dagon.

Benjamin. Chop away!
Your axe bodes no one harm—or, so you say;
At least I'm certain that it won't hurt me.
Ah, WILLIAM, don't you wish I were a tree?

Ha! Ha! Ta! Ta! (aside.) Grim, acid egotist!
William. Farewell! (aside.) A very eel, all slime and twist!

[*Exeunt severally, hugging their respective gifts.*]



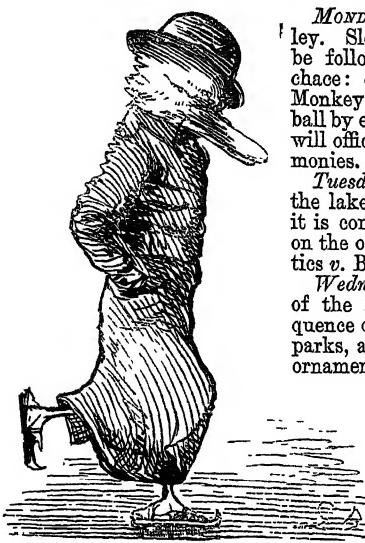
NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

MASTER BENJAMIN. "LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL GOLD CASKET!"

MASTER GLADSTONE. "AH!—BUT LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL SILVER AXE!"

SPORTING FIXTURES.

(The Present Variable Weather Permitting.)



MONDAY.—An Ice Regatta at Henley. Sledge races on the Thames, to be followed by a skaters' steeple-chase: course, from Maidenhead to Monkey Island. At sunset, a snowball by electric light. Mr. Jack Frost will officiate as Master of the Ceremonies.

Tuesday.—North Polo Match upon the lake at the Welsh Harp, which, it is confidently expected, will play on the occasion. Sides, United Arctic v. Baltic Blue nosed.

Wednesday.—Meeting of the Drags of the Humane Society, in consequence of the sudden thaw in all the parks, and rapid liquefaction of the ornamental waters.

Thursday.—Grand Cricket Match at Lord's. Oxford and Cambridge Colts against Ojibbeways and Esquimaux. Gate-money to be given to the Umpire's Emigration Fund, for supplying English umpires throughout the States and Colonies.

Friday.—Butterfly Shooting at the Gun Club, and a Grasshopper Hunt at Hornsey. In the evening, Cockney Swimming Contest for the Championship of the Serpentine; to be decided in three heats, provided that the temperature be not below freezing-point.

Saturday.—Ladies' Lawn-tennis Match at Wimbledon: to be followed by a pic-nic on the Common, and *al fresco* Fancy Ball, with comic songs, charades, and archery by moonlight.

HAMLET AT THE LYCEUM.

It is pleasant to see any one who has laboured earnestly, honestly, and in a difficult and honourable career, attain the end for which he has worked. None of Mr. IRVING's public could have sympathised more sincerely than *Mr. Punch* with Mr. IRVING, when, standing before a crowded house, thrilling with enthusiasm, and tumultuous with applause, after more than four hours' close attention to the play that, above all other plays, taxes the mind, he told them, that this was what he had been working for all his life—not meaning the applause, of course, but the opportunity, of producing *Hamlet* in a theatre under his own whole and sole management. It is a worthy ambition for an intellectual Actor, which Mr. IRVING is; and for a Manager bent on turning his opportunities to the best account, which Mr. IRVING now proclaims himself to be. Happy man! He has the opportunity, as well as the will. How ready his public is to give him credit not merely for good, but the best, intentions, was very apparent among the audience of that opening night, one of the heartiest, most responsive, and readiest to take the will for the deed, that *Punch* ever had the pleasure of figuring among. At the same time, it is neither true, nor fair, in the critics to say, that such a presentation of *Hamlet* has not been seen in our time. "Our time" is an elastic phrase. In *Punch's* time, there have been at least three productions of the play—by MACREADY, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, by CHARLES KEAN, at the Princess's, and by PHELPS at Sadler's Wells—not less complete, tasteful, and careful, in scenery, stage-management, and appointments; and as regards the cast, apart from the *Hamlet* and the *Ophelia*—a point, after all, at least as important as scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations—infinitely better.

It is not fair to forget this so soon. There ought to be hope that a Manager's memory may outlive his life forty years. It is not so long as that since the earliest of these three managements; and yet *Punch* seems to be the solitary critic who has ventured to give one more new rendering of HORACE's pregnant line—"Vixere fortis ante Agamemnona"—"There have been Managers before IRVING."

Mr. IRVING has given good earnest of his good intentions by taking Mr. MARSHALL into council about the text and scenic arrangement of his *Hamlet*.

The mounting of the play at the Lyceum leaves little or nothing to be desired. The giving the *Ghost* the full range of the platform of Elsinore for his martial stalk, in the opening Scene, is a conspicuous improvement, though not a new one. But *Punch* is not yet satisfied that the *Ghost* has any business out of the Castle.

It is no sufficient reason for showing the apparition in the third scene on the "dreadful summit of the cliff," that *Horatio* thinks he may tempt *Hamlet* thither. Ghosts are strictly local institutions. They always haunt particular places; and the Castle of Elsinore is the walk of his late Majesty of Denmark, when he "revisits the glimpses of the moon." But the change gives us an impressive and effective stage-picture, and is an immense improvement on the close glen shut in by mountains which it replaces at the Lyceum.

Punch must still protest in as unqualified terms as ever against the absence of visible pictures in the *Closet Scene*. "Counterfeit presentation" can by no fair stress of words be made to mean the image of his father and of his uncle which *Hamlet* carries in his mind's eye. The passage is shorn of its best pith and point and effect on the audience when visible pictures are dispensed with. The only recommendation of this novelty, as far as *Punch* can make out, is its singularity. What does Mr. MARSHALL say to it? Another reading of Mr. IRVING's, which seems to *Punch* equally irreconcileable with the text, is *Hamlet's* sinking down when the *Ghost* disappears, thus making his "sinevus grow instant old," at the very moment when he calls upon them not to do so, but "to bear him stiffly up."

Nor can the transfer of the fencing-scene to an open gallery looking on the Palace orchard be reconciled (as Mr. MOY THOMAS has pointed out), with *Hamlet's* cry—"Ho! let the door be locked." Though, here again, we get a pretty stage-picture, which may well excuse the disregard of *Hamlet's* words.

The discovery of the Gravediggers at their work instead of letting them walk on, is decidedly a change for the better, even if Mr. IRVING and Mr. MARSHALL have not been the first to make it.

After *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, and the *Ghost*, the Lyceum Gravedigger's is by many degrees the best acted part in the piece. Mr. S. JOHNSON, whose name is new to *Punch*, played without any of the conventional false emphasis and exaggeration which have crusted over this, like most of the short parts in SHAKESPEARE's plays whose good or bad luck it has been to fall into the hands of leading actors. He spoke with good emphasis and discretion, and went about his business like an honest, "even" gravedigger—losing none of the points, but forcing none, and leaving the perfect conception, presented in the best words, to work its way. The man did not, in this case, jar with his part; as did, with but few exceptions, all the actors of the secondary parts in the Lyceum cast. In plain English, the play was not well cast—and that not measuring excellence by any ideal standard; not by any means as well cast as it might have been with a more judicious choice of available actors; at least if no better were to be had, Mr. IRVING must have been exceptionally unfortunate.

Mr. MEAD'S *Ghost* is unexceptionable.

It would not be easy to find on the stage a better *Queen* than Miss PAUNCEFORT. Mr. CHIPPENDALE in *Polonius*, so far as his failing strength allowed him to carry out his conception, was grave and dignified as a high Court officer should be, even supposing him to be a "tedious old fool." The *Oscie* had the youth, good looks, and self-satisfied air that are wanted for the part, but either lacked the art to give them their full effect, or perhaps Mr. IRVING fails to appreciate, or does not care to develop, the significance of the scene in which he appears.

"The rest is silence."

There is nothing good to be said of the other actors of the secondary parts, and it would be superfluous to say harsh things of them. It was not that they did not do their best, but their best was out of tune with the noble music of SHAKESPEARE.

The *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* are the two pillars of the play. Of the strength and weakness of Mr. IRVING's *Hamlet* it is unnecessary to repeat in detail what *Punch* has said before. The sum of his praise is, that from first to last, the actor is in his part, that his reading of *Hamlet's* character, moods, and mental states, is consistent with itself, intelligent, and intelligible—a presentment of the part which all thoughtful students of the play may follow with interest and profit, if not always with acquiescence.

In its essentials *Punch* believes Mr. IRVING's performance to be based upon, and true to, the great lines of the Poet's thought. He shows us a mind ticklishly poised on the line between great wit and madness—and so naturally assuming the mask of madness, from under which to shoot his wild and whirling words; the better to prosecute the purpose which he has not strength of will to carry, deliberately, to its issue. Any great shock can send this unstably-poised mind over the boundary between sanity and insanity. Some great shocks—as the revelations of the *Ghost*, the rooting up of his love, and the sudden tidings of *Ophelia's* death—are sufficient to rouse him to frenzy. The Prince's weakness of will is due partly to the excessive development in him of the reflective element over the active, which makes him so lengthy a soliloquiser; so ready to go off into disquisition on the slightest provocation at the most critical moment; glad to talk to anybody who will talk to him, and able to find in everything a text for speculation, and a peg on which to hang disquisition and generalisation.



"THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN'S CONTUMELY."

Constable (to Old Wiggins, who has come down on a piece of Orange-peel and a Slide). "THERE NOW, I 'OPES YOU'RE SATISFIED!—SERVES YOU JOLLY WELL RIGHT!—IF I CATCHES YOU A SLIDIN' ON THE PAVEMENT AGAIN, I'LL RUN YOU IN—SHAAF!"

All this Mr. IRVING shows us in his *Hamlet*, but—to borrow *Hamlet's* own words to the Players—a rather cruel but just Nemesis—in such a fashion, "that you would think some of Nature's journeymen had made a man, and not made him well—he imitates humanity so abominably."

It would, in short, be difficult to find a better *Hamlet*, in conception, or a worse, in execution, so far as that depends—and how far does it not depend?—on elocution or action. Surely these glaring faults of elocution and action cannot be beyond cure in a man evidently so earnest and so intelligent as Mr. IRVING. If one thought them so, it would be as cruel as useless to dwell upon them. But it cannot be necessary that a man should go on with this heartless vivisection of lines and sentences, cutting off verbs from their nouns, substantives from their adjectives, antecedents from their relatives, and prepositions from the words they govern; that he should make "God" rhyme to "mad," or "ghost" to "lost," with a host of other tricks of pronunciation just as outrageous. If these things can be cured, they ought not to be endured; and that they can be cured *Punch* does most potently believe. It is with tricks of movement as of speech. Are there not drill-sergeants and dancing-masters for the one, as well as professors of phonetics for the other?

There is so much thought and meaning, such sincerity of self-abandonment to the passions of his parts, and such evidently high aims in Mr. IRVING—which are the matter and marrow of the Actor's business—that it is intolerable to find the words through which this must be conveyed set to such marred music of utterance and movement—which are but the manner and mask of it, but a manner that cannot be dispensed with, and a mask that cannot be laid aside.

It is quite excusable in the young enthusiasts who are indebted to Mr. IRVING for a keener and deeper insight into certain great parts, and a fuller realisation of some great creations than the stage of their time has afforded them, to overlook, and even to admire and imitate his tricks and eccentricities, awkwardnesses and mannerisms. One sees and hears young actors by the dozen doing so.

This is one bad effect of these tricks, besides their greater mischief of making intellectual stage-work—so rare in England—unpalat-

able, by faults which are capable of correction, if the Actor were made sensible of them. Actors should be models in these points.

In speaking of the *Ophelia* of this memorable night, there needs no such qualification. In ELLEN TERRY's hands the execution of the part—but for the fright that on the first night almost strangled her singing in both mad scenes, and weakened the whole effect of the second—was as consummate, as its conception was subtle and complete. It was an ideally beautiful presentment, jarring in no point of look, movement, or speech with the image called up by SHAKSPEARE's exquisite creation.

A propos of this very performance, *Punch* lately read the very sa- pient criticism, that "*Ophelia* is a part into which it is impossible to put much fresh significance." He especially admires this wise saw, when he thinks of the entirely fresh significance put by ELLEN TERRY into the great scene of the Third Act, in which *Hamlet* does his best to wrench the love of her out of his heart, and breaks hers in the effort;—when he retraces the delicate shades by which this admirable actress distinguished the pangs of despised love from the worse pangs which follow the discovery that the noble mind she has so worshipped is overthrown—a misery summed up in the exquisite closing lines of the scene, which are the epitaph, not of her lost love, but of *Hamlet's* shattered reason.

If anything more intellectually conceived or more exquisitely wrought out has been seen on the English stage in this generation, it has not been within *Punch's* memory.

When Miss TERRY conquers her fright enough to be mistress of her voice and herself, her mad scenes will, no doubt, be as pathetically, if not as passionately, beautiful as her scene of heart-break. And if, on the first night, her "sweet bells were jangled out of tune," they were never harsh, and their muffled music but gave, perhaps, the more appropriate voice to her piteous sorrow, and more piteous mirth.

MR. IRVING's *Hamlet*, with its beauties and its blemishes, its great merits of conception, and its grievous sins of execution, we knew already. ELLEN TERRY's *Ophelia* we did not know. That is the revelation for which we have to thank the new management of the Lyceum.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT—PRO AND CON.

BRILLIANT IMPROVEMENT, OF COURSE; BUT, IF YOU TURN NIGHT INTO DAY, HOWEVER WILL THE POOR BIRDS KNOW WHEN TO GO TO "BYE-BYE"?

Strange Signs of the Times.

WHAT are we coming to, *Mr. Punch*? The question which controversialists in the *Times* are now raising, I understand to be whether the language to be excluded from University Education at Oxford or Cambridge shall be Latin or Greek? Are we all going mad, Sir?

A BEWILDERED COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

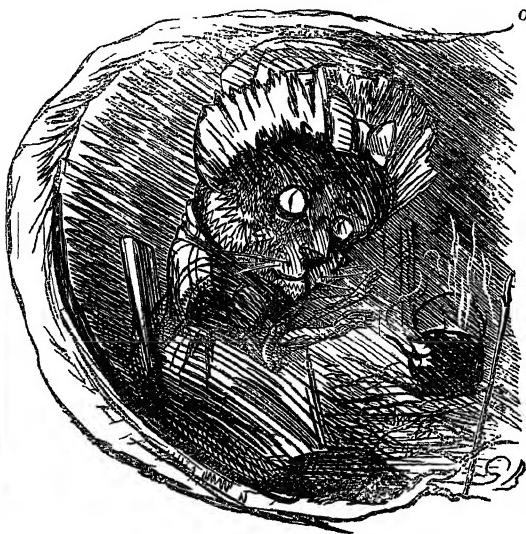
Worse than Worsted.

As investments, except for the lower extremities, old stockings have, until lately, been discarded, even by grandmothers, for new Stocks. But recent calamities may have suggested a partial return to the anile system of banking. Yet in the case of Stockings as well as Stocks, it is quite possible to put both your money and your foot in it at the same time.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER IX.



CONTINUATION
of Legend
—To our
rooms—
Haunted
Chamber
—The first
surprise—
A diffi-
culty.

"BUT," says JOSSLYN DYKE, continuing the story of the Earl, the Countess, and the Lover, as we stand before the weird old clock on the landing, "but they are often seen in the house, on

the stairs, in the rooms, in the passages, the three Earls, the Countess and her Lover, and that's my difficulty in getting any servants to stop. They say they won't stay in the same house with Ghosts."

I pretend to smile at this unwillingness on their part, as a vulgar prejudice arising from want of education. Still it is a dilemma for a master, when his servants come to him and say, "Well, Sir, either the Ghosts or ourselves must go. Which is it to be? If the Ghosts stay, we give notice." It is a difficulty.

JOSSLYN shakes his head and simply quotes, "'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, I am HORATIO in this instance, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'" I admit the probability implied in this sentiment, and he continues, "How can you explain the stoppage of this clock at this particular hour? the impossibility of altering it? the connection of this time with the dreadful events I've just told you? And, mind, these apparitions are only seen at intervals of eight days, and then invariably at three separate times, eight hours apart, within the twenty-four hours, commencing at 8:25 in the morning, then at 4:25 in the afternoon, then at 12:25 at midnight, and lastly at 8:25 A.M., when their visits cease for another eight days."

I am just about to ask, "Have you seen them lately?" when it occurs to me that this is the title of some music-hall comic song, most inappropriate to the occasion, and quite opposed to my present state of mind, which is, to say the least of it, reverentially respectful towards all Ghosts in general, and the Ghosts at The Mote, Moss End, in particular.

"I don't talk about these things to everybody," observes JOSSLYN, making a move, whereat his familiars look curiously at him, with their heads on one side, as much as to say, "Well, what are you going to do now?"

"No, it wouldn't do to tell everybody," I return, taking his remark as highly flattering to myself.

"But," he says, pausing, after taking half a dozen steps down the passage. "But, it is curious that this should be the eighth of the month, and—" he adds, taking out his watch, "I very rarely sit up as late as this talking, least of all on such a subject."

"Late!" I exclaim, "surely it's not past twelve." "The time by me," he replies most impressively, "is exactly twenty-five minutes past twelve."

I refer to my own watch. Yes, that is the time. At least, by me, it is exactly thirty-five minutes past, but then I always keep my watch ten minutes fast.

I am staggered. I find myself murmuring, "So it is," and I am conscious of the mechanism at work again in my head on the two muffled words "Very strange—Very strange—Very strange!"

JOSSLYN is waiting for me at the end of the passage. Until I, as it were, woke up and saw him I was unconscious of standing still. To say "Go on! I follow," occurs to me; but, like Macbeth's answer, it sticks in my throat, for I remember they are Hamlet's request to the Ghost. Very strange—Very strange—Very strange!

"Here's your room," says JOSSLYN, throwing open the door.

I had hoped he was coming in to keep me company. No; he only nods at me, and says "Good night." I can't exercise hospitality to my own host, and invite him to "step in and sit down."

I watch his retreating figure, accompanied by his familiars. Snap slouching along as if he'd met a Ghost who had kicked him severely, and Fiend with pointed head turning this way and that, and pointed ears pricked up in a nervous state, as if ready to jump out of a Ghost's way at the slightest and shortest notice.

JOSSLYN stops to look round, and say in a low whisper, "Goor will call you in plenty of time. We breakfast at eight twenty-five punctually. Good night."

Then he once more turns on his heel, and presently disappears round a corner, then the light gradually dies away. The passage is in darkness. I shut the door of my room, and—I haven't done such a thing for years—examine the lock.

Then I say to myself, "Pooh! what nonsense!" Thank goodness, a cheerful fire.

I deposit my candle on the dressing-table. I light the other two. I should like to light fifty, and have them all about the room, which, on the other side, away from the light of fire and candles, is in deepest shadow, though not in utter darkness.

I won't stop to think.

I don't like to brush my hair before the glass, lest I should see a face peering over my shoulder. Nerves.

I'll get into bed rapidly; and I won't look at the grim old picture, three-quarter length, which may be that of the wicked Earl of two hundred years ago. I come to the conclusion that I won't cross the room to put my boots outside. No; Goor will take them in the morning. I wonder if the wicked Earl put his boots outside, on the night when—hang the wicked Earl!

Now for the candles—stay—is the fire blazing—yes—plenty of cheery firelight—so one, two, three! out go the candles! And now, with one jump—

No—something moving between my legs and the bed-post—between me and the post—

Something which leaps on to the bed before I can get there.

I start back, and very nearly fall backwards into the fire-place.

What the . . . ?

The Black Cat, on my bed, walking up and down like a perturbed spirit on the counterpane, rubbing itself against the post, then taking another turn, then looking at me . . . and I at her. A pleasant beginning of the night's rest. Myself and Black Cat *ris à ris*, the cat having far and away the best of it, having its warm fur coat on, and being on my bed, while I have anything but a warm fur coat on, and not even my slippers, and I'm out of bed.

I don't like a strange cat in my room; I don't like any animals in my room; but specially a strange cat, when I'm—when I'm—well, in fact, when I'm going to bed.

I should be afraid of falling asleep while a strange cat was there; though there's not much chance of that, as I have heard well-authenticated stories of a partiality, peculiar to cats, for sucking up the breath of sleeping infants, and so killing them.

I am not an infant, it is true, but this is a cat, and when I'm asleep, and only my head visible on the pillow, would a cat know whether I was an infant or not?

If the whole story isn't true, then all I can say now feelingly is, that it's the sort of thing nurses tell children, who never forget it. I haven't forgotten it. It's a very big cat, what they call a fine cat, and it plucks, impatiently, with its fore claws spread out, at the counterpane, in a tigerish way. Then it describes a sort of arch with its back, and erects its tail rigidly, as if some wild idea had entered its cat's head of representing itself, bodily, as a model for a Norman gateway, with a perpendicular tower at the side. No one ever yet heard of a cat having gone mad on the subject of architecture, yet this looks like it. It has a wild look about its eyes too. The longer I regard the creature, the wilder it seems to become, and the more energetically does it claw the counterpane, as though it were something alive that it felt a cruel delight in tearing to pieces. Then it opens its red mouth and "wows,"—savagely, I think.

Years ago I remember being in a kitchen when a cat had fits. It flew madly round the place, smashing plates and soup-tureens (it got its head into one—but backed out of it again furiously), biting and scratching, and was finally knocked on the head by a bell-hanger with a hammer. The awful thing about that mad cat was that, during the entire paroxysm, it never uttered a sound.

If this cat has fits, there is no hammer, and what is worse, no bell-hanger to use it!

MOTTO FOR SPIERS AND POND (*the Australian Caterers*).—A Bar in the Strand is worth two in the Bush.

PROMOTION FOR MR. PARNELL.—To be the Butt of the House of Commons next Session.



MANNERS.

Discontented Pauper (on the Christmas Dinner). "WELL, THIS IS THE WUST CHRIS'MAS DINNEE AS EVER WE 'AD SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE 'OUSE! I THINKS AS WHEN WE 'AS A DINNER PARTY, THE MASTER OUGHT TO AX US WHETHER WE LIKES IT WELL DONE AND WHETHER WE TAKES FAT, AND NOT CUT THE VITTLIES AND SHOWL IT ON OUR PLATES ANYHOW!"

EDISONIANA.

As an infant, it is now distinctly remembered by his old nurse, and by "his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts," that lights, whether in the nursery or the parlour, the ship's gloomy cabin or the lonely beacon far away on a ledge of rock in the solitary ocean, had an irresistible attraction for the youthful EDISON; and it is related by his biographers that once when his Mother undertook a long railway expedition in the depth of winter, and took her baby-boy with her, he never once removed his gaze from the lamp in the carriage, and was "good" from the beginning of the journey to the end. The germ of some great discovery in the future may have been latent in that prolonged stare.

As he grew older, his favourite toys were miniature lamps and candlesticks, and little speaking-trumpets, and tiny telescopes, and he was never tired of playing at telegraphs with his brothers and sisters and their young companions.

"The child is father of the man"—so before he was eight, the future inventor of the phonograph, the micro-tasimeter, the megaphone, and the aérophone, had devised considerable improvements in the ordinary pea-shooter, whereby its range was greatly extended and its momentum increased, and had added more than one note to the compass of the Jew's harp.

At the age of fourteen he took out a patent for an ingenious contrivance to enable persons of an obese habit to pick up things from the floor without undergoing the inconvenience of stooping. His instantaneous hat-peg was also widely adopted, and universally appreciated throughout the Western States before he left off jackets.

The Great Wall of China will probably be the scene of Mr. Edison's first public display of the Electric Light on any extensive scale.

A plan for the illumination of the Great Desert has also been under consideration, but some difficulty having arisen with the Government about the lamp-posts, this project is for the present abandoned.

THE OLD, OLD STORY!

The following has not yet been sent to Mr. Punch from the India Office for publication.

FROM VICEROY, January 18, 1879.

SMITH reports from JONES continuance of harassing attacks. Troops have behaved splendidly. Defences all taken at point of bayonet, and enemy only prevented from being driven over crown of pass through rations for three and a half days not having been given out owing to an oversight.

Accounts from ROBINSON encouraging. Troops sleeping in open without great-coats. Thermometer far below zero. Only 72 per cent. frost-bitten. Spirit excellent. Means to move forward as soon as supply of great-coats, boots, and dholies to hand.

BROWN advanced to within sixteen miles of Muckerabad. Waiting for transport. Had to eat artillery elephants and horses of personal staff. Enthusiasm of troops remarkable. 117th and 153rd (Duke's Own) Native Regiments, without any officers at present, owing to casualties. Have directed advertisements in local papers. Native chiefs still respectful.

JENKINS reports issue of following order of day on eve of advance:—

"SOLDIERS,

To-morrow, without baggage-waggons, commissariat, ambulance, doctors, lint, rations, or boots, you will move forward to do the behests of your Viceroy, the mouthpiece of your beloved Empress. Owing to one of those departmental mistakes which are among the fortunes of war, your recent camping-ground has been more cold and damp than was pleasant at the late exceptionally low temperature. Forward, soldiers of the Expeditionary Force! If behind you lurks marsh fever, before you lies the enemy! Remember that whatever England may do herself, she expects every man to do his duty. Think then of Assaye and Netley! Your country looks towards you! Whether charging without shoes and rations, or returning to your native shores laden with honours and bent with rheumatism, England is still proud to own you as her sons! Forward!"

The above, printed in English, Pushtoo, Persian, and Hindustani, was posted in camp yesterday, and produced an excellent effect.

An easy feeling prevails in official circles at Calcutta.

A Submarine Tunnel between Liverpool and New York, as light as day and as warm as summer, is now regarded as an unquestioned certainty, only awaiting Mr. EDISON's leisure to attend to the details.

His ordinary dinner hour is six, but as it is his inflexible rule never to sit down to table until he has produced some new invention or improvement, however small, for the benefit of his contemporaries and the advantage of posterity, it frequently happens that it is midnight before he can partake of the family meal.

Some of the greatest men have set a different estimate on their productions from that entertained by the outside world.—MILTON, for example, it is said, thought more highly of his *Paradise Regained* than his *Paradise Lost*—and in Mr. EDISON's case it is well understood that his most cherished invention, and the one on which he rests his surest claim to fame and fortune and the future Presidency of the United States, is his Electric Pen-wiper.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON is a young man, but little over thirty, and a great future lies before him, in which he may be expected to electrify both the Old and New World with his inventions.

A Hint to the Midland Directors.

THEIR object is to cut down expenses. Suppose, with this laudable object, besides reducing the salaries of guards, porters, and such small deer, they reduce those of directors, managers, station-masters, clerks, and, in short, all their employés, high and low, great and small, all round—*pro rata*—on the "sauce for goose sauce for gander" principle.

EXTREMES MEETING.

WHAT a subject for a historical picture! BISMARCK and the POPE contending with the same Hydra, whose heads are free Thought, free Speech, free Press, and free Parliament! *Punch* will have to try his hand at it one of these days.

ATTAINING HER MAJORITY.

*John Bull to La République.*

BRAVO, ma belle ! You 've done right well ;
Accept my warm felicitations !
This hour should ring reaction's knell,
And silence faction's fulminations.
'Twill not, I fear ; but you, my dear,
Have now attained your right majority,
And to the shouts of hate or fear
May show a calm superiority.

Calm ! Let elation's fiery thrill
Not stir you from that patient standing
On simple right with steadfast will,
Which makes your attitude commanding.

The hope of many struggling days
Has grown to solid actuality ;
You 've silenced fears, extorted praise,
By moderation and legality.

But fight it out on that same line,
Be calm and cool as you are clever ;
The olive with your laurels twine,
And the Red Spectre 's laid for ever.
But there are those amongst your foes
Who 'll seek that Bogey's resurrection,
And their dark workings to oppose,
Will need your wariest circumspection.

Pardon this preachment at a time
When peans might appear more proper ;
The caution of a cooler clime
Of sympathy is no estopper.
Not one true heart throughout our land,
Without reserve of rank or party,
But sends by *Punch*'s clasping hand,
Congratulations warm and hearty !

BISMARCK'S NEW DRASIC TREATMENT FOR
GERMANY.—*Iron v. Blood* (suspended pro tem.)



THE PEACOCK TRAIN.

"YOU JUST PULL A STRING, AND THERE YOU ARE!"

THE RAILWAY PASSENGER'S CATECHISM.

(Prepared for use of the Public by the Executive Committee of the United Railway Companies.)

Q. Define a "Railway Traveller."

A. A greatly-favoured person, enabled by the help of the Railway Companies to move from place to place with the least possible comfort at the highest possible charge.

Q. Give your reasons for holding that the Railway Traveller is greatly favoured in being carried from place to place on these conditions.

A. Because this is the opinion of the Railway officials; and the Railway officials are the best judges of such matters.

Q. Do you think it would be better were trains to keep advertised times, ticket-clerks to be more civil, and guards and porters to look less after tips, and more after their duties?

A. Certainly not.

Q. Give your reason for this opinion?

A. Because any reform in Railway management with these objects must cause a great deal of wholly unnecessary trouble.

Q. What is an accident?

A. Something that cannot, as a rule, be avoided.

Q. How do you divide accidents?

A. Into important and unimportant.

Q. What is an unimportant accident?

A. One which causes damage or death to a few employés and third-class passengers.

Q. What is an important accident?

A. One which leads to such large demands for compensation that they affect dividends and lower the price of shares.

Q. Who ought generally to be blamed for accidents?

A. The parties who suffer by them. More particularly, when any servant of the Company is killed, the blame should always be laid on his shoulders. This does him no harm, and averts unpleasant consequences from others.

Q. Whose fault is it when Railway Companies suddenly raise their tariff?

A. The Government's.

Q. Why?

A. Because they have for many years been overtaxing the Railways.

Q. Would this be a valid plea in the case of a tradesman who should suddenly raise the prices of his goods?

A. Certainly not. Railway Companies are not tradesmen.

Q. How do they differ from tradesmen?

A. They are public servants—the holders of special powers and privileges secured by Act of Parliament.

Q. On what consideration were these powers and privileges granted?

A. On that of ministering to the public convenience.

Q. What has become of this condition?

A. It having been found that the public convenience is really identical with that of the Companies, the former consideration, as a separate matter, has been very generally lost sight of.

Q. Have the public any right to complain?

A. Certainly not. Their interests and those of the Companies are in the long run identical.

Q. Can you give any other reason why complaints should not be made of what are called shortcomings in Railway management?

A. Complaints cannot be necessary, as there is no wrong in this country without its legal remedy.

Q. How is this remedy to be pursued?

A. By fighting a wealthy corporation, single-handed, through all the Law Courts up to the House of Lords.

Q. Would not this often entail ruin upon the assailant of the Company?

A. Very often.

Q. Then what do you infer to be the wisest course for those who have to complain of anything in connection with railway management?

A. To grin—and bear it!

OLD WOMEN IN THE CITY.



THE Citizen bears the following testimony to the wisdom and discernment of certain of its fellow-citizens, as touching

"FREE TRADE AND RECIPROCITY."—An extremely large number of signatures have already been affixed to the Memorial which is to be presented to the LORD MAYOR urging him to convene a public meeting in the Guildhall with regard to the present depression of trade. The Memorialists desire a Parliamentary Inquiry with the object of modifying, if such should be found advisable, the existing system of Free Trade."

One would imagine that the City men capable of seriously proposing the revival of Protection as a remedy for the depression of trade, must be as small in number as insignificant in position. But says our *Citizen*:

"From inspection of the document itself we are enabled to state that the signatories include many of the largest firms of the City, wholesale warehousemen, bankers, and merchants of the highest standing."

Is it possible? And this when distress prevails all the world over, and most severely in the country where Protection is most thoroughly established. What a hold the Unprotected Female must of late years have been quietly taking on the City! What a number of old Ladies in the largest firms around the abode of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street! The Protectionist panic of these old Ladies, however, too clearly shows that, whatever progress they may have been making in the commercial world, they have anything but advanced in their knowledge of business.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER X.

Cat on Counterpane—Inducements—Considerations about Cats—Witches—Familiars—Manœuvres—Decision—Away—Disappearance—Retirement—Thoughts on Smiles—In Bed—Practicality—Attempts—My Dream—An Awakener—Inexplicable—Morning—Mystery—Question—Answer—Return—Appointment—Narration—Rude Incredulity—Mem.

THE Black Cat—*Griff* is its name—still on the bed. It won't come off. There is nothing for it but coaxing. A dog being of a more credulous nature, can be induced to run out of a room on receiving an intimation (false, of course) as to the existence of rats, or cats, outside. But a cat is not to be taken in, or rather is not to be put out, by such simple devices. Were I to open the door, and say, "Mouse! mouse! Hi! In there, good cat!" he wouldn't stir. The mention of a rat would present no attraction; and though a dog would dash off anywhere in expectation of finding a cat, yet the reverse of this is the case with the latter animal.

The part of the room, where the door is, becomes darker and darker, as the fire only throws a warm glow on its own little social circle of fender, fire-irons and hearth-rug. Occasionally, a gleam, shooting up like a signal to the spirits, illuminates, for a second, the face of the old Cavalier in the picture. In that brief space, as I, in my bewilderment, am looking up from the cat to the wall, utterly forgetful of the picture, he seems to appear before me like the apparition of the *Flying Dutchman* did to *Senta*; and, by the light of that fitful flame his eyes open and close upon me, as though he (whoever he is) were astonished at my hesitation in dealing with a mere cat.

But it isn't a mere cat; it's a Tom Cat, a big Tom Cat, and a Tom is much fiercer than a Tabby. At least, so I have always understood. I feel I must be asleep before the fire goes out.

I cross into the shadow, and open the door. Silence and gloom in the passage, anything but enticing to most animals, though I fancy cats rather prefer darkness; and to a London cat, a coal-hole offers

unusual advantages for rest and meditation, with occasional diversion,—occasionally, I should imagine, by beetles and mice. But a cockney cat, or Whittingtonian kitchen cat, is quite another being from the sleek drawing-room bred, dining-room fed, black cat, in a country house, which probably despairs the common domestic mouse,—a term that sounds better than the "house-mouse,"—and indulges only in field sports, and the excitement of poaching on various preserves.

I hold the door open. I could not be more polite were I ushering a Duchess into a drawing-room.

"Puss! Puss! Puss! Come Pussy!"

"Mow!" replies *Griff*, still pacing up and down, and lifting up his feet as though the counterpane were a patchwork of hot plates.

It flashes across me how so many fairy stories are associated with cats, and not one with a dog. At least, I do not remember any dog figuring as a hero. The witch's familiar is invariably a black cat. Cats are always associated with something grotesque, weird, or diabolical. I don't so much mind a feminine cat, like, for example, the White Cat; but a black Tom Cat, a monster with glaring eyes, and claws that you can hear as they pluck at the quilt—no!—out he must go. I can't stand shivering at the door any longer. The fire-shovel and poker must be introduced into the scene, when it will become uncommonly like a haunted bed-room in the good old Pantomime times,—only without the music,—and I must take my chance of waking people with the noise.

I steal round to the fire, giving, by my manner, no hint to the cat of the contemplated manœuvre. Now then! Whoosh! Whirr! Clang! I am executing a sort of white-robed classic Indian war-dance on the hearthrug.

The cat has vanished. Into the darkness. Gone. I assure myself of the fact, very carefully, and cautiously. Now, as *Lady Macbeth* says, (why that horrid scene conjured up now?) "To bed! To bed! To bed!!"

I expect to see a ghost. Were a ghost to appear now, as I snuggle into the pillow, and insist on tucking me up for the night, it would be nothing more than I had expected. I expect the door to open slowly (in spite of its being locked). I hear the crackling of the last log on the fire. I hear the furniture, and the wood-work, snapping, like overstrained fiddle-strings. But it is warm and comfortable in bed, and if a ghost came now, I feel I should have the best of it. In seeing a ghost, I fancy being in bed, or out of bed, must make all the difference. So it seems to me,—at present. In fact, I begin to wonder about the wicked old Earl, and the picture, and the clock, and then I remember somebody's after-dinner story about the ghost of Cardinal Wolsey in blue coat and brass buttons, and I actually smile.

I like smiling in bed; it is so cosy. I am convinced that at no time of one's life can one's smile appear so perfectly happy, or be so indicative of a contented mind, at peace with all the world, as a smile in bed.

It is a pretty subject, too, for a picture, "The Smiler in Bed," no matter who the smiler may be. It may be true, and is true to a certain extent, to say "There's no place like Home;" but give me the very kernel of that sentiment, and let me exclaim with enthusiasm, "There is no place like bed!"

With the glass at several degrees below freezing point, with expenses within and expenses without, there is no place like bed. Bed! bed! soft, warm bed! wherever I wander there's no place like bed. And as to ghosts—the bed-posts mark, as it were, the boundaries of the charmed circle, within which no ghosts can penetrate to hurt me. No, here I can think, and blink, and smile at the fire, and be happy.

Then, I argue, that if there are ghosts they won't hurt me; and I have half a mind to utter this sentiment aloud, so that, should there be any ghosts ready to appear, they may be anxious not to lose my good opinion.

My clothes, hanging helplessly over the chair-back, assume a fantastic shape, and I can't help thinking how really fearful it would be, were the double of one's own face gradually to appear out of the looking-glass. I direct my attention with a sort of deferential defiance towards the portrait, half daring it to come out of its frame, and half imploring it not to do anything of the sort.

Then I close my eyes, and try to sleep. Failure.

It occurs to me how foolish it is to indulge in any conversation late at night calculated to excite the imagination. As a remedy, I will close my eyes once more, and be practical. I will arrange what I am going to do to-morrow. Everything in order, beginning with the first thing in the morning—breakfast. I don't intend staying here another day, as JOSSELYN DYKE and his nervous aunt, Mrs. TUTTON, will not be lively company.

This practicality leads to sleep. I do sleep, but I dream an uninteresting stupid dream.

Somehow I am dressed in a Cambridge B.A. gown and hood, which is not exactly a B.A. gown and hood, but only something of the sort; and I am dining with a Lady, who it is I haven't the slightest idea, as I am ignorant of her name, and have never seen her face before,

though she is, somehow, a very old friend of mine, and I am, apparently, on the most intimate terms with her; and there is a thin person at table, who seems to be all shirt-front, and no features. Suddenly there appears before the Lady a dish for her to carve. She and the featureless guest both laugh, and I declare that I cannot eat rat with white sauce. I argue the point with somebody. It is a strange dish; it has a body like a chicken, but smothered in white sauce, with the head and tail of a rat. I am aware (how I don't know) that there is nothing else coming, and immediately afterwards, without, however, ever losing sight of the Lady, or the dish, or the featureless guest with the shirt-front, I go up the steps of a Church, and find myself on a platform, where I pass several eventful years of my life as a soldier, and, for having done something which affects me to tears, I am tried by a court martial in India, and condemned to be shot. I say farewell to a number of people in bright blue coats, and the word is given for the guns to fire. They fire; and I am awoken by the most tremendous thud on the floor. I start up. It is perfectly dark. I can see nothing. I will swear to the thud on the floor, with the force of a sledge-hammer.

I wait anxiously for a repetition of the sound. No; a distant clock—I have not previously noticed the sound of a clock—strikes four. I wish it had been five, or six. The fire is out. I do not know where to find the matches. But the thud? Could it have been the cat? Impossible, or I should hear it scrambling about. A bird down the chimney? No, or it would be fluttering in the room. And to have made such a noise the bird would have had to have been as big as an ostrich and as hard and heavy as a piece of granite. Somebody in a room above, or below? No. Not a sound in the room. Sleep is out of the question. I know what it will be, I shall remain feverishly awake till daylight, then drop off into a sound slumber when I ought to be getting up. No further noise. Clock strikes five.

Before six I am once more asleep, undisturbed by dreams, and am only aroused by a knock at my door, and somebody vainly turning the handle. It is GOOL with the hot water. He reminds me that breakfast is at twenty-five minutes past eight.

When up, I examine the room. Not a sign of anything having fallen. The noise is inexplicable.

I don't mention it to JOSSLYN at breakfast. In fact I do not intend to tell him at all. I think I detect a certain disappointment in his manner, but that may be my fancy. As Mrs. TURTON does not come down, we are alone. JOSSLYN hopes I slept comfortably. Oh! most comfortably. Did I see any ghosts? "Ghosts! Oh dear no," I reply cheerfully, "ghosts don't bother me." I am sure he is disappointed.

I consult the train-book, and suddenly become impressed with the absolute necessity of my returning to town immediately to keep an appointment, which requires my personal presence, as no substitute will do as well, nor can the matter be arranged by telegraph, or put off, without loss to one of the parties. (An interview with my hairdresser constitutes in reality the appointment in question—he expects me always on a certain day, and at a certain time; and as over his door he writes himself "Hair-dresser by appointment," I always make the appointment, and he keeps it. But I don't let JOSSLYN DYKE into the secret.) And, so, with thanks on my part, for a very pleasant evening and with hopes, on his part, that I will come down whenever I feel inclined, to which I respond heartily, "I will, certainly," I get into the fly, with my wonderful bag, and leave behind me the Phantom Butler, *Fiend, Snap, Griff,* and their gloomy master, JOSSLYN DYKE, of the Old Mote House, Moss End.

Happening to meet my old friend MILBURD, I recount to him my extraordinary experience in the haunted room at the Mote. MILBURD is utterly wanting in reverence. I tell him that I distinctly heard a bang.

"Yes," retorts MILBURD, rudely; "so do I now: and you tell it!" Then he goes off in a roar of laughter, shakes me violently by the elbow, hits me in the ribs, and says, "That won't do here, my boy. It's not the first bang you've heard in your life which you couldn't account for, eh? And not the first you've told, either, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

Then away he goes in a perfect whirlwind of laughter, taking with him two men, who had been inclined to listen gravely to my story, and to treat me with respect and consideration, but who now have a broad grin on their faces, and who henceforth, when they meet me, will only treat me as a *farceur*, and refer to this story of mine,—this absolutely true narrative of my own experience,—with a wink and a laugh, as a jocose attempt on my part to impose on their credulity with what MILBURD has politely called "a bang."

Mem.—Never tell MILBURD anything serious again.

Happy Thought.—Go and stay with another "Friend at a Distance" on the first opportunity.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

IN Prince BISMARCK'S "Parliamentary Discipline" Bill, the word "discipline" appears to be used in the old monastic sense of "a scourge."

MUTINY AND MODERATION.



Offence.

Conduct unbecoming a Commanding Officer and a gentleman in requesting the General in charge of district "to be hanged, and not to bother C. O. with any more of his idiotic circulars."

Conduct unbecoming a Major and a gentleman in calling his Colonel "a maff, who does not know the difference between a rifle and a pike-staff."

Conduct unbecoming a Captain and a gentleman for declaring his opinion that his Major does not know his right hand from his left.

Conduct unbecoming a Subaltern and a gentleman in spreading injurious reports relative to the appearance of his Captain's lower limbs in leggings.

Conduct detrimental to discipline in calling on the men under him at a district muster to give three groans for Mr. GLADSTONE, or Lord BEACONFIELD, as the case may be.

Conduct subversive of discipline in sending out a circular suggesting that the Corps should go *en masse* (in multo) to break an offending neighbour's windows.

Sentence.

The Coachman of the C. O. to be deprived of his cockade for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days, according to the gravity of the offence.

To be deprived of his spurs for a couple of inspections.

Not to be allowed to print his rank on his visiting cards for six weeks.

To be deprived of the privilege of wearing the uniform of his regiment at two consecutive Fancy Balls.

To have his speech published at full length in the *Volunteer Service Gazette*—as an advertisement.

Removal of the letters "P.S." from after the officer's name in the *Army List* for three months.

A JUDGE, AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO.

SCOTT sung, in the *Lady of the Lake*,

"And Snowdon's knight is JAMES FITZJAMES."

And now PUNCH is glad to echo, with variations,—

And CLEASBY's vice is JAMES FITZJAMES!

A more honourable man, more thoughtful and able lawyer, and more far-sighted critic of the law, than Sir JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, most distinguished of the distinguished sons of a distinguished father, never crowned a successful and honourable professional career at the Bar with the dignity of the Bench. Only one thing is to be regretted—that the Codifier of the Law of Evidence in India should be taken from the work of abridging and amending the law to that of administering it. May he find time and opportunity in his new position for both these good and urgent works.

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?—If only the "trip" system on the Midland don't "trip" up the Directors, or the Public!

THE WORST USE WORKMEN'S CLUBS CAN BE PUT TO.—To strike.



A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Mamma. "PAPA DEAR, THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN ASKED TO THE WILLOUGHBY ROBINSONS' ON THE ELEVENTH, THE HOWARD JONES'S ON THE FIFTEENTH, AND THE TALBOT BROWNES' ON THE TWENTY-FIRST. THEY'LL BE DREADFULLY DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DON'T LET THEM GO ! MAY I WRITE AND ACCEPT, DEAR PAPA?"

Dear Papa (savagely). "OH, JUST AS YOU PLEASE ! BUT, AS JUVENILE PARTIES SHOULD ALWAYS BE TAKEN IN TIME, YOU HAD BETTER WRITE TO DR. SQUILLS TOO, AND TELL HIM TO CALL ON THE TWELFTH, SIXTEENTH, AND TWENTY-SECOND."

"THE WOLF AT THE DOOR."

No time for festal chaunt !

A monster grim and gaunt

Ramps at the threshold of BRITANNIA's home,
Where she, with straining hands,
The savage thing withstands,
Fiercer than wolves that Tartar snow-wastes roam.

Not Hercules, whose might
Faced strong Death's self in fight,
And pale Alkestis from his clutches rent,
More strenuously strove,
The children of her love
To keep from harm, though weary, faint, forespent.

Will her great strength avail ?
Or must the effort fail ?
The lank-loined beast has crossed her path before.
But little heedeth she,
Whose only thought must be
This day to keep the terror from her door.

That is the hour's one task.
What boots it now to ask
Whose fault has loosed the wehr-wolf yet again ?
She'll talk of that anon,
When the dread beast is gone,
With baffled jaws, thrust back to its foul den.

There's sorrow in the air,
That soon may be despair ;
Ask not what heads have erred, while needs so cry !

When Hunger bites, and Cold,
This ill-timed talk withhold
Of Nemesis on Error's heels still nigh.

Help every heart and hand !
The future of the land,
Duty, and Christian love, all make appeal.
Work, brotherly good-will,
These hungry mouths to fill,
And organise the power to help and heal.

Millions should be as one
When fighting must be done
Against a common foe, and one is here
To tax our best defence,
Ere he be driven hence
By help of all who hold our England dear !

Factions and feuds bid cease,
Let parties hold their peace,
While work grows scantier, and distress grows more ;
Join hands and purse round,
In strong alliance bound,
To thrust the Wolf of Want from England's door !

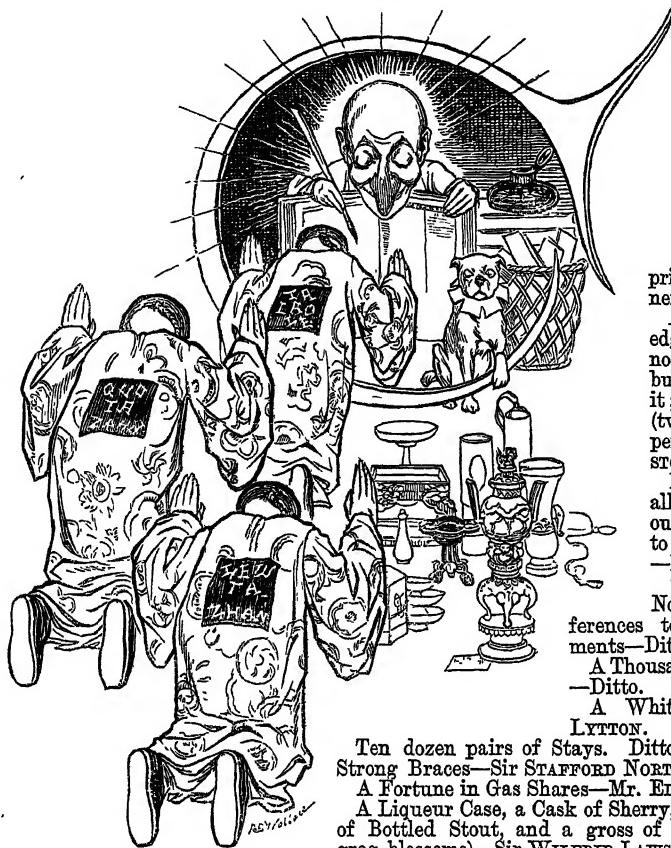
A Card.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to Mr. WOOLEYCH and begs to congratulate him on the courageous common sense of his decision that a tradesman selling an adulterated article to a public analyst does so "to the prejudice of the purchaser." Mr. Punch hopes and trusts that the Superior Courts, if the question is brought before them, will decide it with as much common sense as Mr. WOOLEYCH.



“THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.”

LOTS FROM THE LOTTERY.



Fancy Costumes. A Bull-fighter and a Harlequin—Major O'GORMAN.
A Life Admission to *Our Boys*—Mr. H. J. BYRON.
A Case of Golden Opinions (Canadian Manufacture)—The Marquis of LORNE, and the Princess LOUISE.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At the Gaiety—Mlle. AENEAS the Bounding Sister—A few remarks on a Professor.)

SIR, THE most graceful thing I've seen for some time is the performance of Mlle. AENEAS in the Gaiety Pantomime. This Lady has perfected a system of invisible wires, by which she can fly down from a bridge at the back of the stage, fly up from the boards without the jerk of a catapult, or any thudding noise, and disappear in something over a jiffy (this being the shortest space of time within my experience—there being, I believe, sixty jiffies to a second) in the flies, and all this as gracefully, as easily, as naturally as though she were a delicate Ariel, or an electric Puck. By the way, how well this invention might be applied to such a piece as *The Tempest*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, when Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD revives these two Shakespearian extravaganzas.

Curiously enough, so perfectly is the mechanism of Mlle. AENEAS's performance concealed, and so conspicuous by its absence is anything like effort, that at her first appearance, and, indeed, during the greater part of the time she is on the stage, the audience being puzzled and inclined to take all her flying about and general bird-like behaviour as a matter of course, actually let it pass without a hand. She does not startle them like Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST, who comes up from below with a bang and a whack, and who is always frightening his audience into fits, by appearing suddenly in unexpected corners, and breaking violently out of "star traps" and "vampires." No; Mlle. AENEAS floats about in an ethereal way, and only elicits vehement applause on her unexpected disappearance by "going aloft," like the better part of poor Tom Bowling, when, for the first time, the audience begin to realise the extent of their loss, and are eager to recall her once more to the glimpses of the moon.

It is a pity that this scene was not somehow worked into the story of the Pantomime itself, as, coming at the end of the comic business,

ONCERNED, as he must needs be, in the drawing of the Exhibition Lottery now in progress, *Mr. Punch*, with the aid of one of the most trustworthy mediums in the market, publishes (by anticipation) a list of some of the principal prizes, and their winners:

An Axe (double-edged), warranted to do no harm to anybody but the person that uses it; and a mechanical (twenty-horse power) pen-holder—*Mr. GLADSTONE*.

Pandora's Box, with all the evils warrantied out, and hope supposed to be still at the bottom—*Lord BEACONSFIELD*.

The Prophecies of Nostradamus, with references to remarkable fulfilments—*Ditto*.

A Thousand Cases of Fireworks
—*Ditto*.

A White Elephant—*Lord LYTTTON*.

Ten dozen pairs of Stays. *Ditto*, Six dozen pairs of Strong Braces—*Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE*.

A Fortune in Gas Shares—*Mr. EDISON*.

A Liqueur Case, a Cask of Sherry, Two Hundred dozens of Bottled Stout, and a gross of false noses (red with grog-blossoms)—*Sir WILFRID LAWSON*.

Fancy Costumes. A Bull-fighter and a Harlequin—Major O'GORMAN.
A Life Admission to *Our Boys*—Mr. H. J. BYRON.
A Case of Golden Opinions (Canadian Manufacture)—The Marquis of LORNE, and the Princess LOUISE.

Un-desirable Family Mansion, with immediate possession, in Kabul—*SHEER ALL*. A Hundred Albums, with Photographic Portraits of a Celebrated Beauty, in all her favourite Attitudes, Dresses, and Decorations—*Mr. LANGTRY*.

A Slang Dictionary—*The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND*.

Old Egyptian Bonds (Papyrus from the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes)—*The KHEDIVE*.

Twenty square miles of Patent Good-Intention Pavement—*The SULTAN*.

An I. O. U. for a Hundred Millions of Turkish Lire, and a Life-Preserver-Jacket to be worn under the outer clothing—*The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA*.

A Policy in the Accidental Insurance Company—*ZAZEL'S FARINI*.

A 200-Ton Krupp Gun—*Mr. JOHN BRIGHT*.

Grand Prize, a new Volume of *Punch*—The Whole World.

Following a Good Example.

THE only Member of our House of Commons, whom we have heard requested to address the House in verse, was the late lamented Member for Peterborough, who, when rising to speak, was often called upon to "sing." M. VICTOR HUGO is about to take the same course unmasked, if it be true as stated in our respectable contemporary the *Athenaeum*, that when the French Chambers meet, he intends to bring out an appeal in verse in favour of an amnesty to the Communists.

ALLEGORICAL AND APT.

MR. FORSTER is about to have his portrait painted for presentation to him by his admirers. Don't let him be painted in coat and trousers, but as Prometheus, declining to be bound to the Caucuses.

and not long after clever King COZ the *Ventriloquist* and his jolly companions, Mlle. AENEAS's peculiar ballet-scene has all the appearance of having been accidentally cut off from the first part of the Pantomime, perhaps by having arrived late, and of having taken the first opportunity of getting in where it could, even after the Dog and Monkey on the tight-rope. I object to a Pantomime that has the appearance of a puzzle gone wrong, with a little bit here, and a little bit there, and scenes intervening which have no connection whatever with the main story. Gymnasts, and extortionists, or contortionists, ought to bear in mind that they run the chance of being considered a nuisance by insisting on a scene all to themselves in the Pantomime, and yet apart from it.

But placed wherever her ballet may be, Mlle. AENEAS's aerial flight is at this present moment, both as a thing of beauty—which is a joy for ever—and a thing of wonder, the very best show of its kind in Town. In fact, Mr. CONQUEST must look to his laurels and his catapults, or, to paraphrase that rude remark made by *Laertes* about his sister to the long-suffering ecclesiastic whom he calls "churlish Priest," "A sweet little cherub up in the flies will Mlle. AENEAS be, when you are unable to rise from the stage without a catapult." There is an old *Arabian-Nights* story—or it is one of the *Tales of the Genii*—where the Good Spirit and the Djin—the Pure Spirit and the Adulterated—engage in a terrific contest. Their transformations continue with surprising rapidity, they fly from one another, they pursue each other, they dive, they rise, they are here, there, and everywhere, while Black Spirits and White, Blue Spirits and Grey, gaze on the scene "in amazement lost." Ultimately the Pure Spirit is too powerful—as a Pure Spirit should be—for the Adulterated Djin, who is reduced to ashes. What a scene this would be for Mlle. AENEAS and Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST, together, with the GIRARDS to join in occasionally as dancing Deuces.

I will back the Gaiety Giant against any one of the Covent Garden Giants—money down, so much a side, and the stakes to be held by the Editor of the Prize-Ring Memoir Department of the *Licentious Wittlers' Gazette*. Only, the Gaiety Giant would knock the whole lot at Covent Garden into a cocked hat. Perhaps the un-



DISAPPOINTMENT.

Squire (on Christmas-Eve, to Bachelor Curate of his Parish). "DO YOU DINE AT HOME TO-MORROW, MR. SMALLPAY?"
Curate (in grateful anticipation of an invitation to the Hall). "YES—"
Squire (who is Horticultural). "THEN I'LL TAKE CARE THAT YOUR TABLE IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH CELERY!!"

fortunate Giants at Covent Garden haven't had a fair chance. They've nothing to do; but at the Gaiety, the Giant's Kitchen is good pantomime fun, and the Page, *Temoloso*, is capitally played by Mr. W. ELTON. Including those at present playing in *Jack the Giant Killer*, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD has quite the best burlesque company in London.

One noticeable feature in the Gaiety Pantomime—and among the prettily dressed peasants there are several noticeable features—is the music. In spite of its being only a 'Mime, the music is never common-place; and very often HERM MEYER LUTZ has actually brought in descriptive and dramatic bits to illustrate the actions even of Clown and Pantaloons. In most Pantomimes the music, consisting of what sounds like—*scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, tiddley-iddley-iddley-iddley* (then lower), *scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, tiddley, iddley* (running down lower), *iddley, iddley* (then up again), *scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape*, and so on—could be played by the fiddlers fast asleep.

Professor MORLEY has been lecturing on the Stage, as it was, and as it is. He does not seem to know much about it "as it is;" that is, if he pretends to speak as more than an outsider. He appears to be practically unacquainted with the Stage "as it is;" but then, of course, one must remember that as a Professor he only "professes," and does not practise. He is right in reprobating, as strongly as possible, the present fashion of adapting the immoralities of the French Stage to our own. By the way, should the writer of *Pink Dominos* want a descriptive announcement for a new adaptation of a similar character, instead of a "Farcical Comedy," it might be called, "An Immorality in Three Acts." There used to be "Mysteries," and "Morallities," why not an "Immorality?" There were also "Miracle Plays." It is, evidently, for one of these miracle plays that Professor MORLEY is waiting, in hopes of seeing the revivification of the British Drama.

Another *School for Scandal* would be a "miracle play" with a vengeance. Let anyone whom it concerns read how SHERIDAN worked at this Comedy, how he built it up out of two separate pieces, how "time, labour, and unceasing exertion were necessary for a

work which at first sight appears easy of construction and simple in its development," and then let him point out to me the enterprising Manager, who, with wit enough to produce this wonder, would give such terms as would not only amply remunerate its author, but would encourage him to repeat the operation, and stimulate others to go and do likewise.

When Professor MORLEY, or any other Professor, can indicate such a Manager, perhaps the original work may be forthcoming, and then we shall have a Miracle Play and a Miraculous Manager, and brilliant prospects for real natives, without having recourse to the coarse bivalves, which are dear at any price to the taste of many besides the humble individual, who now signs himself, whether you, Sir, agree with him or not,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I should like to have written at greater length on this interesting topic, but a Manager has just dropped in with a French Play that he wants me to adapt, and—and—I must get to work at it at once.

Let me add a suggestion for some competent adapter to work at. Let him see *The Two Orphans* at the Olympic. Then let him simply modernise the story, making the two Orphans two silly housemaids, and turning the wicked old woman, and her son, the Bully, into Italian Organ-grinders, living at Brook Green, and the thing is done. It will make a first-rate Transpontine Drama; and for models from the life, the poetic adapter will only have to seek inspiration from "The Mews"—the Alexandra Mews—Brook Green, Hammersmith.

De l'Opposition Politique.

In the shop-window of a trunkmaker in the Strand may be seen the inscription, "Cowhide Gladstone," in conspicuous letters. Such incitements to violence cannot be too severely reprehended. Rabagis himself carried his *opposition politique* no further than the throwing of refuse over the wall into the Prince's Garden.



THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Mrs. Lyon Hunter. "HOW DO YOU DO, MR. BROWN? LET ME PRESENT YOU TO THE DUCHESS OF STILTON! YOUR GRACE, PERMIT ME TO PRESENT TO YOU MR. BROWN, THE DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR!"

Her Grace (affably). "CHARMED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE—ER—MR. BROWN!"

Mr. Brown (with effusion). "YOUR GRACE IS REALLY TOO KIND. THIS IS THE NINTH TIME I'VE ENJOYED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING PRESENTED TO YOUR GRACE WITHIN THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS; BUT IT'S A DISTINCTION I VALUE SO HIGHLY, THAT WITHOUT TRESPASSING TOO MUCH ON YOUR GRACE'S INDULGENCE, I HOPE I MAY BE OCCASIONALLY PERMITTED TO ENJOY IT AGAIN!"

[*Bows, and absquatulates.*

A New Juliet.

THE *début* of a young girl of eighteen, in the part of *Juliet*, on the huge stage of Drury Lane, is not such an event as *Punch* would usually feel called upon to chronicle. But when the *débutante* is the daughter of an old friend and comrade, CHARLES KENNY, disabled by ill-health from fighting his own and his children's battles, and when such a judge of histrionic promise as REGNIER has given the most hopeful and encouraging opinion of the aspirant, the *début* acquires such a special interest for *Punch*, and, he trusts, for the public, as justifies him in hoping that the afternoon of Thursday, the 23rd, will find old Drury crowded with those who, for the father's sake, will look kindly on the child's first essay of an arduous part, and her first step in a difficult career.

AN EASY MARCH.—General ROBERTS, we hear, is marching into the "Khost" country. So, we fear, are the other Generals, as we shall find when the Bills come in.

TENS AND A KNAVE.

LET those who refuse to admit what they cannot account for, deny the fact that a curious fatality is sometimes observable in the sequence of numbers. The *Morning Post* nevertheless relates that at Scarborough Quarter Sessions, on conviction of one EDWIN BELL, *alias* JOHN WATSON, *alias* EDWIN RAWSON, for breaking into the house of the Rev. H. BLANE, and stealing therefrom a diamond ring, a gold chain, and many articles of jewellery—

"The RECORDER, in passing sentence, said that at the age of 10 the prisoner was sentenced to 10 days' imprisonment and 10 years in a reformatory. When that sentence expired, prisoner was convicted of assault, and in 1870 he was sentenced at Manchester to 10 years' penal servitude for sacrifice, after which came the crime he was now to be punished for."

With that his Honour sentenced the culprit to another ten years' penal servitude, to be followed by five years' police supervision. It does not seem to have occurred to him, as a happy thought, that he might as well have given him five years' more of the supervision, so as to complete the series of tens which have distinguished his remarkable career. A character who has kept the even tenor of his evil way, in gaol principally, during successive periods represented by the number ten, can hardly be expected to amend his life; and the probability that ten years' police supervision would not be too long for him is, at least, ten to one.

Sir Stafford's Readings.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOATE, in a Devonshire public reading, has charmed his audience, first with the scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield* of Moses and the gross of green spectacles, and then with BROWNING's well-known poem of the "*Pied Piper*."

Factional opponents might easily draw an offensive parallel between what a certain illustrious pair brought back from Berlin, and the gross of green spectacles, with their copper rims thinly washed with silver, which Moses brought back from the fair. But it would be still more offensive to find any parallelism between the *Pied Piper* and Sir STAFFORD, who has often had to pipe in such a very pie-bald fashion to bring his notes into tune and time with those of his Leaders.

Different Translations.

M. GAMBETTA, in his last appearance at the Bar on behalf of M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, a Senator, grossly libelled in *La France Nouvelle*, quoted as the motto of the Republic, "*Sub lege libertas*," which he and *Punch* would, of course, translate "Liberty under the *egis* of law." Prince BISMARCK proposes the same motto for Germany, but with a different translation—"Liberty under the heel of Law."

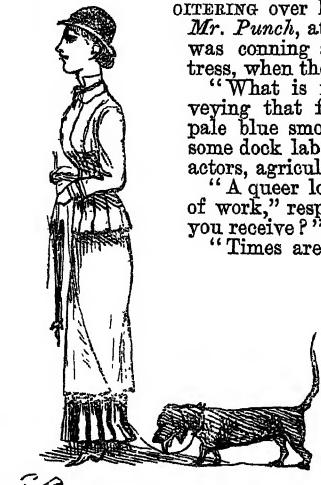
CLASSICAL COMFORT FOR THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC (amid the fight of Railway Companies and their Servants).—"Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi." "Officials quarrel, travellers are smashed."

A SUM IN DIVISION.

The one German—Prince BISMARCK.
The other Germans—Seine Leute.

THE NEW CHARITY.

(A Good Hint for a Bad Season.)



UTTERING over his second, and last, havannah, *Mr. Punch*, at the close of his day's labours, was conning an article on the prevailing distress, when the door of his sanctum opened.

"What is it now, *Toby*?" he asked, surveying that faithful janitor across a wreath of pale blue smoke. "A crowned head or two, some dock labourers, a deputation of artists or actors, agriculturists or statesmen?"

"A queer lot of people, who say they're out of work," responded the accurate *Toby*. "Do you receive?"

"Times are hard. Show them in, whoever they are," was the large-hearted response.

Toby disappeared. In a few seconds, the most remarkable audience chamber in Europe was filled with a motley group. Ladies of rank, swells of the first water, diners-out, distinguished members of leading clubs, young gentlemen from Eton home for the holidays, collectors of expensive china, and charming little representatives

from several West End nurseries, crowded forward in well-bred confusion.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired *Mr. P.*, a little perplexed, but with his always courteous bow. "I thought I heard something like 'Out of work.' Perhaps there is some mistake?"

He addressed himself to a stately and serene Duchess, whose name was familiarly associated in his mind with published subscription lists, to whom, as he spoke, he gracefully offered a high art chair. She took the hint, and seating herself at once, responded readily for her *confrères*.

"No, *Mr. Punch*," she said, "there is no mistake. The fact of the matter is, we all want work, and what is more, want it badly."

"Indeed!" replied *Mr. Punch*, surveying the comfortable assemblage before him with much sympathy. "I am really afraid that my staff——"

She interrupted him with a pleasant little laugh. "Oh no, it isn't that," she said, "we are not like those people, you know, who get shovels lent them at so much a day. *That* isn't the kind of work we require."

"Proceed, your Grace," responded *Mr. P.*, a little coldly. She went on.

"We want to do something, don't you know, to help the prevailing distress. We all give to the regular charities, of course, and do any bazaar, or private theatrical, or concert business, that turns up at the proper houses. But they say just now, you know, as things are so bad, we ought to do something more. I'm sure there are a lot of us would be quite too charmed if we only knew what to do: so if you could just suggest something, you are such an awfully clever, old dear—you know—we should really all think you quite too delightful."

There was a murmur of approbation as she finished. *Mr. Punch's* Olympian face visibly relaxed.

"*Toby*," he said, "get me a quire of imperial foolscap. What your Grace wants," he continued, turning benevolently to the smiling Duchess, "is a new sort of subscription-list, framed on the principle of personal sacrifice."

"Yes? *Connais pas*," she answered innocently.

"At the present moment I have myself cut off two havannahs daily, and other little superfluous luxuries which shall be nameless. The saving thus effected is tacked on in my account-book to the item 'General Charity,' which, I can assure you, it swells not inconsiderably. Its moral effect is most bracing. *Toby* has been in the best of tempers since he has given up game-pie."

There was a brief burst of applause, which was immediately suppressed; but, at its conclusion, a celebrated diner-out had to be removed from the room in tears.

"Thanks, so much," said the Duchess, rising. "I understand—we are all to give up something we like?"

"Your Grace has hit it," replied *Mr. P.*, as he gallantly bowed over her white and taper fingers in his best *vieille cour* style. "We will commence our list at once. What shall we say for a start? 'A Duchess' contributes?'"

"The cost of a couple of receptions, and—let me see—a parure of opals, her New Year's gift to herself. Will that do?"

Punch smiled approval, and jotted down the Duchess's friendly "lead."

There was quite a rush to the table, and much enthusiasm. It was clear that *Mr. Punch's* suggestion was a success.

"Put me down for six Club dinners," shouted a young gentleman, fresh from Cambridge. "And, by Jove! I don't care if I give up St. Estèphe for the Club *ordinaire*."

"And I'll manage without that sweet set of sables I was going to coax PLANTAGENET out of," threw in a Mayfair beauty, with a determined toss of her head.

"Put me down for a couple of Pantomimes," lisped a tiny voice scarce up to the level of the table. "I shall be quite satisfied with six this year, when the poor people in the Black Country can't afford any."

"Better and better," responded *Mr. P.*, encouragingly. "We shall soon fill up a dozen pages at this rate."

And three hours later, as *Toby* appeared with a glass of cold water and a lemon, *Mr. P.* was totting up a very substantial first instalment of the "New Charity."

TREADING ON THE FAIRIES' TALES.

SIR,

I REJOICE to see that the monstrous absurdity of giving *Cinderella* a glass slipper has at length been energetically and most properly denounced as an exploded myth. At no period of manners known to the research of our antiquarian authorities on costume (see in particular Mr. PLANCÉE's excellent *Cyclopaedia*, now in course of publication) does any shoe or slipper of this material seem to have been worn. One can readily understand the pumpkin changed into a carriage, the rats into footmen, and the other arrangements for the Transformation Scene wrought by *Cinderella's* scientific godmother, which are evidently a mythic foreshadowing of some of the most recently discovered truths of the great Darwinian Doctrine of Evolution. This is all reasonable enough. But a slipper of glass!—the thing is preposterous! The word was clearly not *verve*, but *cavir*, for which see QUICHELET, and other authorities.

And now, Sir, as scholarly criticism is at length let loose upon the nursery, I would suggest to *Mr. Punch's* learned and thoughtful correspondents that proof may usefully be called for,—

1. That the fast-growing plant referred to in *Jack and the Beanstalk* must have been one of the *Eucalyptus* family, which may be cultivated in any sheltered aspect of a temperate locality at the present day, with results little less rapid, if not exactly so startling, in the way of development.

2. It may be contended, I think, with much plausibility, that *Cassim* was not brutally cut up by the *Forty Thieves*, but simply quartered on them, in a fashion still common in the East, in the military sense of the word—half as associate, half as *zaptiach*.

3. There is strong ground for the view that the *Yellow Dwarf* was probably suffering from some chronic affection of the liver; and that the apples which figure prominently in the story will be found to refer to some vegetable remedy for the liver complaint, which it might be well worth while to investigate.

4. It is extremely probable, I think, and documentary evidence may yet be forthcoming in the Archives of Brittany, that *Blue Beard* owed the peculiar colour of the hair on his chin to some enterprising hairdresser, who farmed him as an advertisement.

There is a great deal more, Sir, for which I should like to offer or invite proof, if you would give me space. It is high time that gross misstatements, tending to foster nothing but the most childish credulity, should be driven from the nursery by votaries of accurate knowledge, like

Yours, iconoclastically,

SMELFUNGUS DRYASDUST.

Rare Chance for a Christian.

THE depression of the times has evidently reached the domestic level, if we may judge from the following Advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle*:—

GENERAL SERVANT.—Wanted an active, decided Christian, between thirty and fifty, without encumbrance; private family; four persons; Christian privileges; great liberty; unfurnished room, kitchen, fire, lights, and 3s. weekly, without board.

It must be a very active and decided Christian indeed who could contrive to feed herself and enjoy her unfurnished room, great liberty, and Christian privileges, on 3s. a week.

A TESTIMONIAL.

MR. IRVING wears a remarkable feather in his *Hamlet's* bonnet, in the Graveyard Scene. We present him with "another feather in his cap," in the form of *Punch's* discriminating praise. Let him plume himself on this.



A BLIND CORNER.

EMILY HAD NO IDEA THAT THIS WAS FRED'S FAVOURITE STILE FOR JUMPING HIS NEW HORSE.

"LET ME WRITE MYSELF DOWN AN ASS!"

A SPECIALIST paper, which, from its name, *The Textile Manufacturer*, seems to be an organ of the industry whose name it bears, has thought fit to fall foul of *Mr. Punch* for falling foul, in an article called "Millers and their Men," of manufacturers who adulterate their calicoes with size, till they become practically China-clay manufacturers rather than cotton-spinners. "The veteran Joker," he is assured by the *Textile Manufacturer*, "blunders wofully": and—"to use language he would not hesitate to employ" (certainly not, in the proper quarter—*Mutato nomine de te, O Textile Manufacturer, fabula narratur*)—"has made a stupendous ass of himself." The *T. M.* then goes on to instruct *Mr. Punch* in this graceful fashion:—

"We do not consider it our province to instruct London office-boys in the rudiments of manufacturing; but as this specimen of the species may possibly be some day promoted to the exalted post of *Mr. Punch's factotum*, we will go a little out of our way for his enlightenment, and we hope he will hereafter acknowledge the source of his instruction. The *Fall Mall Gazette* may likewise take a lesson at the same time. The object of sizing is to strengthen the warp, and thereby to facilitate the operation of weaving. The chlorates of zinc and magnesia are never used in size, but the chlorates of zinc and magnesium are; the first as an antiseptic for preventing mildew, and the second with the same object, although it is not an antiseptic according to some authorities. The presence of glue is not objectionable. 'Chemicals,' as such, are not used to give weight and body—they would be too expensive; but China clay is employed for this purpose. The idiotic outcry made about the latter is a conspicuous instance of the want of 'sense and truth' shown by the professed instructors of the public. Suppose affairs were really as black as they are constantly being painted, is it not with a declining trade, the quintessence of folly to publish to the world that we are a set of scoundrels, and that our goods are spurious or adulterated? The poverty-stricken Hindoo prefers to buy the heavily-sized cloths; they are considerably cheaper for him, and, as he does not wash his garments very frequently, they serve as well as the purest articles. If the consumer knows what he is buying (and he does), how can he be damned by the transaction? If the trade is one of pure adulteration, where are the enormous profits, when merchants are flying kites to keep their heads above water, and manufacturers are working at a loss? The truth is, the merchant *has* to supply these goods, and the manufacturer *has* to make them, and if they were 'adulterated' to 1,000 per cent, the trade would still be thoroughly legitimate."

FLOUR v. GYPSUM.

THAT most far-sighted of Lord Mayors, the illustrious WHETHAM, seems to be as determined on damping sanitary zeal as over-eager charity. Only in this way can we explain the snubbing he thought fit to administer to Dr. SAUNDERS, Officer of Health and Public Analyst for the City, who had been ill-advised enough to bring before him the case of a cargo of stuff imported as wheat-meal, but so largely adulterated with Plaster of Paris, that Dr. SAUNDERS was able to exhibit a donkey's head moulded from this devil's dust, in practical illustration of the quality of the samples from twenty sacks, armed with which he sought the aid of the LORD MAYOR to have the perilous stuff condemned and seized before it found its way into the trade, the bakers' ovens, and the stomachs of Her Majesty's lieges.

The LORD MAYOR, instead of condemning the villainous mixture, condemned the doctor, telling him he should have prosecuted the man who sold the flour. The usual course of common-place Magistrates acting under the power of the Nuisance Removal Act, applicable in such matters, is to direct seizure of the offending article, and so keep it out of the market. The LORD MAYOR prefers to wait till it gets there.

In the mean time, Dr. SAUNDERS has learnt that a foreign baker in Dean Street, Soho, has made 114 "wheaten loaves" from this gypsumised meal, two of which were laid on the table besides the ass's head—the bane beside the symbol of what should have been the antidote.

Probably the foreign baker may think himself warranted in bringing these loaves into the market as "French bread," on the strength of the Plaster of Paris they contain. We should like to see the illustrious WHETHAM condemned to a week of this costive semi-cereal mixture, by which time he would, perhaps, be brought to understand that it is better to keep such a poisonous compound out of the market, than to take your chance of tracing it into so-called bread-stuffs, after it gets there.

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO MADEMOISELLE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.—Not to put too much pepper in her GRÉVY.

The same number of the *Textile Manufacturer* which contains this "elegant extract," prints on the same page one with the heading, "Stiffened Calicoes," which informs its readers that—

"This stiffening of our calicoes is one, and we may say the chief, cause of their growing unpopularity in both the home and foreign markets, but especially in the former. As the sewing machine is now an adjunct of almost every dwelling, our dealers, merchants, and finishers should adapt their finishes to the altered circumstances, and not blindly throw into the hand of foreign competitors the best and the richest market in the world—the English one."

But not only the English. The article goes on—

"Knowing how white goods are finished, we were not surprised to see the following in an American journal, which we can readily believe to be quite true:—Mr. JENNINGS, formerly managing editor of the *New York Times*, and now London correspondent of the same journal, writes that 'a lady friend of mine was told to-day, on inquiring for some calicoes for children, that the Americans were the best—they could be worked on the sewing-machine more easily than the English.' 'Why?' 'Well, they are softer. The English goods are stiffened up with size, and consequently do not lend themselves very readily to the sewing-machine.' Many of the above remarks will apply with equal force to grey calicoes, which are so heavily sized at the mills that no use can be made of them until they have been washed. We think it would pay a manufacturer well to commence making a range of really good cloths, in both grey and white qualities—and protect both by a trade mark—especially designed to meet the requirements of domestic consumption in this country."

And why not, "foreign consumption abroad as well," *Punch* would ask?

"It is, at all events, worth a trial," concludes the *Textile Manufacturer*, with whom *Punch* quite agrees, and thanks him for "bettering the instruction," which he ventured to give in "Millers and their Men."

"To be Said or Sung."

In the recent controversy about Church Music, reference is made to the old direction which preceded the present rubric, that the Lessons "should be sung in a plain tune, after the manner of distinct reading—i.e., monotone." We have certainly got rid of the monotone, but only to substitute for it, too often, monotony.

FIREWORKS AND FIREWORKS.

(Lord B.'s remonstrance to Sir W. V. Harcourt.)



THOUGH fireworks, my dear VERNON HARCOURT,
Are much to my taste, as you know,
Your squibs I would sooner by far court
If they'd rather less in them of "go."

Are you sure you've not mixed, here and there—
As your stock pyrotechnic so large is—
Play-rockets, mere flight, fizz, and glare,
And war-rockets with damaging charges?

Common fireworks go off and go out,
And leave me in calm unconcern;
But yours have *not* helped my gout—
As, I'm sure, you'll be sorry to learn.

Bear in mind, when one's snatching a rest
'Twixt twinges to come and gone by,
One don't thank e'en the friend one likes best
For banging a squib in one's eye.



FINANCING.

Tommy. "OH, GRAN'PA DEAR, I 'VE BEEN COUNTING WHAT MY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS WILL COST, AND IT JUST COMES TO TEN SHILLINGS. I 'VE SAVED UP ONE AND SEVENPENCE. CAN YOU ADVISE ME WHERE TO GET THE REST ?" !

All the more when, like *your* squibs and crackers,
They are *not* the small innocent things
One associates with Guy Fawkes, but whackers
With a loading of hard fact that stings.

Then—rockets, with me, just at present,
Are things that less prompt smile than frown ;
For if they've a sky-flight that's pleasant,
They have also a stick that comes down.

And when a man, toe-tied, must stick
To physic and regimen spare,
He's apter to think of the stick,
Than of the rush up through the air !

PLEDGETERS AND PLEDGEES.

NOTHING like pledges, whether in matters Parliamentary or Parochial. Tie up every man who aspires to serve his country or his parish in a public capacity as tight as you can, and you know where you have him. In times like these, when "movements" are rife, and organisations for promoting them are many and active, this is doubly necessary. The principle of pledging is of common application. The great point is that every candidate should be pledged to something—and the more things the better. Only in this way can we be sure that he will represent in the Collective Wisdom an ascertained and prescribed amount of the Dispersed Wisdom of the constituencies. On this principle we should be prepared, at the next General Election, to find that no candidate would have any chance, unless he be prepared to pledge himself (as the case may be)

- (a) To the Radical Five Hundred, to support the movement for the impeachment of Lord BEACONSFIELD as the cause of the recent bank failures, and generally as a traitor to his Country and the Constitution.
- (b) To the Conservative Five Hundred, to support the movement to raise a national monument to the Right Honourable the

Earl of BEACONSFIELD, K.G., in acknowledgment of his high character, higher statesmanship, highest genius, &c., &c.

- (c) To the Strong-minded Seventy-Five, to support the movement for placing the down-trodden women of England in every respect on an equality with their male tyrants—except in liability to serve in the Army, Navy, or Reserve Forces.
- (d) To the Indignant Three Hundred and Eighty-Two, to support the movement for bringing all Civil Servants having any connection with a Co-operative Store under a scheme of nine hours' daily office duty, at ninepence per hour. Grumbling to be followed by instant dismissal.
- (e) To the Virtuous Forty-nine, to support a movement for making the consumption of all alcoholic drinks and fermented liquors penal.
- (f) To the Emerald Seventy-five, to support any Parliamentary movement, constructive or obstructive, leading to the emancipation of Ireland.
- (g) To the Rough Six Hundred, to support any and all movements emanating from Dr. KENEALY.
- (h) To the Nonconformist Hundred-and-ten, to promote the movement for the Disendowment of the Church of England.
- (i) To the High Church Twenty-five, to support the movement for the increase of the Episcopate.

[With liberty to add to their number, as movements are set going, and pledges present themselves.]

Fie, for Shame, Sandy!
(A hint to Glasgow Bank Sufferers.)

A HAIR of the dog that bit you: Starting a lottery to pay your losses at Unlimited Loo.

SIGN OF A HARD WINTER.—Mr. PARNELL is on a tour of organisation of the English Home-Rule Associations.



UN PIED À TERRE-UR.

(Caution to Young Ladies.)

IT IS WELL TO KEEP YOUR FEET WARM WITH CARRIAGE BOOTS, BUT IT IS BETTER NOT TO FORGET TO KICK OFF THOSE LUXURIOUS MONSTROSITIES BEFORE ALIGHTING !

IN MEMORIAM.

E. M. Ward, R.A.

ENGLISH Art has lost a prominent and distinguished professor in EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, though the loss of him will leave a less sensible gap in our Academic array than it would have left some years ago, before failing health had impaired his keen conception and weakened his vigorous hand. But looking back from the dark foreground of his premature death over the long and large labour of his energetic life, what various and vivid groups, both English and foreign, rise in the mind's eye ! With what distinctive form has his powerful pencil filled up the pen-outlines of CLarendon, and Grammont, Pepys and Evelyn, Defoe, Boswell, and Goldsmith. And besides his scenes from the history of our own English and Scottish revolutions, how pathetically he has embodied some of the saddest memories of that of France—the troubled sleep of Louis, and the watchful labour of his once proud but now piteous Queen, in the Temple prison—the agony of the Royal Mother's loneliness—the sad labours and sadder amusements of her innocent, imprisoned children !

How much emptier would be our Gallery of the Past had this vivid painter not laboured to people it for us. Measuring our debt to him by his best work, it will be acknowledged to be great by all who believe—as most English-speaking people believe—that Art has now no better function than to re-create the life of the Past, and to preserve the life of the Present.

NATURAL RESULT OF CO-OPERATION.—Counter-irritation.

OUR AMERICAN SHIPWRIGHTS.

THE Government has, according to the *Times*, materially augmented the strength of the Navy by the addition of—

“THE HERRISHOFF TORPEDO.—A small torpedo-boat, which has just been constructed by order of the English Board of Admiralty at the well-known Herrishoff Manufactory Works, Bristol, Rhode Island, U.S.”

This vessel is described as, though little, a *multum in parvo*, and a marvel of ingenuity and destructive power. Her acquisition reflects very great credit on Mr. W. H. Smirn and his colleagues; the rather that, like men of business, they have purchased her in the cheapest market. But fancy that market being an establishment at Bristol, Rhode Island, U.S.! When the Government goes to America for a torpedo-vessel, what is likely to become of the British Ship-builder, unless he looks mighty sharp after himself.

A Question to be Very Much Asked.

THERE has been another of those terrible pit-explosions, attended with wholesale loss of life, but too frequent in the mining districts, at Dinas Colliery, in Glamorganshire. It is stated that Mr. Chubb, whose certificate as manager of the pit in which the explosion has taken place was a short time ago suspended for six months by the Inspector of Mines, after careful judicial inquiry, in consequence of gas having been allowed to accumulate in the workings, has still been virtually left in authority, though the management has nominally been changed. This allegation will, of course, be closely inquired into. If it be true, it may be said to be a case not only of a CHUBB's lock, but of a CHUBB's dead-lock, on life-protecting mining legislation!

A Hasty Conclusion.

“JUST what I've been expecting, this ever so long!” roared stout Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, stout High Tory and fine old English Gentleman “all of the olden time,” on hearing that “The American *Constitution* had gone to Old Harry!” He was much disgusted to learn that it was not a case of that offensive Democratic Government collapsing, but merely of one of her frigates, the *Constitution*, grounding off Swanage, on the *Old Harry* Rock.

GREAT FIRES MADE EASY.

If you have fire-buckets, always hang them too high to be got at, or they may be tampered with by mischievous people.

If your water-pipes are frozen, wait till they thaw, rather than put yourself to the cost and trouble of keeping water ready within reach, which will be useless as soon as the frost (always brief in this country) is over.

If you have an *Extincteur* on the premises, see that it is kept well out of the way, as the sight of it may put the thought of “fire” into nervous people's heads.

Be careful to keep secret the position of your hydrants and fire-plugs, if you would not have them made playthings of by “our boys.”

In the event of your keeping a private engine, do not keep crying “Wolf!” by perpetually practising your people in the use of it.

Be very careful where you keep your engine-house key. If lost, you will have to buy another.

Generally trust to the spur of the moment, and the stimulus of suddenness, for dealing with fire or other danger to which human life and property are liable. Nothing so develops presence of mind and readiness of resource as a sudden demand upon them, and these are invaluable qualities which it is well worth running the risk of an occasional fire to encourage.

Intoning v. Mis-Reading.

In the controversy lately raised concerning Church Music, one very strong argument for intoning was unaccountably omitted. If a Clergyman of a gushing disposition had to intone the Marriage Service, he would not read it in what reporters of a “Marriage in High Life” commonly describe as “an impressive manner”—a manner of exaggerated pathos and affected solemnity. It is perhaps a pity that sermons are not more generally intoned.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Visits the Collection of Old Masters, and reports thereon.)



SIR.—Would I miss the Old Masters when they make an exhibition of themselves? No! not for all the young Missuses in the world. So with a shilling for entrance fee, and another shilling for the Guide-book and pencil, I presented myself in the hall of Burlington House.

One Old Master took my umbrella. This will be a valuable picture. I wish I could get an Old Master to take me, full length, gratis, and let me sell it for my own benefit at Christie's. In the Catalogue prefatal explanations are given; for instance—

"The numbers follow from left to right."

Now, when I was there, numbers were not present, and the visitors did not follow from left to right—which zigzaggeration would have been as puzzling as a kit-cat's cradle—but went straight along.

"The Portraits are described under four sizes: 'bust,' the head and shoulders," &c.

Why doesn't a fishmonger adopt this convenient abbreviation? Instead of "fine Cod's head and shoulders, to-day, Ma'am," why not, "fine Cod's Bust, Ma'am?"

The following abbreviations are used:—*b.* Born, *m.* Married, *d.* Died, *r.* Right, *l.* Left.

This is satisfactory; specially *r.* for right and *l.* for left, though, perhaps a little arbitrary.

"In the sizes of the Paintings the height is always placed before the width."

This is the only puzzler. Why should a preference be given by any painter to a tall man over a broad one? Why should height be always placed before width? In a Picture Gallery, or a theatre, nothing is more objectionable than for a giant, full length, to come and place himself before me, who am only a three-quarter figure? No—but as I see on the first page of the Catalogue that it is still "under revision"—which seems to imply that all the information is given "under correction"—I venture to move the alteration of this rule by omitting the word "always," so that, some allowance being made for exceptions, the breadth may sometimes be placed before the length. This is but fair, and then the rule will be as broad as it's long.

No. 12. *Portrait of Warren Hastings.* JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. In such a figured waistcoat! More like a farmer—a rabbit-Warren HASTINGS—than a Governor-General of India. He might indeed have said to ZOFFANY, as OLIVER CROMWELL did to LELY, "Paint me as I am, or I won't give you a shilling," only for a man who was so mixed up with a Begum, this certainly was a most un-Begumming dress to be taken in. Perhaps the waistcoat, from this point of view, is symbolic of his innocence. Poor man! he looks dull and serious; and the portrait possesses the merit of being more like a *Hastings* than a *Bright'un*. Pass on, Gentlemen, pass on!

No. 13. *Portrait of Lady Whichcot.* THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. Ah! what a dog!—not the Painter, but the animal represented with his paw in my Lady's lap. The Spitz dog shows real panting as well as real painting.

No. 17. *Charles James Fox.* Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Quite the *Fox populi*. But it is Fox after dinner. The Fox and the Grape. He has had more than his usual quantum—perhaps a maximum instead of a magnum—and seems to be quite unable to pronounce distinctly "British Constitution," and much less the title of the Bill lying on the table, "For the Better Regulating the Affairs of the East India Company." In this condition, Fox could only have sat for his portrait; to represent him as standing, except for an election, must have been a piece of Sir JOSHUA's flattery.

No. 18. *A Calm.* WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE. The Dutchman has a real appreciation of the sea,—as something which ought not to be passed over, unless it's perfectly quiet.

No. 27. *A Musical Party on the Thames: Portraits of the Family of William Sharp.* JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. "Sharp" 's the word? No, flats. Look at 'em.

No. 32. *Portrait of Dr. Arnold.* WILLIAM HOGARTH. Jolly, rubicund, stout, plethoric,—looks as if he had not taken enough of *Arnold's Exercises*.

No. 33. *Portrait of William, Fifth Duke of Devonshire.* WILLIAM HOGARTH. Aristocratic, but weak-eyed. His dress evidently shows him to be the *crème de la (Devonshire) crème*.

No. 34. *Portraits of Garrick and His Wife.* JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. DAVID and MARIE VIOLETTE lounging outside the Pagan temple by the river, known as "GARRICK's Villa," which is guarded by an affected dog, of no particular breed, with an absurdly big head. A pantomime dog; or if intended for a water dog, it must have been a water-on-the-brain dog.

No. 35. *Lady Hamilton as "Euphrosyne."* GEORGE ROMNEY. The description says she "became well known for her friendship with Lord Nelson." Yes, NELSON had a great deal to do with ships, and this friend-ship was certainly his favourite.

No. 39. *The Pink Boy.* THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. Marvelous satin, but unhealthy complexion. Compare this with

No. 45. *Prince William Frederick—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.*—who is a salmon-coloured boy. No. 39 is a consumptive boy, but this healthy chap is a consuming boy. But how well these boys are preserved! Not for an age, but for any length of time; which seems to be the case with *Our Boys*.

No. 42. *Portrait of Mrs. Lee Acton.* GEORGE ROMNEY. The second wife of LEE ACTON. Compare this with No. 20, and the motto should be "Second Thoughts are best."

So far, and no farther, at present. I have not as yet got to the Italian Masters, from whom a great treat may be always anticipated, seeing how great they were in oils. Why, their sardines and anchovies, in oils, are, alone, sufficient to have established their reputation. The only Italian Art all Englishmen must detest is that of the *Padroni*, as practised among the organ girls and boys; but this school of Italian Design—the very basest form of Art, whose professors reside at The Mews, Brook Green, Hammersmith (*vide* the *Daily Telegraph's* full account)—must be dealt with summarily by the Magistrate. The public will be content to leave this School of Italian Design to the Court of Chance.

So, no more to-day, Baker, thank you, from
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Science Made a Little Easier.

Now modern Geologists, deep under ground,
Have Brachydiastematherium* found;
Let those who for crackjaw names care not a fig,
Rechristen it, "Antediluvian Pig!"

* The name given to a new genus of Pachydermatous mammals, recently found in the lower Eocene beds of Transylvania. (See *Science Gossip* for November, 1878.)

Wants.

THE world knows nothing of its queerest wants, any more than of its greatest men. If we want to learn more of the strange forms taken by the former, we cannot do better than consult the *Bazaar*, in a recent number of which instructive medium for communication between those who have and those who seek, we read—

WANTED, six young common pullets, not laid yet. Exchange for
W Gentleman. (Blackheath.)

Evidently at Blackheath, Gentlemen must be a drug, or unlaid pullets a rarity.

MOTTO FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR NORTH NORFOLK.

"Titre, tu patule recubans sub tegmine Fagi."

"Bucolic Birkbeck, 'neath big Beech recline,
And 'ditto' swear to all he may opine."

WORSE LUCK!

THE severe season has brought the wolves into the fields in France. England is worse off still. The hard times have brought the wolf to her door.

PERIODICAL FROM THE WASH.

Mr. SMELFUNGUS has adopted into his wardrobe the title of a popular miscellany. He calls his clean shirt "Once a Week."



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

SOME ESTHETIC PERSON HAS SUGGESTED THAT A FAMILIARITY WITH THE SPLENDOURS OF GREEK ART SHOULD BE FOSTERED IN THE YOUNG, BY MEANS OF PLASTER CASTS FROM THE ANTIQUE, AND SO FORTH. THIS IS ALL VERY WELL. BUT WHAT IS TO BECOME OF MODERN BURLESQUE AND OPERA-BOUFFE, IF THE RISING GENERATION IS TO DERIVE ITS NOTIONS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS FROM THE *VENUS OF MILO*, FOR INSTANCE, OR THE *ELGIN MARBLES*? AND WHERE IS THE RISING GENERATION (WITH ITS EYE FOR BEAUTY THUS CORRUPTED BY EARLY PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE) TO SPEND ITS EVENINGS WHEN IT REACHES Maturity AND OLD AGE? WE PROTEST EMPHATICALLY!

"OF ONE MIND." (FOR ONCE!)

At one for once! It seems a curious chance
That finds such constant foes in coalition?
Roundhead and Cavalier in friendly dance
Were a faint parallel of their position.
A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,
A common foe creates uncommon friends;
Yet it looks strange to find these two combined,
To seek by divers means a common end.

Fear makes queer Comrades; when the prairies flame
Panther and fawn huddle or fly together.
Leo and Otto playing the same game
Proclaim approach of storm, and dangerous weather,
So two wayfarers on a winter's day,
When winds and water-spouts combine a peltor,
In any covered alley on their way,
Together find a momentary shelter.

But fear's a brittle bond. The burly Prince
Would keep the door against a dread intruder.
Leo may at his *reiter*-rudeness wince,
Yet deems the common foe might prove still ruder.
Otto may cry à l'aide! in battle's press,
Yet like not his auxiliary; while Leo,
Loving not Otto more but danger less,
Lifts for his help a quavering *Laus Deo!*

Partnership limited to try, *pro tem.*,
The drastic, or Sangrado style of treating;
While, like twin Partingtons, they strive to stem
A tide whose rise may shake both in their seating.

The twain awhile may hold, or seem to hold,
The door they deem the solidest of porches;
But 'tis not so they'll guard each his own fold,
Or quench the fire of those intrusive torches!

Push Prince, push Pontiff! set your thews on strain
'Gainst Democratic sect and Social schism;
Repression and anathema are vain;
Brute force ne'er put down an insurgent "ism."
The secular and spiritual arm,
Full many a time before have joined their forces.
But despotism and dogma cannot charm
Opinion's tide from its predestined courses.

Encyclical and Muzzle-Measure both,
"Pig-sticking" laws and Voices Apostolic,
Are impotent to check the ugly growth
That Priests and Princes brand as diabolic.
The plague's root lies beyond your nostrums' reach,
The ill defies the regimen you boast of,
And your joint effort to secure the breach,
Is but an effort, weak, if made the most of.

* The gracefully humorous Chancellor so describes his processes of ruthless suppression and expulsion.

The Force of Example.

THE London Phoenix Gas Company, to show what gas can do, have lately been ameliorating the illumination of a stretch of Waterloo Road. Let both Company and Public give thanks to Mr. EDISON, whose essays at dividing the Electric Light are rousing the Gas Companies to discover how much they can do to improve their Lights of other Days.



"OF ONE MIND." (FOR ONCE!)

The solution to all the evils for which "Socialism seeks a revolutionary remedy," is reconciliation to the Church, which, by ordaining almsgiving of the rich, corrects the poverty of which Socialism is so impatient, and thus reconciles the poor to the wealthy.—*The Pope's Encyclical.*

In Germany no pains are being spared to crush out Socialism. Up to the end of the year the number of injunctions issued for this purpose was 457, applying to 189 clubs and societies, 58 periodicals, and 210 non-periodical publications. In addition, 62 persons have been expelled.—*German Letter.*

SAFE AS A BANK.

(Hints for the Times.)



average daily receipts out of him, and put them down on your cuffs;

- (3) Study several standard works on "Economic Averages," "Wear and Tear," "The Coal Question," "Labour and Capital," "Metallurgy," and "Popular Recreation," and then find out, by Algebra, your chance of a dividend within six months; and
- (4) Keep on good terms with your brother Shareholders, by asking them to a blow-out occasionally, as a set-off to any blows-up they may be treated to on the line.

Having done this, or as much of it as you can, you will at least know "where you are" in a crisis, and not be at the mercy of a mere half-yearly cooked Report.

If your property is "in a Mine"—live at the bottom, and never leave it. Examine every shovelful of ore, or anything else that may turn up. Do this in company with two analytical chemists and a practical engineer, and take care that you never, all four of you, go to sleep together at the same time. This is your only chance of safety in a mining investment. When you have got 175 per cent. on your money once or twice, it is better to sell out and end your days in the elegant security of the Three per Cents.

If you have got anything in a South American Republic (guaranteed), go over at once, foment a revolution, and assist at an armed attack on the Treasury; you will then forfeit your capital, but if prompt in your movements, and not shot, you may possibly secure one dividend of three per cent.

Should you have been persuaded to try a Joint Stock Bank at home, do not lose a moment, but marry your daughters, or your sisters, or your nearest female relations, to influential members of the direction. Then, while there is yet time, and they are off their guard, sell your shares and withdraw your deposits. This is the only safe way of investing in a Joint Stock Bank.

Finally, if at a loss, as things are, what to do with your money, bury it in your garden, and sit over it with a loaded revolver.

You will thus be in a position to meet any sudden call without panic.

Squenched.

THE LORD MAYOR has declined to give up Guildhall for the advocates of Protection to proclaim England's deadly distresses, and to preach their own exploded nostrum of tying one hand behind you that you may work and fight the better. No application so fitting for this short-sighted party as the Damper. For once the voice of the City should say ditto to WHETHAM.

The Prince Chancellor in his Part.

THE Prince of actors on the political stage of Europe is undoubtedly Prince BISMARCK. He may be said to be *facile Princeps*. In sustaining so dignified a part, however, as that of the Chancellor in the Farce of the *Federal Diet*, we may be allowed to regret that BISMARCK should have taken to "gagging."

A FLOWER ON THE ROADWAY.

THIS is the time of year for practical suggestions connected with locomotion, never more difficult than when alternations of frost and thaw test to the quick the qualities of roads, and aggravate the risk of accidents to horses.

We have all heard the proverb of "Locking the door when the horse is stolen." Its seasonable version is "Roughing the shoe when the horse is down."

But "roughing" is, after all, a rough way of giving Jack Frost the go-by. Screw-pegs are the thing, not pegging away at your screws, but pegging your screws with screws. Germany has shown us the "dodge," and ought ere this to have taught us the practice—if our English grooms were not so much too clever to learn, and masters so much too careless to insist, and farriers so much too knowing to alter the ways they are familiar with, and that bring them in jobs besides.

Yet it does not seem so difficult when your horse is shod to insist that holes for screw-pegs should be made in the shoes, to be kept free from soil by a button-screw when the wearers do not need "screw-peggings" to keep them on their legs, and in seasons of slippery streets, to be filled up with the screw-peg that serves the purpose of roughing with twice the effect, and lasts as long as the shoe. Let every master of horses insist on this being done, and grooms will be forced to see to it, and farriers to do it,—even at the humiliation of taking a hint from the "poor ignorant furriner."

But besides the danger to horseflesh from slippery road-ways, which is confined to the brief and interrupted reigns of Jack Frost, there is another and worse danger, to which we are always subject, from ill-made roads, which wear into hills and hollows, make driving a misery to the driven, horse and man, and increase the pull on rates as much as on horses.

Let any poor soul, whose needs take him on wheels along the Embankment, bear witness to the jolting discomfort due to the irregularities of the road-way. It couldn't be worse, if it had been laid as many years as it has weeks.

For the cause and remedy of this we invoke the testimony of our excellent old friend and counsellor, E. F. FLOWER—the Flower of Stratford-on-Avon, the Flower of Hippophiles, who has done more than any man to deliver our carriage-horses from the cruelty of the gag-bearing-rein. He has been bombarding the dull ear of the town with letters on the disgraceful state of our London road-ways, to the truth of which all who have to drive over them can bear witness:—

"The London streets," he writes to the *Daily News*, "are now repaired with stones of nearly three inches gauge, on which is heaped a large quantity of sand to fill up the interstices; then a heavy coating of gravel is spread, which is crushed down by the steam iron roller, which makes the surface of the road smooth for the moment, but as soon as the traffic begins to wear the road, the sand works up, which is forced to be scraped off and removed in carts; then the pressure of the heavily laden vans upon the larger stones underneath, instead of crushing them, produces the holes and inequalities on the surface."

"Macadamised" these sort of pavements are said to be. But these layers down of three-inch-gauge road-metal take MACADAM'S name in vain:—

"I knew MACADAM well," writes Mr. FLOWER. "His roads were invariably good, and even, and wore well. His gauge for the size of the stones was never more than two inches; but surveyors soon became careless, and allowed the contractors to increase the size of the stones; of course they reap the benefit in the less amount of wages paid for breakage; but the subsequent needless expense and discomfort falls upon the rate-payers and those who use the roads."

The weight of stone recommended by MACADAM, to all sons of ADAM the safest of all guides in the matter of mending their ways, was 6 oz. Now the bits of granite laid down on our roads are often three times as heavy.

Let Mr. FLOWER "keep pegging away" at the subject, till something is done, and Mr. Punch will promise to help him. Two such peggers ought to peg to some purpose; but if *Magna est veritas, major est inertia*—and it takes a mighty deal to get a horse's shoes screwed, or London road-metal broken, to the proper size.

To owners of horses, and payers of rates, we recommend the matter. They, if they please, can drive our pegs home.

PAYING A GREAT DEAL TOO DEAR FOR OUR WHISTLER.

IF JOHN RUSKIN's resignation of the Slade Professorship at Oxford be in any way connected with the verdict in *Whistler v. Ruskin*, then Mr. WHISTLER may boast that he has done a good deal more than a farthing damages to the cause of Art in England.



FAMILY PRIDE.

Street Arab. "THEY COULDN'T TAKE MY FATHER UP LIKE THAT—IT TAKES SIX P'LICEMEN TO RUN 'IM IN!"

DIRECTORS' BALM OF GILEAD.

Great General North-East and Great Western Terminus, London Bridge, Waterloo Road, Bishopsgate Street Without.

CIRCULAR No. 2,037.

THE Directors of the Great G. N. E. and G. W. Railway Company having given full and careful consideration, to the numerous complaints which have reached them, through both public and private channels, of shortcomings in the management of the Lines under their control, as well as the able representations to the same effect of many eminently respectable deputations, feel it their duty to acknowledge that these complaints and representations have very considerable foundation in fact.

They are reluctantly compelled to admit, what it would be idle to deny, that irregularity in the arrival of trains is the rule, and that this irregularity is invariably on the wrong side.

That preventible accidents are frequent, owing largely to overhours and short-handedness on their lines; to deficiency in brake-power and machinery, and objectionable construction of carriage-steps and platforms;

That station and carriage accommodation are in many respects insufficient; and, lastly,

That fares once raised, are never, to the best of the Directors' knowledge, brought down again.

The Directors feel further bound to admit, that season-ticket holders, in particular, have good reason for dissatisfaction with the rise in the price of their tickets;

While, as regards other grounds of complaint, too numerous to particularise, they have no hesitation in allowing that passengers have not been treated with the consideration they might not unreasonably think they had a right to expect for their money.

They trust that these candid admissions will show how ready the Directors are at all times to consider and investigate all reasonable complaints and well-substantiated charges.

Under these circumstances they feel that there is but one course now open to the Directors.

They hasten to take it.

Mere promises of amendment, it is felt by the Directors, would be at once embarrassing and undignified, and would only end in difficulty to the Directors and disappointment to the public.

The Directors have come to the conclusion that the case can be more satisfactorily met by an expression of sympathy on their part. They, therefore, hereby beg leave to express their sincere sympathy with the public under annoyances caused by circumstances over which they, the Directors, like the public, have no control.

(Signed) SMOOTHIE, Secretary.

"WE SHOULD BE SEVEN."

(Adapted, with apologies to the shade of Wordsworth.)

"The truth is (said the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE) that this Winter Assize has brought the whole of our proceedings into a state of confusion.

"Mr. Serjeant PARRY asked in what way the Court was going to proceed—as to the order of business.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Upon my word, I have not myself the most distant idea.

"Mr. WADDY, Q.C.—May I ask whether there will be any *Nisi Prius* sittings?

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—That, I may say, is perfectly impossible. My brother HAWKINS has to go to the Central Criminal Court on Monday, and has to leave for circuit on Wednesday. There will then be only two Judges available—my brother POLLOCK and myself—to sit in Court, as my brother FIELD will be at Chambers (Mr. Justice LUSH and the new Judge, Sir FITZJAMES STEPHEN, being occupied on the Criminal Law Commission). Therefore, *Nisi Prius* sittings would be impossible.

"Mr. WADDY said that this, even though it was only negative information, was of some value in the present state of chaos.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Meanwhile I find that the arrears in the Courts are such as to require the constant sitting of the Court *in banc*; but there are only two Judges available, and the *Nisi Prius* sittings must be suspended for six weeks though there are 850 causes entered for trial."—*Sittings in Banc, Queen's Bench Division.*

A legal Sage,
Who'll blaze up with a breath,
And thinks the Bench is sat upon,
And rides his griefs to death.

* * * * *
I met a Judge, of Judges pearl—
So everybody said—
His wig was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round his head.

He had a testy, reasty * air :
In silk robes he was clad ;
His patience spare, and very spare,
Its shortness made me sad.

"You and your brothers, here arrayed,
How many mote you be?"
"How many? Seven, at least," he said,
And fiercely scowled at me.

"How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"
"Seven," said he, "there should be ;
Here's Brother POLLOCK and myself,
And Brother FIELD at C.,

And Brother HAWKINS, Circuit-owned,
And Brothers LUSH and STEPHEN tink'ring at the Criminal Code,—
And that's the lot, you see!"

"You are two here, at Chambers one,
At Codifying two ;
You sum up seven? It can't be done,
That sum, not e'en by you."

Then did that testy Judge reply—
"Seven. Don't you talk to me ;
With less than seven no *Nisi Prius* shall we see."

"Then how will Courts and Causes fit?"
"Pray what is that to me?
In chaos of arrears I sit,
That cleared at once should be."

* Stubborn. Used of a horse that backs against its load.
North Country Glossary.

"Nay, should have been—they may be seen"—
That testy Judge replied—
'Behind the door—six sheets and more
Of cause-lists side by side!

My brows before them oft I knit,
With many a pshaw and hem,
And oft feel disposed to sit,
And scold in front of them!

"And often when the sitting's up,
And the Court set all square,
I squeeze the bitter in my cup,
And sip it slowly there.

"There's brother FIELD in Chambers staid,
And better so, say I,
By wild attorneys' clerks though bayed,
That fight all ways but shy.

"Of LUSE's work I should be fain,
And STEPHEN's—it seems play,
Making the Criminal Law again
As good as new, they say.

"HAWKINS on circuit's free to go,
And here let chaos slide;
And brother POLLOCK's temper's slow,
He can arrears abide."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If their four hells are heaven
Compared to yours?" He made reply,
"You say five—I say seven."

"You're five, you said—with you for head—
But five—including STEPHEN."
'Twas throwing words away, for still
That testy Judge would have his will,
"Five, but we should be seven!"

Building Up and Keeping Down.

AFTER studying Professor SEELEY's *Life of Stein*—the corner-stone of the Prussian Constitutional edifice—the great Statesman who regenerated Prussia after the First NAPOLEON's attempt to crush out its national life under his heel; and then thinking over what Prince BISMARCK has done, first to consolidate, and now to control, Germany, *Punch* is struck by one thought—that if Germany, in her distress, is asking for bread, Prince BISMARCK, at least, is not the man to give her a "STEIN."

BETTER A WORD THAN A BLOW.

THE German Press is very sore at the English comments on the Bismarck Parliamentary Discipline Bill. Better be sore under the sting of British comments than under the lash of BISMARCK's Discipline.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"WELL, NURSE, DID YOU FIND YOUR WAY ALL RIGHT TO ST. JAMES'S HALL?"
"YES, THANK YOU, SIR."

"AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS?"

"WELL, I WAS RATHER DISAPPOINTED, SIR! THERE WAS ONE OF THEM AS PLAYED ON THE VIOOLINGSHENNER BEAUTIFUL, WHILE THREE OTHERS KEPT ON FIDDLIN' AS I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER LEAVE OFF; AND THEN A GENTLEMAN UP AND SANG, AND THEN A LADY PLAYED ON THE PIHANNER. BUT NONE OF THEIR FACES WAS BLACKED!"

[With Mr. Punch's apologies to Messrs. Joachim, Zerbini, Ries, Piatti, and others.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

(In Preparation for the next General Election.)

1. What is the first preliminary to offering yourself as a candidate for Parliament?
2. Having appointed an agent, define, as summarily as you can, your duties to him, and his to you.
3. Describe the process of organising an "influential deputation" of free and independent electors.
4. State briefly the manner of receiving such a "deputation," applicable to different styles of reception—(a) Modest, (b) Cocky, (c) Serious, (d) Facetious, in answer to the request that you will allow yourself to be brought forward as a Candidate for Parliamentary honours?—(a) Liberal and Anti-Jingo, (b) High Jingo and Imperialist, (c) Neutral and Safe.
5. Draw up an Address to the electors in each of the above three characters enumerated in last question. State (symbolically) the proportions which in each of such addressed local should bear to Imperial questions. Dispose of British Policy at home and abroad in two sentences, of four lines each—(a) From the Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE's point of view, (b) from the Right Honourable Earl of BEACONSFIELD's, (c) from your own.
6. What would you consider a reasonable charge per line, for the insertion of such Address in the columns of the local journals?
7. Give, in totals, the expenses of bill-posting per square mile of hoarding? How many dozen board-men, per mile of street, would you consider sufficient for the proper dissemination of your political opinions?
8. How would you conciliate the following interests—(a) the Licensed Victuallers, (b) the "Working Men," (c) the Retail Shopkeepers, (d) the Home-Rulers, (e) the Nonconformists, (f) the Church-Union, (g) the Women's-Rights-men and women?
9. Denounce in effective language for the hustings the Permissive Bill and the Civil Service Stores.
10. Describe in outline the duties and rights of a Committee.
11. In what proportion of public-houses to population are rooms required for the proper performance of these duties, and the proper enjoyment of these rights?
12. Describe the various modes of canvassing. How would you proceed with (a) a leading vestryman; (b) a strong-minded female; and (c) a baby in arms?
13. Give in algebraic symbols the amount of pressure which will render it incumbent on a candidate (a) to shake hands with a chimney-sweep; (b) to partake of five o'clock tea in the back parlour of a leading undertaker.
14. In what proportion should you subscribe to the following local institutions:—The Hospital, the Racecourse, the Regatta, the Town Ball, the Artisans' Toast-and-Water-Mutual-Improvement Society, and the Ladies' Cough-Lozenges-for-the-Indigent-Deserving Fund?

15. How many rooms would you engage in the Party Hotel for the election, and what would you be prepared to pay for them?
 16. How would you treat an elector if he called upon you suddenly at your London Club?
 17. If returned, how many irrelevant questions would you undertake to ask in the House, and how many superfluous returns to move for in the course of a Session?
 18. Express algebraically how disagreeable you are prepared to make yourself to the Government or the Opposition as the case may be.
 19. And lastly and most important of all—can you produce a really satisfactory banker's balance, in proof of the soundness of your opinions?

THE CIVILEST KILKENNY CATS.

A Striking Correspondence.

Peabody Buildings, Block A 1.
December 1, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR,

HIS comes, asking your pardon for troubling you with a letter upon rather an unpleasant subject; but my duty to my wife, children, and my thousand mates, also in your employment, forces me to break in upon your privacy.

I write to ask, on behalf of myself and mates aforesaid, for a rise to £2 a week all round.

Trusting that you and your esteemed family are in the enjoyment of perfect health, I remain

Yours most respectfully,
(Signed)

A. WORKINGMAN.
M. PLOYER, Esq.



I am always delighted to hear from the good fellows I am happy enough to be able to employ. You do not do yourself justice, when you call the subject of wages an "unpleasant" one.

In reply to your request, and that of your mates conveyed through you, for a rise to £2 a week all round, I can only say that I sincerely wish that you may get the money you seem to desire. At present, however, I regret that I do not see my way to helping you in the way you wish.

Hoping that your wife, your little ones, and all your mates, are well and happy, I remain

Yours most truly,
(Signed) M. PLOYER.

Mr. WORKINGMAN.

Peabody Buildings, Block A 1.
December 10th, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING taken counsel with my wife, my children, and my thousand mates late in your employment, I am glad to inform you that we have come to the conclusion that it will be advisable to give up work for a short time, until you see your way to give us a rise to £2 a week all round.

Trusting that this will cause you no inconvenience, I remain, with grateful regards and compliments to your esteemed family,

Yours most respectfully,
(Signed) A. WORKINGMAN.

M. PLOYER, Esq.

Swellington Park,
December, 18th, 18—.

MY GOOD FRIEND,
MANY thanks for your very courteous letter. I write to tell you that I have consulted with my friends in the same line of business, and that we have decided to lock out not only you and your thousand mates, but something like a quarter of a million of you and their mates in the same way of business.

Trusting that this will cause you no inconvenience, and with many kind wishes for all the members of your and your mates' home circles,

Believe me,
(Signed) M. PLOYER.

MR. WORKINGMAN.

*The Workhouse,
Christmas Day, 18—.*

I WRITE to tell you that circumstances over which I have no control have forced me to give up my old nicely-furnished rooms. This letter is headed with my new address.

Still I cannot help wishing you a Merry Christmas.

Yours most respectfully,
(Signed) A. WORKINGMAN.

Buck Parlour, 22 Araminta Villas, East.

January 1st, 18—.

MY GOOD FRIEND,
YOU are very kind to think of me in these trying times. As we have been obliged (for reasons of a pecuniary character) to give up Swellington Park, and are in the confusion of moving to our new residence, you must not expect a long letter. Yet let me say a Happy New Year to you and yours.

Yours most sincerely,
(Signed) M. PLOYER.

FIRE-WORKS AT WOKING.

THE movement not long ago started to substitute "Cremation" for interment appeared to have come to a standstill. But a "Cremation Society" has been established, and is now actually in working order. It is already in course of erecting, under the name of "Crematorium," a regular "Bustum" at Woking. "Bustum" or "Crematorium," which is the preferable term? Which will read the better in advertisements and railway time-tables, "Woking Crematorium," or "Woking Bustum"? The worst of "Bustum" is the disagreeable sound suggestive of "busting up."

Whether destined, however, to be denominated "Crematorium" or "Bustum," the Cremation Works at Woking are indignantly denounced by the Vicar of that parish and by certain of his flock. They appear to look upon Cremation as a burning shame, if not sin. Strange to say, too, the London Necropolis Company has thought it necessary to repudiate all art or part in the matter. The Secretary declares, in the *Times*, that—

"The Necropolis Company in no degree favour such preparations as are now being made in the vicinity of Woking for incinerating the dead. They regard Cremation as the residents of the parish regard it—namely, with abhorrence."

Naturally. In the sight of the Necropolis Company, and a business point of view, one would think there could possibly grow no plant more detestable than a Crematorium or a Bustum on Woking Common; although, for the people in the neighbourhood, instead of a poisonous plant, this would seem to be, on the contrary, distinctly a hygienic one.

It seems superfluous of the Necropolis Company to disavow connection with a Cremation Plant. But that plant happens to be rearing its head on land which was formerly their own. Hence the need to explain that—

"It is true the land now in possession of the Cremation Society of London originally belonged to the Company, but it was purchased from them in the ordinary way, and they never once anticipated that by a second purchase it would pass into the hands of the Cremation Society, to be used for a funeral pyre. Had the Company had the faintest idea that the ground would be conveyed to its present possessors, no inducement would have compelled them to part with it."

But the world is more than wide enough at Woking for both the Crematorium and the Necropolis. Persons looking forward to the freedom of that subterranean City may be gratified by the assurance that—

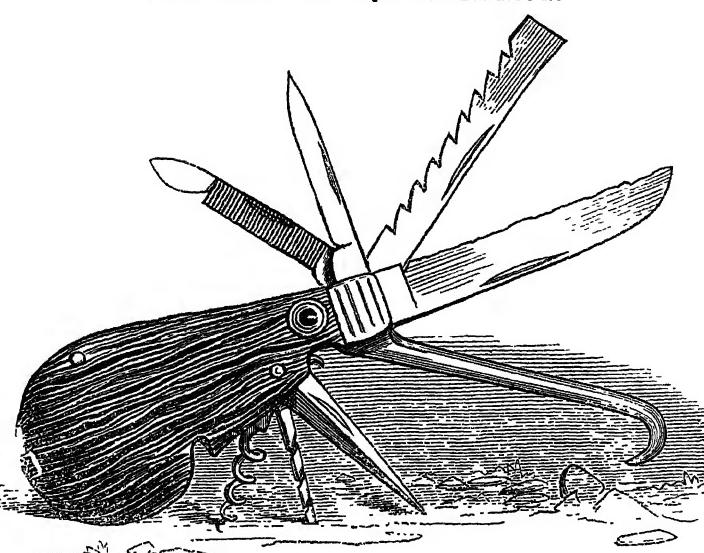
"The mode of interment now widely known as the Earth-to-Earth system, strongly recommended some years since by Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, in eloquent letters to the *Times*, is that which the London Necropolis Company endeavour to carry out."

As to "Funeral Reform," in fact, the Company's views are Liberal-Conservative. But they protest—

"The Company cannot countenance the disposal of the dead either by burning or by subjection to the action of quick-lime."

No doubt quick-lime is as bad as cremation, and both the one and the other must be equally painful, at least when employed for the decomposition of insensitive organic remains. Quick-lime is only a sort of earth, a little more expeditious in its action than common earth, even under the arrangements proposed by Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN. By the way, dear Mrs. MALAPROR, confounding this eminent Surgeon and excellent etcher, with the partisans of fire as against earth, and giving him credit for something more in the way of the Arts than he is quite entitled to, wishes to know when the Sacred Harmonic Society are likely to perform HADEN's *Cremation*?

THE ART OF QUARRELLING.



QUARRELLING, *coram populo*, having become one of our recognised fashionable amusements, like billiards or lawn-tennis, some rules for its conduct, *secundum artem*, may not be without their utility. The following general instructions are deduced from a careful consideration of the many conspicuous games with which the public has lately been entertained.

In the first case, as a sort of preliminary training for this pastime, it is essential to divest yourself of all sense of good-feeling, fairness, and self-respect; and get rid of all such fatal weaknesses as courtesy and openness to conviction. The art of disputing with dignity and decorum, if it ever existed, is a lost one.

Secondly, you must set up an opinion. We say *set up* advisedly, because the establishment of an opinion, like the purchase of a carriage, is an act of pure volition, and has no necessary relation to the intellect or conscience. The more arbitrary and irrational this opinion the better for the special purpose in contemplation. The conviction or assumption that you are the greatest, wisest, and best of mankind, is a very promising principle to start with.

You must then discover somebody, of a contentious turn of mind, whose pet opinion is diametrically opposed to your own. You will have no difficulty in doing this.

Your next step is to tell him, with dogmatic directness, that he is wrong, and suggest, with unmistakeable obviousness, that he is an objectionable idiot for not agreeing with you. Unless he be a wise man—an improbable contingency which need hardly be considered—he will certainly retort in kind, and then the game is fairly set going.

You thereupon sit down and carefully elaborate a scornful and uncomplimentary rejoinder. This is the easiest thing in the world, given time, pen and ink, and a fine freedom from gentlemanly scruples. Your object will, of course, be to say not what is true, but what is telling; not what you honestly think to be pertinent, but what you shrewdly imagine will be painful. Any sense of fairness or of kindly feeling would rob your invective of half its sting. You must be smart and scathing at any cost. Every sentence should be so shaped as to imply your own serene superiority, and your adversary's immeasurable degradation. This, which in ordinary circumstances might seem caddish conceit, is a *sine qua non* in quarrelling, which, like patriotism, covers a multitude of sins. The "yah-hoo" style of derision in favour with street-boys, and the "you're another" fashion of retort, characteristic of silly women on the wrangle, will be found valuable auxiliaries. Comparisons, the more literally "odorous" the better, are also essential. The suggestion, more or less subtly conveyed, that your opponent is of asinine extraction or simious descent is effective, though, from constant repetition, a little stale. Entomological epithets and reptilian analogies, greatly in favour with fervid men of genius, are more offensive, and therefore more eligible, weapons of assault. It has been truly said that there is nothing like hitting a man with a frying-pan; if it does not hurt him, it may dirt him. Abuse suggestive of foul sights and evil smells is sure of some effect, if only upon your opponent's eyes and nose. The sum of your jeremiad may be beside the mark, its epigram may smell at once of the lamp and the gutter, but that does not matter. You will have the sweet consciousness of having concocted a crusher, and may complacently await a reply.

It will come, and will probably be yet more irrelevant in its arguments, laboured in its diction, malodorous in its epithets, than your attack. It is *de règle* on each side to maintain a fine show of indifference to the prick of their adversary's pungencies. The transparent insincerity of the assumption adds greatly to the zest of the squabble.

This sort of thing can be continued until one party or the other gets tired of it, or resolves upon an appeal to the law. In the first case he will simply have wasted a deal of his time, in the second he will probably waste also a considerable amount of his money.

Such are in outline the chief rules and regulations of the new Round Game of Unlimited Shindy. It is a game only fit for noodles and cads, but has attained a considerable, though it may be hoped fleeting, popularity among ill-advised Gentlemen and misguided men of Art and Letters.

SHOPKEEPERS V. STORES.

A DEPUTATION of London Tradesmen waited yesterday on Mr. Punch to solicit his intervention to rescue them from the ruin they believe themselves threatened with by the competition of Co-operative Stores.

The Deputation was headed by Mr. TILKINS, who expressed their fears in prolix and piteous terms.

Mr. Punch said he had himself no dealings with Co-operative Stores. He continued to patronise the tradesmen he had employed all his life. They supplied him with the best of articles on the lowest possible terms; and were content with the honour of serving him, as he never asked credit. As long as they fulfilled these conditions, they would preserve his custom. In what way could he assist the respected gentlemen he saw before him?

Mr. COMPTON said that the Government allowed Co-operative establishments to be carried on under the names of Departments, and entitled Civil Service, Naval, and Military Stores. A word from Mr. Punch, he was sure, would compel the authorities to prohibit this unwarrantable assumption.

Mr. Punch thought such prohibition would do more good than harm to the Co-operative Stores. For his own part he always felt rather prejudiced than otherwise against an establishment with a high-sounding name—which, to him, would rather, if he didn't know better, suggest puffery.

Mr. BILLTON would ask Mr. Punch to request the State authorities to discourage Co-operative Stores connected with public offices, either by materially reducing the salaries of public servants, or increasing their hours of service, so as to leave them no time to practise any employment but what they were paid for with the public money.

Mr. Punch said that nothing could prevent Civil Servants from subscribing to or taking shares in any commercial undertaking, and the more their salaries were cut down, the greater would be the necessity for their buying in the cheapest market.

Mr. FISSTER observed that Free Trade had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

Mr. Punch replied, that so had groceries, provisions, and a great many other commodities, and shortness of weight was too often combined with adulteration. Co-operative Stores sold genuine articles by just weights and measures. Co-operative Stores never allowed housekeepers or other servants a commission on bills. If those who started Co-operative Stores were the Shopkeepers' enemies, let the Shopkeepers take lessons in business from their enemies, allow due discount for ready money, avoid long credits and bad debts, and be contented with moderate gains. They had on their side all the advantages of experience; and there was one point of excellence in which they could always compete with the Civil Service, namely, in civility, which was not always kept in stock, he understood, at the Stores; and, talking of civility, as he (Mr. Punch) was just then particularly busy, he would desire them to take up no more of his valuable time, and would wish them a good morning.

With that, Mr. Punch bowed the Deputation out of his office, and *Toby* courteously saw them down-stairs.

Peace, Peace!

PUNCH begs to implore the mercy of his Correspondents, who keep on ringing the changes on the name of PEACE till Punch is compelled to repeat, what he has often said before, that he won't have PEACE at any price.

REASSURING.

THE "Patent Railway Rack" is not, as might be imagined, a new torment for the long-suffering railway traveller, but an ingenious arrangement for displaying advertisements in railway carriages by aid of mirrors.



"TIENS TOI DONG TRANQUILLE!" (With Apologies to M. DALON.)

Demand and Supply.

THE eadging gangs who have lately been making suburban neighbourhoods vocal with the information that they've "got no work to do," may hear of something to their advantage by applying to the nearest police-court, where they may be provided with "work to do" in the shape of a few weeks' turn at the crank, with intervals for refreshment in the shape of oakum-picking.

VIRTUES AND VICES.

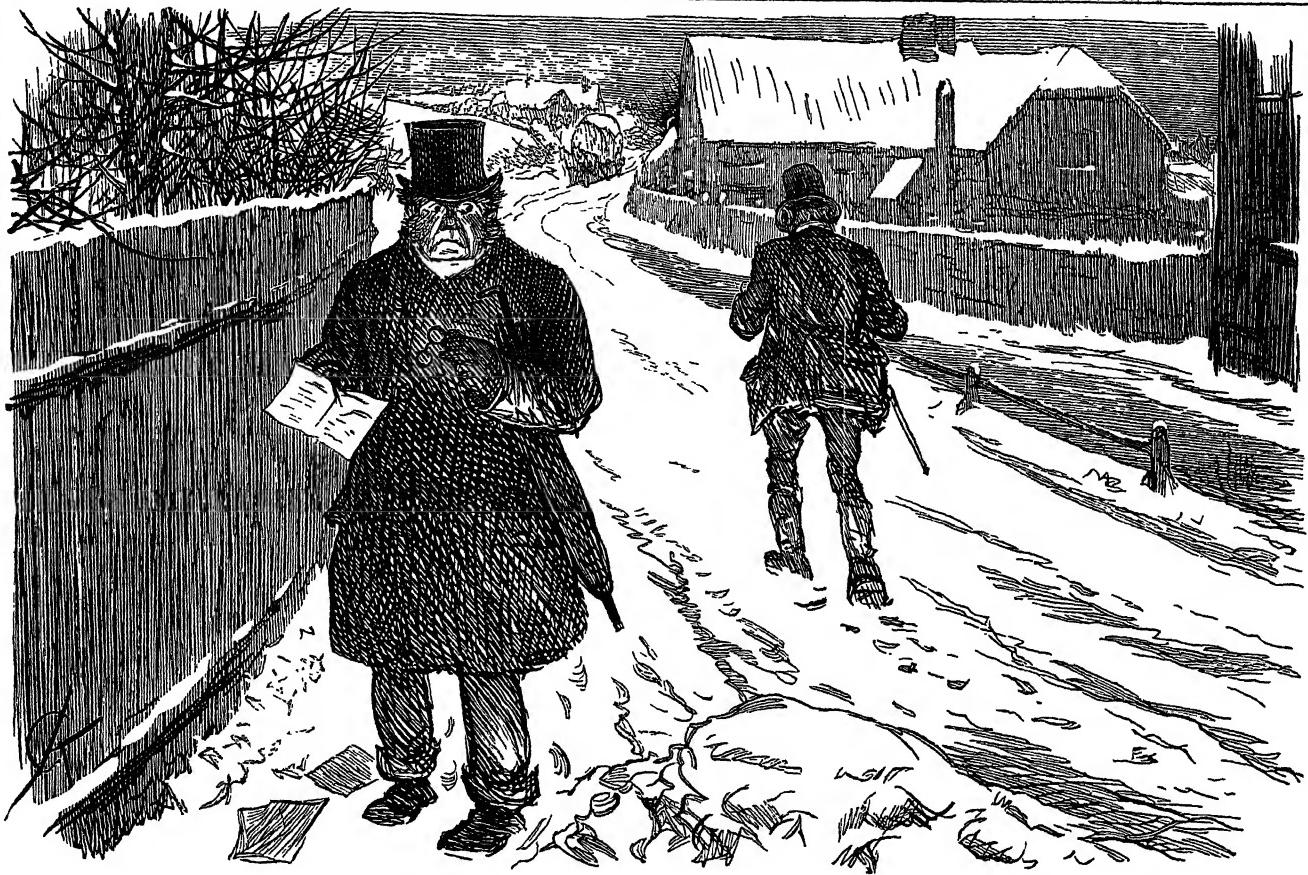
"*Times out of joint*" indeed! Which reads absurd? *Truth* charged with libel, *Peace* with wilful murder?

Distress without Disturbance.

THE prevalent distress is undeniable; but where are the Riots? We should very soon see, had not Free Trade made the necessities of life as cheap as they well can be for the masses. The renewal of disturbances would pretty soon be effected by the restoration of Protection under the name of Reciprocity.

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.

WITH a view to re-establish the Imperial Legend in France, the French Imperialists are naturally going in for their familiar policy, *Divide et impera*.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

IT WAS A BRIGHT FROSTY NEW YEAR'S MORNING, WITH A GENTLE EAST WIND!—AND THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAD TURNED OUT TO CATCH THE EARLY POSTMAN, EXPECTING THE USUAL LETTER FROM HIS SON-IN-LAW ABOUT THE HAMPER FROM TOWN—INSTEAD OF WHICH HE RECEIVES AN APPLICATION FOR A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CRACKBAINTREE LUNATIC ASYLUM. NO WONDER HE LOOKS OUT OF TEMPER!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XI.

Invitation—Surprise—Captain—Regiments—Hat—Sword—Picture—Probabilities—Peter Dermot—Explanation—An Important Character—The Hutch—Alterations—Spiral Staircase—Chilliness—Preparation.

AN invitation from Mr. and Mrs. FELIX PILTON to visit them at their country house, The Hutch, Halfshire. I had accepted PILTON's invitation in Town some time ago.

Two things come upon me as a surprise in connection with FELIX PILTON. The first is that he is only "Mister." I always thought, till now, that he was a "Captain." At the Club, the hall porter and the waiters have always spoken of him as "Captain" PILTON; and every one I know has called him Captain. I had not looked in the list to see if that was his title, and it never occurred to me that, for years, people could go on calling a man "Captain" unless he were a Captain. Had I been asked by a stranger, who might have seen me walking with PILTON, "Who's your military-looking friend?" I should, with some pride, have answered, "That is Captain PILTON!" Had the inquiry been pressed further, and had I been called upon to mention the Captain's regiment, I should—in the absence of any definite information on the subject—have resented the question, as implying a doubt of my friend's character. When you tell any one that a friend of yours is "Captain So-and-So," you naturally expect to be believed implicitly. To be asked, immediately afterwards, "Captain! what in?" sounds like a sneer, not only at your friend, but at yourself. It's as much as to say, "What! you know a Captain! A pretty sort of Captain he must be! Get out! he's no more a Captain than *you* are!"—at least, that is the impression that such a question leaves on my mind. Still, I admit that I've never been able to answer it. I have replied in an offhand manner, "Oh—

PILTON?—he's Captain in some Hussar regiment"—as, when in doubt, I always choose "some Hussar regiment" for any friend of mine, as it sounds dashing, and is the sort of regiment I should have joined, had I felt, in earlier days, any inclination in that direction.

My notions about regiments, and, about the Army generally, I admit (I admit to myself, not publicly) are more than a trifle vague. My idea of a Hussar uniform for example, is founded upon a full-length picture I saw, years ago, when I was a boy. Where I saw it, I don't know, as I might have confused it with some brilliant sign-board—but I don't think so. It represented a Royal Personage in Hessian boots, with very tight-fitting, cherry-coloured pants, gold spurs, maroon jacket covered with gold embroidery, which, by the way, was spangled about in very conspicuous and unnecessary places, suggesting the idea of the tailor having a job lot of gold braid on hand, and sticking it about wherever there was an opening, in sheer despair of ever getting rid of it,—and a sort of flower-pot hat, with something like a smuggler's red night-cap hanging out of the crown (convenient for bivouacking), some gold cords, resembling cut bell-ropes, fastened to it, and a feather stuck into the front, like a small drawing-room hand dusting-brush, perhaps intended to divert the enemy's aim—and this hat he carried jauntily under his arm, as being a better place for it than on his head, while over his left shoulder hung a jacket, the counterpart of the one he was wearing, which might be of use to him in cold weather, as I fancy it was trimmed with fur, or which he might lend to a friend for a fancy ball,—and then, of course, he had a magnificent sword—more like a Turkish scimitar than an ordinary sword—and his right hand was resting on the holster of a fiery and richly-caparisoned steed, while a half-drawn curtain in the background discovered a fearful scene of carnage going on in the far distance, indicated by flames, and smoke, and a *mélée* of little figures careering about in a great state of excitement.

Whether the Eminent Person was aware of what was going on when his back was turned, or whether this apparent indifference was intended to impress the spectators with some idea of the



NOT EASY OF DIGESTION.

Eminent Person's coolness in battle—for to be standing quietly with your horse, in an attitude, having your portrait painted behind a curtain, while one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world is raging outside, within a few yards of you, does certainly denote a vast amount of coolness both on the part of the model, and the artist,—or whether the whole thing was ideal, and the Eminent Person was not a General at all, any more than my friend PILTON is a real Captain, is only known, I suppose, to the painter. But however this may be, my notions of a Hussar have always been regulated by this picture; and when I am asked, "What PILTON"—or any friend of mine, who calls himself Captain, "is a Captain in?" I invariably reply, with a touch of profound astonishment at the ignorance of my questioner, "In the Hussars!"

I say to other friends, "I always thought PILTON was a Captain." They return that they had always thought so too. No one had ever taken the trouble to inquire. We had always preferred to think of him as a Captain, and it is a surprise to everyone, when I inform them that he is *not* a Captain. Another surprise—for me, at least—comes out on the occasion of this invitation—and that is that PILTON is a married man.

"Oh yes," says PETER DERMOD, who knows everything about everybody, without anybody knowing anything at all about *him*, "PILTON's been married for eighteen years, or more. Why, his eldest daughter is quite seventeen."

We ask PETER DERMOD, "What's PILTON a Captain in?"

"Some Yeomanry regiment," replies PETER, readily. "I think it's Lord MELIDEW'S Royal Duffs. There are about sixty of 'em: Gentlemen farmers, and landowners. They go out about twice a year, and have a dinner, and an annual ball. It's more to encourage the breed of horses in the county than for anything else. But it's a handsome uniform."

We are satisfied. PILTON is a Captain, when he's at home. And he is a Captain in order to encourage the breed of horses.

PETER DERMOD is going down to spend a few days with PILTON. We are to meet there. He wishes he could go for longer than a few days, but he has so much on hand just now. "I can't," he says, with an air of mysterious importance—"I can't spare the time, my boy, just now."

PETER DERMOD is a good man to know. You never hear him spoken of as DERMOD without the PETER, and should somebody who had only met him casually, ask any friend of his "if he knew DERMOD," he would be immediately met with the rejoinder—"DERMOD? You mean PETER DERMOD," and the casual acquaintance will perceive at once that not to know PETER, or to speak of him as DERMOD, argues himself unknown.

PETER is supposed to be an Irishman. On occasion he affects a strong brogue, but no one can fix his country, if Irish, nor can anyone be positive as to his nationality. He is consulted on everything by everybody as an authority, and is presumed to have access to authoritative sources of information on most subjects connected with politics and finance; and as he possesses the art of pretending to conceal his profound knowledge, and at the very crisis of an animated discussion about the Government policy, when appealed to, cajolingly,

with, "Come, PETER, *you* can tell us," will shake his head knowingly and walk away as if silently begging you not to press him, PETER is generally credited with being intrusted with such secrets as might determine the fate of empires, and make the fortune of any speculator in foreign stock.

PILTON considers himself fortunate to have secured PETER DERMOD, who, I have always heard, is full of anecdote, and the very best of company. Clearly a treat is in store.

I go down to the Hutch, Halfshire, and find a considerable party assembled. PETER is anxiously expected. The Hutch, Halfshire, is a pretty house, in a charming, well-wooded situation, and, like Rome, was evidently not built in a day—by which I mean that the Hutch has been, probably, put together, at different times, by different people with different opinions. The oldest portion is of the early and very plain English farm-house type, with pointed roof, and plenty of waste space for box-rooms and lofts. Then came someone who thought it would be cheaper to add than rebuild, and who had a taste for verandahs. This second owner decided that the first was wrong in putting his front door facing north, and so he commenced alterations by turning the hall into the drawing-room, converting the door into a window, and making the entrance on the east side, under a verandah. This gentleman's successor evidently considered both his predecessors utterly mistaken, and at once decided that the drawing-room must be where the kitchen was, that the hall should take the place of the drawing-room, that the front door, with a carriage drive, should be on the West, that the verandahs should remain, and a garden door should occupy the place of the dining-room window.

Then came PILTON, who took The Hutch because, he said, "He saw what could be done with it"—which, apparently, up to the present time, at least, turns out to be very little—except, that as a commencement, he has employed an architect to draw plans, which are to include a turret, and a spiral staircase somewhere. His one idea is the absolute necessity in every house of an iron spiral staircase. It is so convenient, and so inexpensive, and so useful in case of fire, and then he adds, as a recommendation, "It looks so light." The advantage of such an appearance apparently being, that, in the event of some dishonest person being struck by the practicability of feloniously abstracting it, like SAMSON with the gates of Gaza, he would find, to his astonishment, that, though it looked light, it was unusually heavy.

Beyond plans, PILTON has done nothing. The last owner had added a wing and a storey, and offices and stable. The wing appears to have been built by someone who had a fancy for variegated tiles, and who thought that the effect of these relieved by Swiss châlet woodwork balconies, and narrow casements, would be in admirable contrast to the architectural notions of the previous builder.

"I object," says PILTON, "to regularity and uniformity in a country-house."

PILTON is inclined to burliness and baldness. He likes putting his hands in his pockets and objecting. Not much ever comes of his objecting, and very little from his not objecting. As a rule he objects, without proposing an amendment. He seldom commits himself to a decided opinion, but usually either represents himself as objecting, or not objecting. Mrs. PILTON is a quiet, thin person, who seems as if she had been shrivelled up by a north-east wind, and was ready for a shiver at any moment.

[*Happy Thought (but not for the person whom it most concerns).* A constitution knocked all to shivers.]

Mrs. PILTON is always languidly projecting, and PILTON decidedly objecting. The result is, that they stop where they are, at the Hutch.

They don't quarrel. The girls—three of them with ancient Saxon Christian names, indicative of Mrs. PILTON'S aristocratic ancestry, for she has rather come down in the family's estimation by marrying PILTON (at least so PETER informs me)—the girls all side with their mother on every question; they all project, and PILTON goes on objecting.

PILTON objected to the family going to London, so Mrs. PILTON projects a party at the Hutch. PILTON objects to too large a party. Mrs. PILTON projects a moderate-sized one. "It's for the girls," says PETER, shrewdly.

I arrive, with PETER, in time for dinner.

PILTON shows me to my room—a bachelor's room—with, so to speak, scratch furniture,—PILTON having objected to unnecessary expense.

"It's not a warm room," says PILTON, standing before the empty grate, with his hands in his pockets; "but I object to a warm room: it's unhealthy."

I say politely that I also object to too warm a room; and I glance at the fire-place.

"We tried the fire," says PILTON, "and it smokes horribly; perhaps it's only in this wind, or perhaps the chimney's a bit damp. But I said to my wife that you wouldn't mind, just for once and away, not having a fire."

"Oh, dear no!" I reply, with a serious smile, wishing to goodness he had told me when he invited me that he was going to put me in a small room without a fire, furnished with a small chest of drawers, which has to serve for a toilette-table, and a washing-stand, on which there is no room for a water-bottle or even a bath-sponge.

"You'll find the bed all right," he adds; "it's only a small iron chair-bed." I see that, and hate it: "but," he goes on, "I don't object to a small iron chair-bed myself." No, perhaps not; but then he is not going to sleep on it.

[*Happy Thought.*—I hope when I do sleep on it, I shall think better of it.]

PILTON, it appears, doesn't object to a small washing-stand, he doesn't object to the top of the chest of drawers serving for a toilette-table, he doesn't object to no fire in the room, nor to one candle to dress by, nor to only a strip of carpet, nor to the blind only coming half-way down, nor to there being no bell, nor to the draught from door to window, nor to my catching cold—in fact, he doesn't appear to object to anything disagreeable that may happen to *Me*. And I suppose he doesn't object to my leaving to-morrow, as I certainly shall, if I'm not more comfortable.

"HOW WE WRITE NOW."

(Adapted from W. S. Gilbert, Esq.)

SCENE—An Enterprising Manager's Sanctum. Enterprising Manager discovered at desk, in a very new hat, smoking a cigarette, and turning over leaves of MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES' latest Catalogue.

Enter W. SHAKSPEARE, Jun.

Enterprising Manager. Ah! how do, my boy? Well, what can I do for you?

Shakspeare, Jun. Give me an answer about those five Acts of mine.

Enterprising Manager (looking towards a shelf loaded with MSS.). Well, it will take its turn with the rest, my boy. I give them all a fair chance:—take six home every night, and read them before I go to bed. (*Poking at them with his stick.*) By the way, what was it? When did you send it in? I don't remember.

Shakspeare, Jun. You've had the scenario this three months. Suppose we run over it?

Enterprising Manager (rising). Can't just now, my boy. Very sorry, but I've got an appointment at twelve, and it's only a quarter to. Some other day.

Shakspeare, Jun. Really this is rather cool. I've come up all the way from Stratford by train.

Enterprising Manager. Fact is, my boy, scenarios are no good. You write your five Acts and send 'em in (*looks at watch*), and then we can do business.

Shakspeare, Jun. But is work done no guarantee for work promised? Surely after writing some thirty stock-plays—

Enterprising Manager. Yes, yes, I know. Capital, every one of 'em. But you're just as likely as not to tip us a frost to-morrow. There's no relying on what a man *has* done, or what he's *going* to do. It's what he *does* that fills the house. That's why we go to Paris. A man knows what he's about there.

Shakspeare, Jun. (reddening). Oh! I see.

Enterprising Manager.—Don't you twig? The whole thing's done to your hand—scenery, business, lingo,—everything! It's stealing one's brooms ready made, all but the mere English colour, instead of the French polish, on the handle. But, look here, don't you cut up rough. I'll tell you what I'll do for you. (*Takes up book of new French piece.*) Here is the last big thing at the Palais Royal. I've secured the English right. Cost me a pot o' money. Put it in your pocket, and run over it, or, better still, run over there and see it yourself, and then do it into English for us. The less talky-talky the better, but work up the comic business,—and make the patter as spicy as you can. I was going to give it to JONES: but you shall have the job, my boy. Your name will make a good line in the bill;—and that's always something to the good—eh?

[*Pats him affably on the shoulder.* Exit W. S., Jun., with what appetite he may for his adaptation job.

PROGRESS BY RECIPROCITY.

(From Captain F. Burnaby's *Prophetic Protectionist's Primer*.)



1880. THE great principle, that "The community exists only for the benefit of the trader, not the trader for the necessity of the community," universally recognised by all enlightened Statesmen. The abrogation of Commercial Treaties begins.

1881. Sautour Champagne sold at Public Auction, at £25 10s. the dozen. First bottle of British Château Margaux, made at Birmingham, and condemned as "highly dangerous to health" by public analyst. Porter-drinking at Weddings and Evening Parties commences.

1882. "Raw Material, Retaliatory Bill" passed. Importation of wood and leather ceases. Paper Sandals worn at the Opera, and hair-brushes, walking-sticks, drawing-room furniture, and cricket-bats of cast-iron, come into general use.

1883. Tallow supply ceases. Pomade riots in the Burlington Arcade. The General Bristol Country Butter Company goes into liquidation.

1884. Spirited policy of the Government towards America. Importation of foreign corn stopped. The half-quartet loaf sold at Co-operative Stores for 13s. 6d. Bath-buns first made of plaster of Paris.

1885. Serious bread-riots in the dining-room at the Carlton. Rye, oats, and Revalenta Arabica publicly sown in Hyde Park, the London Squares, and Temple Gardens.

1886. "Sugar, spice, and dry food" retaliatory measure carried. Glycerine first taken with tea. The Lord Mayor's Banquet held as usual—the menu consisting of "red herrings, calf's liver, and beetroot dumplings."

1887. "Anti-retaliator" writes to the *Times* newspaper from "Araminta Row, North Kilburn," to complain, that though his family consists of four, and meat is only "seen in the house on one Sunday in six," he finds, with present prices, he spends over £4,000 a year.

1888. Chocolate and Mutton Chop smuggling commences. Extinction of the iron, cotton, hard-ware, and other industries. Universal emigration. Peers have to fetch their own coals from the pit's mouth. The LORD CHANCELLOR takes Drury Lane Theatre for an amateur performance, and reads CAMPBELL'S *Last Man* to an empty house.

1889. Wolves appear in South Kensington. Five-pound Notes sold in the streets at the rate of four-dozen for one walnut. General exodus of everybody. Last performance but six of *Our Boys*.

1890. England ceases to be a recognised portion of the "habitable Globe." Departure of the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade for Monaco.

CLERICAL CANT.

ON behalf of the Rev. Mr. CARTER, Vicar of Clewer, charged with introducing Ritualistic performances into the Church Service, a plea has been founded on the alleged "elasticity" of the Church, which gives full play to its different "schools of thought." As to "elasticity," the question is, how much farther the Church, by Law Established, will stretch without breaking away from the Law, with which its relations have long been strained? The Church had no elasticity in the old days which preceded the modern influx of India Rubber within its pale. Neither did it then comprise any "schools of thought," properly so-called. If it had any "schools," they were not schools of thought, but schools of division and dogma. If the Church of England were really divisible into schools of thought, it would hardly present the present pitiable and painful spectacle of schools in an uproar.

A MAD BULL.—Anybody insane enough to buy for a rise in Turks.



A CHAPTER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Jack. "JUST LOOK AT THAT SNEAK OF A ROBIN! WOULDN'T I CATAPULT HIM IF I HAD A CHANCE!"
Clara. "CATAPULT A ROBIN! FOR SHAME, JACK!"

Jack. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT IF THERE IS A BIRD I HATE MORE THAN ANOTHER, IT'S A ROBIN. THEY COME SNEAKING UP TO YOU IN THE WINTER, WHEN THEY WANT CRUMBS—JUST LIKE THE FELLOWS AT SCHOOL WHEN YOU'VE GOT A HAMPER—AND THEN, IN THE SUMMER, WHEN THEY'VE GOT THEIR HAMPER, THEY WON'T LOOK AT YOU!"

'ARRY ON 'IGH ART.

DEAR CHARLIE,

The picters you sent me were proper—my style to a touch. I've had 'em hung up in my den, and my pals like the style of 'em much. That gal in Turk togs is a screamer. Wot eyes! and her figger!—well there! She's as spicy as them there Swell photos, as set arf the town on the stare. That's Art, my dear boy, and no gammon; but lots as now goes by that name. Is no better than riddles to me, and I'm blowed if I'm fly to its game. "Wot of that, festive bloater?" sez you. "Taint the sort for *your* kidney, old pal." Right you are, but I've bin in it lately, wus luck, all along of a gal. She's a kind of a sort of third cousin of ours, in town on a visit to dad: So I've had to come the star-walker. She has got the rummiest fad: Exhibitions and galleries and that is *her* mark. Just imagine, old man! Stone images, picters, engravings, and such-like artistic cold scran! The things that I've seen this last fortnit! I 'ate exhibitions like sin; Yawn-shops every one; but then Loo has prime eyes, and her Guy'nor has tin. And so I've bin doing the rounds, and, though I mayn't be much of a judge, Seems to me, for a chap up to snuff, your 'Igh Art is just out-and-out fudge.

Elevating the masses be blowed! Wot's the good of your blooming Anteek?

A lot of old scarecrows in blankets, barefooted, and big in the beak. I would rather a jolly long shot see the poses or Madame Two-swords, And I ventured to say so to Loo, who declared she was shocked at my words.

Stone gals ain't my mark, not a mite; only fit to stick up in the squares, Or hold lamps in a Music-'All lobby. The stone-chippers give theirselves airs; But sandals, and swords, and rum togs, all awtist and chucked on anyhow, Though they might have been nuts to the Greeks, ain't the right sort of thing for us now.

Such togs are a floofer to *me*. I asked Loo how *she'd* cotton to wear A rig-out like Venus or Physic, or some sech a name as that 'ere: (Loo rhymes it to Crikey, I fancy. Ain't Sikey a neat sort o' name?) Of course she just sniffed and shut up, but it nailed her, old man, all the same.

I like limbs as is limbs, my dear CHARLIE, and faces as ain't got the chalks; A fig for your Classical attitoods, wobbles, and slommocking walks! Slantindicular saints on the goggle, and mooney young women in grey, With their muslins all twisted tight round 'em don't elevate *me*, I must say.

Loo says I'm a reglar Philistine; I fancy she means that for chaff. Goliath wos of the CHANG inches, and I ain't five foot and a half,



HERCULES AND THE WAGGONER.

HERCULES. "PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL, MY LAD! AND TRY 'CO-OPERATION' YOURSELVES!"—*Old Fable*.

But if he preferred the *Police News* to picters of gals in a faint, Set me down as a match for GOLIATH in that respect, blowed if I ain't.

When I see them old fogies in marble, I think wot a lark it 'ud be To paint 'em sky-blue, or dab on a moustarch, on the strictest Q. T. You remember the spree we once 'ad, when they'd showed us some blooming old Greek, 'Ow I waited till no one was looking, and just chipped my name on his cheek!

The masses won't get "elevation" from things as they don't understand.

'Wot we want in a picter is flavour and "fetch," and yours give it me grand.

Loo may talk, but the whole Classic lot ain't worth one of your screamers from *Parry*, And there's heaps of the same way of thinking as

Yours obligatedly,
ARRY.

VOICES OF THE DARK.

(From Mr. Punch's Own Ghostly Reporter.)



necessarily assumes a somewhat vague and shadowy character.

The Ghost of a Gentleman with a red nose and a very hoarse voice was called to the Chair. He said that it gave him the greatest possible pleasure to preside at that meeting, as he was a thoroughly English Ghost. As an out-and-out Englishman in the flesh, he had loved sound port and unsound argument. He admitted that he did not know very much about the subject occupying the attention of the assembly. But what of that? He had seen a report of a meeting of some of the opponents of Co-operation; he considered Co-operation an un-English practice, and thought the speeches delivered at that gathering eminently English and simply admirable. ("Hear, hear!") Co-operation was a curse. (Cheers.) Co-operation was a snare. (Renewed cheering.) Co-operation was the favourite instrument of tyrants. (Great cheering.) Co-operation was the invention of slaves. (Immense applause.) He would now pause to take a little breath and some refreshment. In the meantime, he trusted that the discussion would not be allowed to languish for want of speakers as enthusiastic, and, if possible, more argumentative than the humble individual who had been so unworthily called to the Chair. (Applause.)

The Chairman having retired to the Shades, the Ghost of a Hand-loom Weaver addressed the meeting. He said he could but too well understand the tradesmen's objection to Co-operation. About a hundred years ago a Derbyshire barber, called ARKWRIGHT, had ruined his (the speaker's) trade. He and another, by their invention of machinery for spinning cotton-yarns, had completely thrown out of gear every honest hand-loom in the North of England. (Cries of "Shame!") Yes, it was a shame. And what did the Government of the day do? Why, as they now allow the over-paid and under-worked Clerks in the Public Offices to crush the retail tradesmen—the very men from whose hard earnings are wrung the splendid salaries they receive for warming themselves at roaring fires, and reading the *Times* for five hours a day—so they then allowed the wood and iron of ARKWRIGHT'S Throstle to paralyse the bone and sinew of a whole country-side, and to silence the whirring

shuttles of a whole region of industrious looms for the benefit of a few monster mills and their bloated owners. ("Loud cheers.") They even knighted the man who had done this mischief. ("Hear, hear!") It was then prophesied by all clear-sighted people that the cotton manufacture of the Northern Counties would never recover from the blow thus inflicted upon it. And those who knew the country that languishes under the smoke-clouds of Manchester and the other unwholesome cotton capitals, could say how completely that prediction had been fulfilled. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The shade of a Stage-Coachman, with a very red face, and wearing a many-caped drab great-coat, then addressed the meeting. He said that there were a great many things he did not believe in. First and foremost, he did not believe in Railways. When he was on the box, he had always said that Railways would be the ruin of the country. And had they not been? Look at the times he remembered, when a traveller would be four days on the road between London and York. Why, he took, say, his eighteen regular meals on the road then, besides snacks and brandies-and-waters! But how was it now? Why, a man could breakfast at the great Midland Hotel, in St. Pancras, and dine at the York Refreshment Room the same day. He heard it said that people ate as many meals as ever. That was very true. But where did they eat 'em? Why, in their own houses, and what good was that to anybody, he would like to know? (Immense cheering.) England would never be Old England again, till Railways were put down by Act of Parliament. As for his own class, they had been clean run off the road long ago. It was heart-breaking! Then look at the coach-horses and the coaching-houses! What had become of them? (Sensation.) No wonder Society was a coming to an end. He had heard of their building up 'busses into barricades in Paris. Serve the swells right if they had done the same with the stage-coaches in London, afore things had come to this pretty pass. ("Hear! hear!")

A Country Innkeeper's Spirit, of the last century, said that it wasn't so much the Railways, as the putting down of the posting business, that had done the mischief. As for them nasty overgrown Railway Station Hotels, he was ashamed of 'em. No landlord could make a decent living out of 'em; and yet every one of 'em mopped up as much custom as would keep twenty proper-sized comfortable, old established houses. It was disgusting! Talk of "Managers"! "Mis-managers" he called 'em. He repeated he was ashamed of them, and Co-operation was a chip of the same block, so no wonder he was ashamed of it too. (Cheers.)

The pale-faced Shade of a Tallow-chandler said the preceding speakers had not thrown so full a light on the subject as was to be desired. They had said nothing of the mischief that had been caused by the introduction of gas, and the disappearance of the good old oil-lamps from the streets. (Cheers.) He understood and believed that the workhouses were full of decayed Chandlers. The Whitby and Hull whalefishing fleets were no more; and you could not obtain a pint of wholesome, sweet whale-oil for love or money. (Cheers.) So much for their new lights. He for one preferred the light of other days! (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

The Chairman having now resumed the Chair, said that, it having been proved in his absence that Invention was the mother of Starvation, and Progress the road to Ruin (cheers), he would ask the meeting to pronounce, by a firmly-worded Resolution, that the world would be much better off without power-looms, railways, gas, and last, but not least, Co-operation. (Cheers.) England had been brought to the verge of ruin by Free Trade. Millions were now starving because of the influx of cheap corn, grown by the miserable serfs of Russia and the savage tribes of North America. Even so under the curse of Co-operation—

At this point the meeting was interrupted by the crowing of a cock, which, in consequence of the electric light having (as one of the speakers grumbled) turned "night into day," had come upon the spectral throng unexpectedly, and the Ghosts melted not "into thin air," but their more congenial atmosphere—dense fog!

France in a Fever.

THE late crisis in France terminated in a vote of confidence in M. DUFRAURE, by a majority of 223 to 121. That is to say, if this last crisis be indeed the last crisis France has experienced, and if that highly critical country has not since gone, or be not now going, through another. So frequent have crises come to be there, if we may trust "Our Own Correspondents," that the case of France seems to be one of continued fever. England had hopes for better things from the "opportunism" of GAMBETTA, which did not come out in the late collision.

Contradiction in Terms.

TWENTY-FIVE Millions Floating Debt, like winking
Run up! A Sinking Fund, beyond aggression!
Let's hope our Floating Debt may soon be sinking,
Our Sinking Fund keep floating through the Session.



PARRIED.

Facetious Parson (to Parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid Abstainer).
"AH, MR. BROWN! FOOLS STAND IN SLIPPERY PLACES, I'VE HEARD!"

Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state). "So I SEE, SIR; BUT I'M BLEST IF I CAN!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Drury Lane for a Début—The Court—Coming Operas—A Reminiscence.)

THE appearance of Miss KENNY, daughter of CHARLES LAMB KENNY, at Drury Lane, as *Juliet*, was the event in the theatrical world last week. Miss KENNY, being entirely untaught, has, naturally, much to learn, and to commence her career with *Juliet* was a bold stroke—too bold, perhaps. She speaks distinctly, and with remarkable intelligence, which is more than I can say for young Mr. COMPTON, who seems to have become an Irvingite—I mean as far as the unknown tongue goes.

The best part of Miss KENNY's performance was the balcony-scene, which was girlish, graceful, and natural. The scenes of more violent passion, as was inevitable in the case of so complete a novice, were the least satisfactory. By the time she reached the death-scene, she had lost full command of her voice, and the wonder was that she had kept it so long. Her organ has still to gain the power and variety which practice, guided by intelligence, will give. The want of stage-training was, of course, very apparent in the comparative ineffectiveness of the death-scene. But for one who, as we are assured, never even saw the play acted, and who played the part in that huge theatre without any professional teaching and with very insufficient rehearsals, her self-possession, and the intelligence of her reading and bye-play, were nothing short of wonderful. Still, as yet, this is only promise, though uncommon promise, and for its fulfilment we must wait.

The scenery was funny. The apothecary, apparently, lived in a Palazzo—rents being low—and had spent all his spare cash in façades and architectural embellishments. If there were any people about, a casual passer-by must have been attracted by his conversation with *Romeo*. All secrecy was avoided. *Romeo* seemed to consider that "giving" at the knees was expressive of emotion. The more he was mentally upset, the more he gave at the knees. At the

A FIGURE FOR FARNHAM.

PUNCH,

ONE of your evening papers, called the *Echo*, contains the following notice of an honour which some people are said to intend doing to the memory of one of the best, wisest, and greatest men that Farnham, or Surrey, or indeed any place in all England, or the whole world, for the matter of that, ever produced:—

"It is proposed to erect a statue of WILLIAM COBBETT at Farnham, his native town."

Observe, the writer of the above paragraph says "a statue of WILLIAM COBBETT." Not of "the late WILLIAM COBBETT," as some of your leatherheaded penny-a-liners would have stupidly said. No; because he perceived, what a set of boobies could never have discovered, the ridiculous absurdity of calling a man "the late" when that man is acknowledged by all instructed and sensible people to be immortal.

To be sure, the numerous and useful works of that incomparable Author, whose birth has given Farnham celebrity throughout the civilised world, are monument enough for him. But if, besides, the admirers of excellence choose to assign him also a molten or graven image, by all means let them.

Perhaps, in order to further the execution of a work of Art which will reflect the highest credit on all concerned in it, you will, if you can, inform its promoters where an authentic cast of Farnham's illustrious native above-named is to be found. The only thing of the kind I myself can think of is the well-known waxen effigy at Madame TUSSAUD'S, clothed in the dress he habitually wore, and deliberately rolling its head from side to side by means of ingenious mechanism. A copy of it in bronze or marble, surmounted with an awning to keep the rain out of the works, would serve for a lifelike statue of your disembodied but constant reader,

Botley, Hampshire, Hades.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

END OF AN ADAGE.

A CONTINENTAL telegram announces that American coals are beginning to be sold at Geneva. Perhaps they will soon be on sale at Newcastle.

OUR GREATEST ROAD-CONTRACTORS (IN ABERDEEN-SHIRE).—The Snow-storms.

beginning of the play, he had been a very upright young man. Limpness was, at the last, the prevailing impression he left on me.

A more business-like Friar than Mr. RYDER I never remember. Certainly the play lasted till five o'clock, and if Mr. RYDER had to appear as somebody else, somewhere, by seven, there wasn't much time left for dinner, and, therefore, I can quite understand the uncommonly short work Honest JACK RYDER (as the Friar) made of the last scene. Let any one, who does not remember the details, refer to the play, where, in scene last, the "comfortable Friar"—Honest JOHN aforesaid—enters "with lantern, crow, and spade," complaining of having barked his shins by stumbling over the graves. To him, *Balthasar*. They converse: then, gradually, he discovers *Romeo*, then *Paris*—County *Paris* in the churchyard, not the capital of France—and finally wakes up *Juliet*. All these are in "the monument."

But with the dinner-hour, probably, in view, or out of consideration for the feelings of the audience, not wishing to harrow them up too much on such a bitterly cold day, the "comfortable Friar" entered abruptly, saw the state of affairs at a glance, exclaimed, without betraying the slightest surprise or emotion, "What *Romeo* dead, and *Paris* too!"—or words, briefly, to that effect—then aroused *Juliet*, and observing, like the *Pantaloons*, when he gives the alarm to *Clown* who is filching a string of sausages from a shop-window, that "Somebody's coming," he stalked off, without another look at the "Girl he'd left behind him!" It was a fine performance! It showed at what a pitch of self-restraint the ascetic Friar had arrived; how perfectly he could control his feelings; and how, even on such an occasion, he could suppress all outward expression of grief, while preserving the gravity of his demeanour and the majesty of his gait. Bravo, Mr. RYDER! "Many have told of the monks of old!" but commend me for a "Comfortable Friar," and a "Holy Sire," to our old friend honest JOHN. Miss KENNY starts with the best wishes of her friends; and her rare intelligence and pluck are good auguries for her ultimate success.

One of the best Bills in London—the Divine WILLIAM at the



THE WAY THINGS GET ABOUT.

Young Smith. "THEY SAY THE MIDDLESEX AND JERUSALEM BANK HAS SMASHED."

Old Brown. "BOSH! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE CONTRARY."

Young Smith. "REALLY? THEN IT MUST BE THE MIDDLESEX AND SOMETHING ELSE; BUT I DO THINK THERE SHOULD BE SOME WAY OF PUNISHING THE IDIOTS WHO GO SPREADING THESE REPORTS ABOUT."

Lyceum, of course, excepted—is, for light comedy, to be found just now at the Court. The ingenious play—light comedy is its true description—called the *Scrap of Paper*, is capitally acted. Mr. KENDAL reminds me forcibly in tone and manner of the late Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, and the scenes between Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are very amusing, though the last Act is, a trifle too farcical. It "goes," however, tremendously. But the *Quiet Rubber* is my favourite, not as a well-written piece, for the dialogue is not brilliant, but as a charming little comedietta with two very clever sketches of character, which become highly finished miniatures in the hands of Mr. WENMAN as *Mr. Sullivan*, and—

"Mister HARE
As *Lord Kilclare*,"

whose only fault is over-elaboration. But the whole performance is well worth going some distance to see, even in this over-elaborated weather.

Ere this appears, Mr. CARL ROSA (is it CARL ROSA, or CHARLES ROSE? What's in a name?) will have started with *Rienzi* and *Piccolini* at Her Majesty's. Good luck to operas in English, and to English operas, if we can get them.

So, to hark back, for a moment, to Mr. KENDAL's resemblance to CHARLES MATHEWS, it reminds me of a "gag" that the latter introduced into his part, when he was playing in his own version of the same piece—and being his own version, "gag" was, I suppose, pardonable. It was, I think, in the last Act; CHARLES MATHEWS was the Colonel and Mr. Howe the Jealous Husband. The Colonel wanted to conceal the letter, or tell somebody something—I forgot what the precise situation was—but at all events the line he had to say was,

THE (DEAD) LETTER OF THE LAW.

GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, a kindly man, whose heart had been moved for the neglected, ill-cared-for, and too often ill-used wives and children of our bargees—that large but little known floating population of our canals and rivers,—mainly by his own exertions in urging the subject on the Home Office and the Collective Wisdom, at last got an Act passed for the registration and inspection of barges. The origin and effect of the registration was to bring the barge-babies within the pale of school-law; and one chief object of the inspection was to see and secure that certain elementary conditions as to living and sleeping-space, ventilation and cleanliness, were complied with. In a word, the law aimed at making the barge-children fit to live, and the barges fit to live in.

Thereupon, *Punch* very much applauded Mr. GEORGE SMITH for what he had done, and sat down, hugging himself in the thought that the worst days of the barge-women and barge-babies were over, and that old father Antic, the Law, had taken these poor outcasts and out-livers under his protection.

But now he learns to his equal amazement and dismay that the Barge Registration and Regulation Act is, in many—if not in most cases—a dead letter; that in one instance a barge-owner has written in vain, more than once, to the Local Authorities of his native town, asking them to have his barges inspected and registered. He has not even got an answer to his letters. "In fact, it almost seems," writes Mr. SMITH to the *Daily News*, "as if those who have the carrying out of this Act—one of the most beneficent Acts of the present Government—are determined to let it quietly die, and then bury it and nobody know."

Another Correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. LANGDON, writes:—

"To-day I have walked along the sides of the canal from Hampstead Road wharf to the City Road basin, and visited the wharves in the neighbourhood of Edgware Road and Paddington, and have seen between 130 to 150 canal boats, barges, and flats, and I have not seen one canal boat, barge, &c., which has been registered in accordance with the provisions of the Act."

In the name of those on whose behalf the Act was passed, the women and children, whose lives are lived, and often lost, aboard these floating homes, *Mr. Punch* begs to ask, if the law for their regulation is to be reduced, not merely to the letter, but to the dead letter; and, if not, "when the registering is going to begin?"

Which question, with *Mr. Punch's* compliments, he takes leave to put to all Town Councils, Local Boards, and other Local Authorities charged, but as yet it would seem ineffectually, with the administration of the Barge Registration and Regulation Act.

"Well I must tell her, but how?"—when, at that moment, the Jealous Husband appearing at the door, MATHEWS turned to the audience, and in a very distinct aside *au public*, and with a knowing wink said, "Ah, here's *Howe*!"—which was received with a shout. Of course the "gag" became stereotyped, but the way he gave it was imitable.

The Opera and another visit to the Old Masters must next occupy the attention of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

DRUNK, OR DYING?

ALWAYS practical, and always humane, *Mr. Punch* is glad to ventilate a very simple and much needed remedy for a very painful and often recurring neglect. We are continually reading of inquests on poor folks, who, having been run in as "drunk and incapable," turn out to be dying, and incapable even of saying so. Such cases of incapability are now left to the tender mercies of the police—generally as "incapable" of distinguishing drunk from dying as those they take up—and the comfort of the cell, which, at best, is very cold comfort indeed, and often turns out a very serious "sell" for all concerned—both the moribund run in, and the repentant runner-in, who meant no harm, but whose sphere of duty was narrowed all round, by his ignorance first, and the Station accommodation afterwards.

Mr. J. H. HILL, Surgeon, of Abercorn Place, N.W., stirred by a very sad recent case of this cruel confusion of drink and disease, writes to the *Daily News*, suggesting—

"That at each police-station there should be a suitable room, containing a

few beds, provided for the reception of doubtful cases such as the above, or of persons insensibly drunk. Those on duty at the police-station could attend to them under the direction of the police-surgeon, who ought invariably to be called in to examine cases of danger or doubt, and after a few hours any doubt in a given case would have passed away. Such an arrangement would provide the police with a means of safely detaining many of their cases of 'drunk and incapable' which cannot humanely or without danger be placed in a cell, and which in many instances under the present system are removed to a hospital or workhouse infirmary, where, as I know from long experience, they not only fill up ill-spared beds, but greatly disturb the much-wished-for rest of a large number of sick persons, coming as they often do in the middle of the night.'

Punch presents his respectful compliments to Sir E. HENDERSON, and begs earnestly to recommend Mr. Hill's humane suggestion to the Police Commissioners.

MORE "HECKLING" FOR HAWARDEN.



"In response to an invitation from us, Mr. GLADSTONE has answered some questions which it was thought would throw light upon obscure portions of his biography."—*The Biograph*.

REASONS with which it is unnecessary to trouble our readers induce us to believe that all the questions which were proposed to Mr. GLADSTONE have not been published, and we are glad to have the opportunity of supplying the omitted queries. They are as follows:—

Be good enough to give the name of the street and the number of the house in which you were born at Liverpool, and to state on which side of the street the house stood, and whether, to your knowledge, an enamelled tablet has been let into the wall (as it ought to be) to acquaint present and future generations with your exact birth-place.

What was your allowance at Eton, and did you roam about the Playing Fields revolving in your mind the first germ of the Disenchantment and Disestablishment of the Irish Church?

Did you drive tandem at Oxford? Who was your "Coach" at that University, and was his tutorial connection with you any advantage to him when you held the reins of office? Were you first led to reflect on Church and State from seeing the Esquire Bedells precede the Vice-Chancellor with their silver pokers along the High P?

When you were a Candidate for Newark in 1832, did you select the "Clinton Arms" as your hotel because it bore the family name of the Duke of NEWCASTLE? Were you not pleased with your accommodation in that hostelry, and what did you give the head waiter when you left?

When you were a Lord of the Treasury in Sir ROBERT PEEL's Ministry, did you frequently visit at Drayton Manor, and can you recollect in what room you slept? Do you remember on one occasion lying awake "in the early, early morning," and picturing to yourself the time when you should be Prime Minister?

Before you accepted office as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, did you make a little tour through Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, the Bermudas, and Canada?

When President of the Board of Trade, did you make yourself acquainted with all the duty-paying articles then in the British tariff, and did you devise a *Memoria Technica*, and hang it over your shaving-glass, to enable you to fix these articles indelibly in your mind?

You have been Chancellor of the Exchequer two or three times, and you have also been Prime Minister—your opinion therefore as to the comfort and convenience of the official residence in Downing Street will carry great weight. Were the rooms draughty, did the chimneys smoke, and were you ever called upon to remonstrate about the drains?

When you finally separated yourself from the Conservative party, what did you say to them, and did they give you a farewell dinner?

Were you ever solicited to aid a great metropolitan movement for the re-establishment of Greenwich Fair, and can you remember the reasons you adduced (on a post-card) for declining to countenance such an agitation?

Did you discharge a footman in 1873, and for what precise reason

was he dismissed? Is it true that he was (on the maternal side) an Irishman, and had his enforced retirement from your establishment any connection with the rejection of the University Education (Ireland) Bill?

Was Sir ROBERT WALPOLE or Lord LIVERPOOL your model "in the principles, or the administrative art in politics"?

In the event of your remaining in office in 1874, should you have abolished the Income Tax, disestablished the Churches of England, Wales, and Scotland, introduced Universal Suffrage (including the females), repealed the Game Laws, swept away Primogeniture, and bought up all the Railways, Waterworks, Gasworks, and Cemeteries, and converted them into so many subordinate Departments of the State?

Have you any "Moral antipathies"? If so, name (in confidence) your greatest.

Can you give an estimate (in round numbers) of the amount you have contributed to the Post Office revenue during the last five years?

Is it a fact that you can repeat all the works of HOMER by heart backwards, and with the omission of the alternate lines?

ANOTHER PEG IN THE ROADWAY.

OUR Flower has blossomed into a Bouquet. Not content with his own, and *Punch's* solitary "pegging away" at the defective laying of the Paddington roads—would the fault were confined to that eminently respectable parish!—he has enlisted a phalanx of good men and true, dwellers in "the handsome houses," that look down on Hyde Park, to take up his cry, and to memorialise the Tyburnian Vestry in support of it.

The Memorial is a model of temperate but plain speaking, and close keeping to the point. It includes two counts:—

"1. That the granite cubes for some time used in the road repairs are of excessive size and weight.

"2. That, even if the cubes were of proper size, the repairs are done in an unscientific, and, consequently, extravagant manner."

Next comes the evidence in support of the first count:—

"For two months past the ratepayers have been taking active notice of the road repairs in the parish and the materials used, and on various occasions and in various streets granite cubes have been picked up—which can be laid before you, if you require them—of huge size and weight, much larger than the contract size.

"The cubes in question have not been specially selected, but are fair samples of the bulk of the heaps from which they were taken on the roads, whilst some have been taken from the heaps of granite cubes in the Vestry's own stone-yard."

Then follows a statement of palpable facts, in support of count number two:—

"The roads are not repaired after MACADAM'S principle—even putting aside for the moment the size of the cubes.

"Huge layers of granite cubes many inches deep are spread over the road that is under repair, and find their own level, filled in for the time with fine gravel and sand. The gravel in course of time works up into mud, which has to be carted away, and the result is, holes for water to lie in, ridges for horses and foot passengers to trip over, and great danger to springs and wheels."

Witness to this, all ribs, and frames, of drivers and driven, to say nothing of horses and carriages, traversing Tyburnia.

The Memorial winds up with a fair statement of the extent of the grievance, and—crown of all—a plain, practical, and practicable suggestion:—

"The grievance affects all classes of society in the parish, the tradesmen's carts and horses, the rich man's carriages and horses, the omnibus companies, and the foot passengers. We conclude with a practical suggestion, viz.: That the advice of a professional pupil of MACADAM'S should be obtained forthwith by the Vestry, in order that the present bad system may give place to a new and better one."

Punch need not stay to "tot" up the united ratings of the Memorialists. He contents himself, as a frequent traveller in Tyburnia, with echoing both the plaint and the prayer of the Memorial, and recommending the respectable ratepayers—not the carriage people only, but the cab and fly people as well—of other districts intersected with long roadways—as, e.g., Belgravia and the regions abutting on the Embankment—to go and do likewise. If we must pay paving-rates, as we must, let them, at least, be for the most durable and level roads. The more the contractors have to pay for stone-breaking, the less we shall have to pay for bone-breaking, of man and horse alike.

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN ABOUT AFGHANISTAN.

It will be well if the "cost of pacification" can be as easily provided for as the "pacification of Khost" seems to have been thus far.



STAUNCH.

Old Lady (who had been buying Eggs). "DEED, MR. MCTREACLE, BUTCHERS' MEAT'S SAE DEAR NOW-A-DAYS AN'M NO ABLE TO BUY 'T!"

Grocer. "YOU SHOULD TURN A VEGETARIAN—"

Old Lady. "A VEEGETARIAN!—NA, NA! AH WAS BORN AN' BROCHT UP I' THE FREE KIRK, AN' A'M NO GAUN TA CHANGE MA RELEEGION I' M' AULD DAYS!"

A BURNING SHAME.

THE Anti-Cremationists of Woking have been opening the fiercest of fires on the proposed "Bustum," before the HOME SECRETARY. "Trains," they say, already "run into the heart of the Cemetery," and now here is a "Bustum" about to be run into the hearts of the Cemetery shareholders. Their difficulty is to get hold of somebody to fire at. Failing other offending bodies which may hereafter be brought to the "Bustum," the only offender they can find to pour their vials of wrath over, is a Mr. EASY, a Civil Engineer, who says he has been "instructed to erect the necessary apparatus in a secluded spot."

So, at least, the outrage is not going to be thrust offensively under the eyes and noses of the public. But, admitting this, the Woking Anti-Cremationists still consider that Mr. EASY's proceedings have been much too free and easy.

They can't say he is about to create a nuisance; but they are of opinion that the whole scheme will be not only a damage to Woking Cemetery Shares, but "a monstrous interference with the simple rites of interment;" that "Cremation is a scandal and a disgrace, and is so regarded throughout the breadth of the land." With a great deal more too virulent and offensive for *Punch* to repeat.

If this be so, surely the vigilant guardians of Woking need not fear that Mr. EASY's Cremation Society will be likely to find many customers. *Punch* is glad to offer them this consolation *en attendant mieux*. In the meantime, it is quite right that proper inquiry should be made into what the Cremationists are going to do before they are allowed to do it. And this Mr. CROSS promises. So rest, perturbed spirits of Woking, rest!

A Good Example.

WE observe, in the interesting proceedings at the Caucus, held by the "Southwark Liberal Two Hundred"—whoever they may be—that the Candidates, after being trotted out, are put through the ballot, and retire in succession, the one with fewest votes first, so that the last in wins, as in that other and earlier form of Caucus, a donkey-race.

MIDDLE-AGE MUSINGS.

Suggested by Mr. Caldecott's Charming Illustrations to "John Gilpin" and "The House that Jack Built."

"AH! 'twas not so when I was young."
Those words from many an ancient tongue,
At modern modes and manners flung,

Have fallen, and in fact, I
Whose hair is thin and tinged with grey,
Feel ever strengthening, day by day,
The senile tendency to play.

Laudator temporis acti.

But while in pleasant pictured guise
JACK builds, or luckless GILPIN flies,
Those words upon my lips arise

With quite another meaning.
It was not so, in very sooth,
Art illustrated in my youth
The nursery legends on whose truth

Young faith delights in leaning.

"Look on this picture and on that!"
My old book's here; I gaze thereat,
The house, the cow, the dog, the rat,—

Coarse daubs and out of drawing.
But, sketched by CALDECOTT, the scene
Is nature; LANDSEER's self I ween
Ne'er drew a cat more sly and keen,

Or naturally clawing.

And then that dog!—but mark his eye,
His ear, his full fatuity
Of crossest self-complacency,

Unwarned of nearing Nemesis!
It tickles one almost to tears,

This touch of nature, which endears
The comedy of hopes and fears,

Played out on JACK's new premises.

That tattered all-a-tiptoe man,
Bucolic yet Bohemian!—

His artful osculatory plan

Success from sorrow snatches.

The maid forlorn, so fair of face,
With such a gentle rustic grace,
Seems so at home in his embrace,

For all his shreds and patches.

'Tis deep philosophy. What kiss
To mourning lips comes much amiss?
The tattered one deserves his bliss

For opportunely daring.

Another time that maid forlorn
Might have repulsed his love with scorn,
But in the suit he pleads this morn

Forgets the suit he's wearing.

And GILPIN! Oh! for time and space,
In daintiest detail to trace,
The mingled traits of fun and grace,

The snatches of sweet scenery:

The luckless Cit's long equine strife;
His buxom, fair, well-favoured wife,
That homely eighteenth century life,

Unmarred by grim machinery.

And beauty lends a grace to joke,—
That charming girl with GILPIN's cloak,
That milkmaid with her pail and yoke,

Are things of joy for ever.

A Flaxman of the fireside here
Hits each home-trait to Britons dear,
With charm spontaneously clear,

As classically clever.

More power to those fingers swift,
That fancy far too full for thrift,
May they yet fashion many a gift

For happy youth to treasure;

Which, nursery-bound, will yet engage
The interest of genial age,
That finds on every pictured page,

Imperishable pleasure.

A VERY NATURAL DESTINATION FOR THE MARSHAL
(after his *coup de grâce*).—Gone to Grasse. (See Daily Telegraph.)



"J'EN SORS!"

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

"*Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi!*" Such was the phrase in which, when kings reigned, a High Court Functionary proclaimed the going down of one crowned head, and the uplifting of another.

Just as short and simple is the process under the Republican régime. Only they do not wait for a king's death and a king-at-arm's proclamation. The new stage-direction is simply, "exit President Number One; enter President Number Two." Exit and entry were on Thursday got over in the time that it took to read the Marshal's letter of resignation, and to drop 536 tickets into

the Balloting Urn for M. GRÉVY, against 99 for General CHANZY. At half-past Three the letter was read. By a quarter to Seven the tickets had been deposited, counted, and the result declared.

It is even easier to shift a President, than to change a Sovereign.

The name of GRÉVY seems to have acted on the mutinous class of Frenchmen like a spell, or as the appearance of VIRGIL's Worthy tranquillised the populace in an uproar:—

"Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrestisque auribus astant."

May this quiet and regular beginning of the new Presidency be the augury of its quiet and regular continuance.



UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

The New Footman (stentoriously). "MRS. MONTGOMERY JENKINS'S CARRIAGE!"

Mrs. Montgomery Jenkins. "A—TELL THE COACHMAN TO WAIT."

New Footman. "PLEASE, MA'AM, HE SAYS HE CAN'T. HE SAYS HE'S GOT ANOTHER JOB AT TWENTY MINNITS PAST ELEVEN!"

Nothing in the Marshal's official life has become him like the leaving of it. The Marshal was a brave soldier, and an honest, short-sighted man. His successor is as brave, as honest, and less short-sighted. He foresaw the *coup d'état*, and did his best to prevent it. And he has been a consistent Republican as far back as his record runs.

There could not be a better guarantee that he will do his duty in this new state of life to which it has pleased France to call him.

With which, *Mr. Punch* takes off his cap and bells to the new President of the Republic.

BANQUETS FOR BISMARCK.

"SIR," said Dr. JOHNSON, "comparisons are odious. Sir, the Whigs make comparisons." Nevertheless, we may venture on a comparison between two celebrated personages, one of them being Dr. JOHNSON himself, the other Prince BISMARCK. As Dr. JOHNSON had his BOSWELL for a biographer, so has Prince BISMARCK his Dr. BUSCH. Further, Prince BISMARCK is a man of great abilities and strong common-sense, expressed in forcible language. As is BUSCH's hero in these particulars, so was BOSWELL's. Here is a comparison which cannot surely vex Dr. JOHNSON's shade. It is not one of those comparisons which the Whigs are addicted to making; but a comparison after the manner of PLUTARCH rather than the *Edinburgh Review*.

There is another special point of similarity between the Great Lexicographer and the Great Chancellor. The former despised simpletons who affected "a foolish disesteem of eating." Glancing down at such noodles, he once roared, "Sir, the man who will not take care of his belly will hardly take care of anything else." He reduced this dogma to practice by continuance in good living generally, and, in particular, by habitually eating lobster-sauce with his plum-pudding.

Prince BISMARCK, also, by the account of Dr. BUSCH, is distinguished by a large and extraordinary appetite. He regaled himself one day, as part only of his repast, on beer, champagne, turtle-soup,

and boar's head, with a mixture of mustard and raspberry jelly. He once ate eleven hard-boiled eggs at a meal. On another occasion he dined off onion-soup with port wine, saddle of wild boar with beer, Irish stew, and turkey and chestnuts. His usual drinks are porter mixed with champagne, hot tea with champagne and sherry, and red wine to any amount besides. Had BISMARCK been JOHNSON's contemporary, he might have been able to put him up to some admixture even more original in its way than plum-pudding and lobster-sauce.

Suppose one were to have the honour of entertaining Prince BISMARCK at dinner, considering what peculiar combinations commend themselves to his guest's palate, one might endeavour still further to gratify it by the invention of a few novelties, and pretty little tiny kickshaws, in which opposites might be combined. As, for example:—Oysters and orange-marmalade; hare-soup, blanc-mange, and tipsy-cake; turbot and trifle, black puddings and custard boiled in bitter ale; fried sausages and sweet omelet; calf's-liver and bacon with caviare and gooseberry-fool; boiled woodcock with veal stuffing; widgeon with parsley-and-butter; tripe with treacle and onions; bubble-and-squeak with guava-jelly and maccaroni in brandy-and-oil; olive-pudding and anchovy sauce.

Out of a menu such as the above, Prince BISMARCK could possibly contrive to make a dinner. It might conclude with welsh-rabbit—a dainty he once tasted at Hull. It is one of the few good things for which he gives credit to England. Perhaps his Highness might like stewed cheese better, perhaps not, possibly preferring it simply toasted, as being then of a tougher and more coriaceous consistence.

To return to the parallel between two great men and amazing eaters,—JOHNSON was occasionally troubled with indigestion. So is BISMARCK; and so he ought to be, if he goes on at this rate.

Minster v. Minister.

BRAVE in the canons' mouths! He ventures much,
Onslaught of Dean and Chapter singly stemming!
'Tis pretty clear his courage isn't Dutch,
Although he may be fighting for a Fleming.

DOCK MODELS.



TAYLOR is "an honest and upright man, incapable of soiling his soul by such a dishonest action as the falsification of a balance-sheet;" how Mr. WRIGHT is "a man of perfect honour and scrupulous integrity;" how Mr. INGLIS is "upright and honourable;" Mr. STRONACH "good, conscientious, upright, kind, and unselfish;" and Mr. SALMOND "eminently honourable and conscientious;" he is tempted to exclaim—as he regales nose and eyes with this cluster of virtues which smell sweet and blossom, not in the dust but in the dock—with a little alteration of POPE's trite couplet:—

"It is not that such men are rich and rare,
We wonder how the mischief they got there!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Reports on a visit to Her Majesty's on the Opening Night of Carl Rosa's Season.)

MR. CARL ROSA made a first-rate start with *Rienzi*, the *Last of the Tribunes*; and Mr. JOHN P. JACKSON is to be congratulated on his English libretto. And most of it, in the mouths of the principal artists, was clear and intelligible to me at least, though during one of the concerted pieces I overheard a remark made by a Lady to her friend, "It's a very clever idea bringing this out at Her Majesty's; for it really seems just like Italian: and it never did, you know, at the Adelphi."

There's a good deal in this reasoning, mind you. The traditions of the Adelphi are to a certain extent unfashionable, and decidedly non-operatic; while those of Her Majesty's are connected with the highest fashion, the London Season, great Italian Singers, and Operatic Impresarios. There are numbers who, while they would think twice before going to the Adelphi for any Opera, English or Italian, and then wouldn't go, would readily take stalls at Her Majesty's for an English Opera; because there is an odour of brilliant associations floating about the house, and they can go through all the regular business of the season, ogling through lorgnettes, lounging in tops' alley, chatting in the lobby, &c., at half-price. But the majority, who, patronise the Opera in English, go there out of sheer love of music, and a hearty desire to encourage such an enterprise as that of Mr. CARL ROSA'S, which has for its aim and object the gratification of the highest musical taste in the region of Opera at the lowest possible prices.

The Opera is no longer to be an aristocratic luxury, above the heads, or rather above the pockets of the people, nor is it to be a sort of summer vegetable, only in season with strawberries and asparagus,—no; henceforth, if the venture at Her Majesty's succeeds, we may look forward hopefully to the permanent establishment of an English Opera House, that is, a House for the performance of all Operas of all nationalities, translated into our own native tongue, affording great opportunities to native vocal talent,—the Local Vocal—and to the talented native composer and librettist, who would here find for their work a company ready to hand, and an audience educated to listen patiently and appreciate thoroughly.

BULL AND HIS BURDENS.

Who led the way?

"I," cries the Russ.

"All this fight, failure, fuss,
Springs from me,—so they say."

Who followed suit?

"I," yelped the Turk.

"And poor BULL dares not shirk
My dead weight—patient brute!"

Who came behind?

"I," says the Master.
"Strike, and trading-disaster
Bad burdens he'll find."

Who jumped on next?

"I," growls the Man.
"Sirius may lead to cold scran;
But I sticks to my text."

Who's this next him stowed?

"I," shrieks the dark Spectre
Of Glasgow Director;
For BULL's back a sore load!

And who's this I see?

The Zulu, with a spring,
On the long back doth fling,
Shouting "Just room for me!"

Who bears the lot?

"I," groans the poor BULL.
"But my back's about full.
Stand much more I can not!"

Esculent and Exciting.

A CERTAIN enthusiast has lately been writing letters to the *Times* in advocacy of Vegetarianism, or more correctly, as an etymologist suggests in answer to him, "Cerealism." He more particularly recommends lentils, with an irrational vehemence that suggests, to medical readers at least, the expediency of feeling his pulse, if not of eating it.

Floreat Rosa! may he be not the "last Rose of Summer," deserted by his blooming companions, but a perennial flower, a hardy annual, and so, as the drinking chorus has it,—

"Here's to you, John Brown,
Here's to you with all my heart!"

and, once again, *Floreat Rosa!*

Of course there must have been a great rush for the cheap edition of BULWER'S *Rienzi* when the Opera was announced. So many people remembered having read it, "years ago, when they read all his others," and, in drawing-rooms, and "places where they sing," the conversation, a few days previous to the production of the Opera, would take this form:—

First Young Musical Amateur (*to Lady Musical Ditto*). Going to hear *Rienzi* with the English Opera Company?

Lady Musical Ditto. At Her Majesty's? Oh, yes (meaning that the locale had decided her).

Second Young Musical Amateur. Oh, of course (enthusiastically). Why, it's WAGNER'S.

Lady Musical Amateur (*who has not seen it in this light before*). Ah! so it is! (*Enthusiastically and reproachfully to First Young Amateur*) How could you ask me? Of course, I always go to anything of WAGNER'S.

First Young Amateur (*who has merely thought of it as an English Opera*). WAGNER'S? (*confessing his ignorance*). I don't know. I thought it was an old Opera of BULWER'S, set by BALFE or somebody.

Second Young Amateur (*superciliously*). My dear fellow! BULWER and BALFE! Why, it's a German Opera translated into English.

Elderly Gentleman (*warmly*). I beg your pardon. The German Opera was founded upon BULWER'S English novel.

Elderly Lady (*who has a great novel-reader*). Of course, I remember it very well. It came out among his first. *The Last Days of Rienzi*. Charming!

Elderly Gentleman. No, no, no. You're thinking of *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

Elderly Lady. Ah! yes. So I am. But he wrote so many. But I remember this one—it was called *Rienzi*.

Elderly Gent (*thoughtfully*). Yes—it was—but what it was about—(*puzzled*)—let me see. There was something mysterious. Some-



BULL AND HIS BURDENS.

body discovers the *elixir rite*—and there are Ghosts, and an awful “Dweller on the Threshold.”

[Begins to wander in his mind back to scenes of his childhood, and suddenly thinks confusedly of a hundred other things.

Second Young Amateur (who, with his friends, has been much interested in this conversation, suddenly joins in with a reminiscence). Oh! I've read that one. Was it *Rienzi*? It was a name very like it.

First Young Amateur (with a similar reminiscence of a cheap re-issue of *BULWER*). Yes. You're right. It was *Belzoni*.

Young Lady (differently). I thought *BELZONI* was a celebrated traveller or explorer? I'm not certain—but—

Elderly Gent (pulling himself together with an effort). Yes, of course he was. *BULWER* never wrote a novel called *Belzoni*—less confidently), at least not that I'm aware of—but (reassured by there being no contradiction) he did write *Rienzi*—and (by a sudden inspiration to *First Young Amateur*, who had suggested “*Belzoni*,”) You mean *Zanoni*—that's what you mean.

All (triumphantly). Of course! he means *Zanoni*.

First Young Amateur. That was it. You're quite right, *Zanoni*, or *the Last of the Barons*.

Elderly Gent (who remembers it all now). No—no—no! *Rienzi*, or *the Last of the Tribunes*. That's it.

First Amateur. Yes. And *WAGNER* set it to music.

And then they all make a party to go and hear it.

Rienzi is excellently put on the stage, the scenery being remarkably good, and no expense has been spared except in the Armourer's department. There are so many suits of complete armour, resplendent, brilliant: but after this limited number it seems as if the funds of the People's William—(beautiful title, *Rienzi Gladstone: or, The Last of the People's Williams!*) Opera, in Three Acts, by BEN. BEAUCONFIELD)—had not “run to” anything beyond an imitation of the genuine article, made out of the silver-lead paper used for plum-boxes and tobacco-packets. This, and the tendency on the part of the Chorus, representing the Roman plebs, to wear turn-down collars, were the only two blots that even the most observant eye could spot on the exceptionally bright surface of this operatic stage-picture.

Of all the company I liked Miss GEORGINA BURNS, far and away the best. She represented “A Messenger of Peace,” and to her is allotted one of the loveliest solos in the Opera. Madame HELENE CROSMOND does not seem to identify herself with the part of *Irene*, and she seemed to be indifferent to the sorrows and troubles of everyone about her as long as she herself had not to make any remark. Her dramatic rule of inaction seemed to be, “When my cue comes call me”—as though she had been instructed for the stage on the excellent nursery advice given to children, “Don't speak till you are spoken to,—hear, see, say nothing, do nothing.” There is only one thing I would earnestly ask of her, and in this request I am sure Mr. JOSEPH MAAS as *Rienzi*, when mounted on horseback, will join, and that is, “please don't touch the animal.” I know it's very pretty to see fair *Irene* patting her brother's steed, when the Tribune is addressing his constituents, but if she only knew how it fidgets the horse, how uncomfortable it makes the brave Tribune himself, and what anxiety it causes among the audience lest the noble steed should suddenly “let out,” sending *Rienzi* over his head, and *Irene* fainting among the crowd! So, Madame HELENE, please don't.

The Colonna and the Orsini, the two 'Aughty Haristocrats, were capital. I loved them both, specially the Orsini, who ought to have had his Orsini bomb to blow up *Rienzi*, instead of attempting his assassination with a stiletto.

The part of *Raimondo*, the Papal Legate, was well rendered by Mr. HENRY POPP; and it is not often in history one sees a Pope disguised as a Papal Legate. It is to be seen at Her Majesty's.

Tot discrimina rerum prevented my being present at *Piccolino*. But as *Rienzi* is, after all, and before all, the musical event, and was the inauguration of the CARL ROSA season, it has proved quite sufficient for, at all events, one notice from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

University of Southwark.

PASS EXAMINATION IN POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

Moderators and Examiners—JOHN BROWN, WILLIAM JONES, THOMAS ROBINSON, and 197 others.

First Class: ROGERS. *Second Class*: WILLIAMS, BENNETT. *Third Class*: LEICESTER.

A Sequitur.

The deed's done for which France has looked
Through crooked turns and courses wavy.
Now that the Marshal's goose is cooked,
'Tis natural to call for GREVY.

THE LAST OF THE LOTTERY.

DURING the drawing for the prizes of the Paris Exhibition Lottery strange dreams have been the order of the day, or rather night. *Mr. Punch* has been bothered,—if he should not rather say honoured,—by a number of fair Correspondents holding tickets, applying to him to learn if the visions of their slumbers contain any hidden meaning. Under these circumstances he publishes a few divinations.



If you dream that you are putting a number of well-dressed people to the rack, it means that you will win a grand piano.

If you dream that a North American squaw claims you as a woman and a sister, it means that you will win a box containing every requisite for the toilette.

If you dream that you are walking about on stilts to the disgust of mankind in general, and to the sorrow of your lover in particular, it means that you will win a pair of boots with military heels.

If you dream that your vanity has increased a thousandfold, and that you are hated by all your dear friends and fashionable acquaintances, it means you will win a *parure* of diamonds.

If you dream that through your influence all your crabbed relations will lose their natural acidity, it means that you will win three tons of carbonate of soda.

If you dream that somehow or other you have become the Venus de Medici, it means that you will win a Parisian ball-dress.

If you dream that you use slang, wear rouge, and know men without their wives, it means that you will win a cigarette case and a roulette-board.

If you dream that you are going to marry a man who, thanks to you, will be perfectly happy in his home, it means that you will win a latch-key.

If you dream that you are enjoying a trip on the Continent, it means that you will win a light and compendious travelling trunk.

If you dream that you are the toast of husbands and the envy of wives, it means that you will win a book showing you how to dress like a lady for £15 a-year.

THE SONG OF THE STORE.

AIR—“Hearts of Oak.”

Come, cheer up, my Swells! 'tis to saving we steer,
To make both ends meet in this terrible year.
To the Store let us stick, and fight shy of the Shop;
Who supplies us so well as the crowded Co-op?

Ready Money's our cry: opposition is vain;

So down with the “ready!”

Steady, Swells, steady!

We'll lick the Retailers again and again!

They've charged over-prices for second-rate goods,
And laughed at our grumblings, our “couls” and our “woudls;”
But they now feel the pinch, and for battle prepare,
And we're game for the fight, if they'll only fight fair.

Ready Money's our cry. They've no right to complain:

So down with the “ready!”

Steady, Swells, steady!

We'll outbuy and outsell them, and pocket the gain!

The Store shall prevail o'er their retail concerns,
Our standard's “Small Profits!” our word “Quick Returns!”
Then cheer up, brave Swells! Let them bluster and spout,
Now Co-operation long bills has served out!

Ready Money's our cry. We shall win the campaign.

So down with the “ready!”

Steady, Swells, steady!

Though they offer you credit again and again.

* * * All very well, but just you wait for “The Song of the Shop,” next week.



"A PLEASANT PROSPECT."

Car-Driver (to New Agent). "BEGORRA, THE WONDHER IS HE WASN'T SHOT LONG BEFORE—BUT, SHURE, THEY SAY, WHAT'S IVERBODY'S BUSINESS IS NOBODY'S BUSINESS!"

A COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Government House, Black River Settlements.

MY LORD,
It is with regret that I hasten to inform you of the alarming turn that affairs have taken in this Colony since the despatch of my last communication. The hasty action of the Local Legislature has had the result I feared, and our hitherto friendly neighbour, MASHI-WASHI-WHISKY, Chief of the Borroobooloo tribe, breaking off all further negotiations, is now crossing the frontier at five different points, with a picked force of 300,000 warriors. As they are organised on the Prussian system, are supplied with Remington rifles, nine-pounders of our own make, and the best pebble powder, the trade in which has for some years past so gratifyingly stimulated the commerce of these settlements with the Mother Country, and as they took the "sacred emetic" before starting, I hope, rather than expect, that they will retire without giving us serious trouble. We have at present only half a Company of the 97th Buffs ready to take the field. Please send some reinforcements and advise as to what I had better do.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Downing Street.

SIR,
Colonial Office, Downing Street.

THE simultaneous arrival at this Office of several equally pressing applications from other Colonial Governors obliges me to be brief. I am, however, happy to inform you that Her Majesty's Government have decided to send out at once a force of 10,000 men for the protection of the Black River Settlements. Trusting that this, together with the local Volunteer forces, which no doubt have been already organised, will prove sufficient for the moment,

I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

His Excellency the Governor of the Black River Settlements.

MY LORD,
Government House, Black River Settlements.

THE troops have arrived, and it is again with regret that I have to inform you that both their number and quality have occasioned

the most profound disappointment throughout the Black River Settlements. The Local Legislature, representing the Colonists who have hitherto with much firmness declined to take any steps to defend themselves, are of opinion that at least 30,000 men should have been despatched at this critical juncture. Moreover, they feel acutely the absence at such a moment of all arms of the service except the line, as they had expected a selection, at least, of the Household troops. In stating this I am, of course, only the mouthpiece of the Local Legislature. But from what I hear on all sides, it is my duty to point out to your Lordship, that if the connection of this Colony with the Mother Country is to be maintained, the Home Government must show a keener regard than it has hitherto done to the susceptibilities of the small but energetic community among whom I have the honour to represent Her Majesty's Government.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.
The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Downing Street.

SIR,
Colonial Office, Downing Street.

HER MAJESTY's Government, fully recognising the vast importance of the connection existing between the Black River Settlements and the Mother Country, have determined to despatch to those Settlements another army of 12,000. I regret that this force will not include Cavalry, and that the Household troops will not be represented in it, as at the present moment they are engaged on a similar service in the islands of the South Pacific. A distinguished Staff, however, has been placed at your disposal, and a new class of rockets, superior in calibre to any yet employed on field service, has been put in hand at Woolwich for the Black River Expeditionary Force. I regret that, as they have all hitherto burst in proving, they cannot accompany the present contingent. The despatch of reinforcements, together with the excellent bands of the regiments already on their way, may pacify local irritation, and strengthen those bonds of good feeling which are of such priceless value to the Mother Country.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.
His Excellency, the Governor of the Black River Settlements.



CRUEL.

Fair One (during an interval in the Valse). "YOU'RE VERY FOND OF DANCING, AIN'T YOU?"
Brown. "YAAS. I GO IN FOR IT A GOOD DEAL."
Fair One. "I WONDER YOU DON'T LEARN!"

A SEASONABLE REMINDER.

THERE are a good many degrees of charitable duty at this time between Mr. CHARRINGTON's indiscriminate dole of cocoa and bread and buttoning one's pockets. The Rector of Whitechapel, writing from twelve years' experience among the poor of the East End of London, may help to remind us of the right mean between giving that makes or helps idleness, and giving that eases the pinch of poverty, wishful for work, but unable to find it.

Punch cannot turn his publicity to better account than by reprinting some words of this good Rector's, well worth weighing just now:

"The able-bodied idlers who bawl out their wants in West-End squares, and then relieve them in the nearest publichouses, are beneath contempt, and should be taken care of by the police; but let us be careful lest the boisterous obtrusiveness of pretended want should cause us to withhold our sympathy and help from the numbers of the patient, unmurmuring, suffering poor who often need our sympathy, but whose wants are never so keenly felt as in hard times like the present."

Coming Down.

THE Electric Lamps in Billingsgate. They "throw a glare on the fish," and are unfavourable to the complexions of the fish-sellers, who, under this uncompromising illuminating power, might be detected in blushing for the manoeuvres of the fish-ring, and the extortionate retail prices charged by the fishmongers.

Colonial Boredom.

Of all our Colonies the Cape is the most plague and the least profit. The Boers of the Transvaal provoke the Kaffirs to come down upon them, and then expect us to fight their battles. In short, these confounded Boers are about the greatest bores in being. JOHN BULL is very much disposed to swear that he can't and won't stand such a set of bores any longer.

(Confidential.)

MY LORD,
Government House, Black River Settlements.

I MUST make the best excuses I can to the Local Legislature; but I fear the scanty respect shown to the Colony by the Home Government will defy all my explanations. Can you not at least let a Royal Duke take the chief command? This, and an escort of the Blues, might create a better state of feeling; but I fear it is too late.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for
the Colonies, Downing Street.

(Confidential.)

DEAR SIR,
Colonial Office, Downing Street.

THE last Royal Duke we could spare has gone to Fiji. The Blues are up the Congo. We have several Colonial wars on hand, so that I hope the Black River Settlements will take a kindly and considerate view of the situation. As we have Volunteers on guard at Windsor, and are involved in some awkward European complications, we should be very much obliged if you could let us have a few thousand troops back at the Colony's earliest convenience. But don't hurry.

I am, dear Sir, &c., &c.

His Excellency the Governor of the Black
River Settlements.

(In Haste.)

MY LORD,
Ship Hotel, Black Town.

I REGRET to inform you that I have been driven by a howling mob to this place for shelter, the Colony having formally declared its independence yesterday, and the Imperial forces having been pelted through the streets. Thank heaven! I propose to

start, with my family, the Colonial Secretary and Treasurer, the Chancellerie, and the Colonial Archives for England to-morrow.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.
The Right Hon. the Secretary for the
Colonies, Downing Street.

Amalgamation Extraordinary.

A THEOLOGICAL Miscellany has been lately started under the title of the *Catholic Presbyterian*. The incongruity of this denomination will probably be imitated in dissenting literature by the production of periodicals after the like fashion, entitled the *Independent Wesleyan*, the *Unitarian Baptist*, the *Sandemanian Quaker*, the *Arminian Calvinist*, and the *Moravian Methodist*. To these might be added the *Nonconformist Churchman*; though that would really be a very accurate alias for a Ritualist parson. All right; and here's a health to the Ministers of all denominations—not even excepting those of the Party now in office!

A New Name for the New Manager.

"M. HALANZIER has resigned the management of the Opera—an event hailed with satisfaction by all interested in music, for his rule has long contributed to the decline of the Art. He was satisfied with depending for large receipts on the staircase, which being now familiar to everybody, his successor will have to rely, not on marble, but on music."—*Paris Correspondent of the Times*.

CONSIDERING the large part played by the staircase in the first success of the Paris Opera House thus far, why should not that theatre be rechristened by the new impresario La Scala?

A VICAR ON STRIKE.



corrected, good. In that case the Bishop has said enough to him. Otherwise he might have said more.

He might have pointed out to him that in practically placing his parishioners under an interdict, he was making a Medieval Pope of himself—an extravagance less in place at

St. James's, Hatcham, than it would be at Colney Hatch.

The Bishop might also have informed Mr. WALKER that, in declining to officiate from mere displeasure with his Churchwarden, he had, in fact, struck work against his flock, and lowered himself to the level of a stupid trades-unionist on strike—one strike resembling the other in mischievous results—the workman's strike causing physical distress, and the Vicar's "spiritual destitution."

"ARCADES AMBO" (IN TWO ARCADIAS).

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the Framers of the Bankruptcy Act that is to be.)

Re D'IDDLER.

A MEETING of the Creditors of Mr. J. D'IDDLER was held on Thursday last, to consider how that Gentleman's estate should be dealt with in the interest of his Creditors. It was announced that unsecured Creditors had claims upon the property to the extent of £45,000, and that Messrs. WORRY AND WAGGE (the well-known solicitors), held Bills of Sale upon the insolvent's furniture. The remaining assets were valued at £362 10s. 4d.

A Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had been guilty of fraud.

Mr. WAGGE (of Messrs. WORRY AND WAGGE), repudiated any such insinuation. Their client was the very soul of honour. Mr. D'IDDLER had been a most energetic and enterprising, if unsuccessful trader. In this great commercial country an unsuccessful trader, he was sorry to say, was not an uncommon occurrence.

The Creditor was not satisfied. Had not Mr. D'IDDLER started without a single penny? Had he not driven about in a hired carriage ordering goods of all who were fools enough to trust him? Had he not sold those goods when supplied at a ruinous loss, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use?

Mr. WAGGE warned the speaker to be careful not to bring himself within the law of libel. It was the pride of his client that he commenced business (like many of our merchant princes) with Threepence in his pocket. It spoke volumes for the confidence he had created in his industry and intelligence, that he now stood in the proud position of owing Fifty Thousand Pounds.

A Creditor observed that his question had not been answered. Was it true that Mr. D'IDDLER had made away, at a ruinous rate, with the goods he had obtained upon credit?

Mr. WAGGE said that his client, acting as an intelligent man of business, on the principle of "small profits and quick returns," had certainly sold his stock at a reduction. But throughout his commercial career he had acted on his (Mr. WAGGE's) advice, and he (the Creditor) might be sure that he (Mr. WAGGE) would keep Mr. D'IDDLER clear of the Central Criminal Court.

A Creditor said that the business of the bankrupt, so called, looked very much like swindling, or in other and perhaps plainer terms, obtaining money on false pretences, an insinuation which was indignantly repudiated by Mr. WAGGE.

Another Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had not settled on his wife the bulk of the property thus dishonestly realised.

Mr. WAGGE was happy to answer in the affirmative. Mr. D'IDDLER

WITH MR. PUNCH'S REGRETS.

PUNCH owes an apology to a brother in wit and wisdom, pathos and humour. He could not put in an appearance at BRETT HARTE's first lecture in this country on "The Argonauts of '49," thanks to the very inconvenient place and time fixed for it—to say nothing of a seasonable cold in the head which blinded his eyes and plugged his ears. With this apology to the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "The Heathen Chinee," he joins the hope that his Californian comrade will soon give his friends, *Mr. Punch* at their head, an opportunity of hearing him discourse of the modern Brotherhood of the Golden Fleece, at a more accessible place and available time, when the cold in *Mr. P.*'s head has forsaken its classic temple—as Mr. N. P. WILLIS wrote to the Hon. Mrs. NORTON—and left *Mr. Punch* with eyes to see and ears to hear. Let Mr. D'OVY CARTE not put the cart before the horse next time, and *Punch* will be there to hail his *Cor Cordium*.

Weston's Great Walk.

"Our Own Correspondent" in the *Evening Standard*, of Jan. 24, writes—

"The fatigue of travelling, with scarcely any rest, in a close omnibus, naturally tells upon those who have undertaken to see WESTON through his arduous task."

It is no doubt a very hard case for WESTON's watchers in the close omnibus, but how about WESTON himself, in the open, with the crowd hustling him, and the north-east wind in his teeth, plodding his miserable two thousand miles through the frost and snow on his poor worn-out ten toes?"

A MEETING OF EXTREMES.—The Vegetarian's ideal—Ce-realism.

was a most affectionate husband. He had settled a very considerable sum upon his wife; and it would be found that the deed bore a date which, he believed, would make it perfectly good in law.

A Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had any arrangement to propose.

Mr. WAGGE said that Mr. D'IDDLER considered that, in his position, it was his business to consider rather than to make suggestions. He might add, however, that he held proxies from Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, three of the largest creditors, who were prepared to vote for the estate going into liquidation.

A Creditor wished to know who were Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

Mr. WAGGE said that they were affectionate relatives of Mr. D'IDDLER—three of his uncles, in fact, who had made large advances in the hope of tiding him over the recent period of commercial pressure to which he had unfortunately succumbed.

A Creditor said he supposed there was nothing to be done?

Mr. WAGGE supposed that was about it. His partner, Mr. WORRY, had been appointed liquidator. He might add that as the expenses of liquidation already exceeded the amount of the assets, the Creditors would be put to no further trouble in the matter.

Mr. D'IDDLER then drove home in his wife's brougham.

JERRY SNEAK AGAIN.

This well-known impostor was once more charged at the Police Court.

It appears that the Prisoner had obtained goods to the amount of £2 5s. 4d. from various tradesmen on the pretence that he would pay for them by drawing upon his account in the Post-Office Savings Bank. Some of the goods were detained at the Pawnbrokers, with whom they had been pledged by the Prisoner's wife.

It was proved that the Prisoner had no account with the Post-Office Savings Bank.

On being asked for his defence, the Prisoner said he was starving.

The Magistrate replied that that was no excuse. He had never had before him a clearer case of obtaining money under false pretences. It was a crime that could not be overlooked, and he should therefore send up the case for trial.

Bail having been refused, the Prisoner was removed to the House of Detention in the Police Van.

Impari Passu!

Though Dizzy on resisting York
Sets hard his heavy right foot,
On Durham, buoyant as a cork,
He comes down with a Lightfoot.

AN EVERGREEN VEGETARIAN.



We imagined that our old friend the *Fonetik Nuz* had long ago, as the Reporter said of an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, departed this life. But no. The *Times*, a few days since, published a letter bearing the signature of EIZAK PITMAN, and dated from the "Fonetik Institut," Bath. This communication Mr. PITMAN has written "fonetically," as he says is his custom. It is mainly a commendation of Vegetarianism and Teetotalism, which he, being now "siksti-feiv yeerz of aij," has practised for the last forty years. He testifies that:-

"Theez fortli years have been spent in kontineus laibor in koneskshon with the invension and propagashon ov mei sistem ov fonetik shorthand and fonetik spelling, korrespondenz, and the editoarial deutiz of mei weekly jurnal."

His "weekly jurnal" is of course the *Fonetik Nuz*, still alive and kicking, as the People say—kicking against etymology and common sense. Its longevity seems even more wonderful than its editor's survival of his "forti yeerz" regimen to the "aij" of "siksti feiv." His circulation has been maintained on that regimen, but what can have supported that of his paper?

Spelling Bees have for some time dropped out of vogue, or else a "Fonetik" Spelling Bee might answer Mr. PITMAN's purpose of propagating his peculiar orthography. He would not, of course, be deterred from that expedient by any remark which might possibly be made that he had a Spelling Bee in his bonnet.

A Wail from the Wastepaper-Basket.

PITY poor *Punch*, with PEACE Folly's tongue to set agoing—
And GREVY to keep Silliness's sauce at flood-tide flowing!
Six wastepaper-baskets loaded—out of those two names alone!
And *Punch* is to keep silence e'en from bad words—and not groan!

THE BEST SECURITY FOR A NEW TURKISH LOAN.—Old Turkish Customs—the oldest not to pay Turkish Debts.

PARI PASSU.

A WEARINESS to the Body—WESTON's Walk.
A weariness to the Mind—The reports of it.

THE LIMITS OF FREE TRADE (*according to the Shop*).—This side the Stores.

"IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—FIGS!"

THE following letter, apparently from one of the speakers at a recent "Anti-Co-operative" meeting, has been sent to 85, Fleet Street, for publication:—

MR. PUNCH,

I CAN scarcely write for indignation! Parliament is to meet and there is to be no Queen's Speech! Sir, it is disgraceful, scandalous! Lord BEACONSFIELD should be turned out of his situation. We, the shopkeepers of England, pay him, Sir, and we have a right to insist upon his giving us money's worth for our money. His salary, and the salaries of all his fellow Civil Servants should be cut down. It is high time we should touch British statesmen in their most sensitive point—their pockets. Cabinet Ministers and Civil Servants should henceforth be placed upon the same footing. Both are dependants of the public, from whose hard earnings they receive their enormous salaries, and both should be equally liable to dismissal for flying in the face of those who pay them; in too many cases for doing nothing, or worse than nothing.

The shopkeepers of this great Metropolis—that great class to whom BRITANNIA owes the sovereignty of the waves, the roast beef of Old England, and the flag that braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze—expected a Queen's Speech. That expectation is to be disappointed! Again I am forced to pause—I can scarcely write for indignation!

Surely it will not be pretended that there was no subject calling for public remark. Hardly, when the shopkeepers of London—that body of men who form the very marrow and sinews of the nation—are crying trumpet-tongued for justice. And when—unless justice is done them—the sun of the British Empire is in all probability about to set for ever.

But the overpaid Cabinet shall have no excuse. Doubtless Lord BEACONSFIELD and his labour-shirking colleagues are spending the hours they charge to the public in writing novels, reading the papers, or toasting various parts of their persons at roaring office fires, kept up at the expense of the retail tradesmen of the country. We know but too well what goes on in those luxurious resorts of the Civil Service. But they shall have no excuse. As Lord BEACONSFIELD has neglected to prepare a Queen's Speech, I have supplied the omission, and would suggest as appropriate to the present crisis—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I FEEL bound to address you upon a matter of the most urgent importance. A gigantic scandal exists in this Metropolis—the Civil Service Stores. I expect that you will immediately suppress this most pernicious, not to say, infamous institution.

"I regret to say that hostilities have broken out between my troops and the Zulus. This untoward event is entirely owing to the Civil Service Stores. Had the employés in the Colonial Office devoted more attention to South Africa, and less care to Grocery, the lamentable collision in South Africa might doubtless have been averted.

"The Afghan difficulty is still far from solved. There is no doubt that SHERE ALI elected to throw in his lot with the Czar of RUSSIA, on account of the existence of the Civil Service Stores. The AMEER very naturally felt that the power of England was shaken to its foundation by the existence of an institution which struck at the very existence of the British Retail Traders as a body.

"It is unnecessary to point out that the prevailing distress, the unusually severe winter, the recent failure of several banks, and the many burglaries at Blackheath are largely, if not entirely, owing to the insidious influence of the Civil Service Stores, though time will not allow me to trace the connection at present.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"YOU will be asked to vote an enormous sum for Supplies. The Estimates that will be placed before you would have been far smaller had it not been for the existence of the Civil Service Stores.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I MUST request that you will suspend all attempts at Legislation until you have dealt with the all-important subject of the abominable Civil Service Stores. As you know, England is a nation of shopkeepers, and the question thus becomes one of eminently Imperial interest.

"I now dismiss you to your duties. When I address you again at the close of the Session, I hope I shall be able to congratulate you upon the utter stamping out of the plague of Co-operation, that economical Black Death which threatens England with consequences just as fatal as those with which the plague menaces Russia!"

That, *Mr. Punch*, is the sort of Queen's Speech we want. And if we don't have it, let Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues tremble, at the wrath of a

JUSTLY INDIGNANT TRADESMAN.

AUTOMATIC COUPLINGS.—Scotch marriages.



GENTLES! Great *Punch* and *Toby* here entwine
For ye a mystic floral Valentine.

Midst flowery emblems hid, the searching eye
Most clear and pregnant meanings may espy.

**"AT FIRST HAND."**

Country Connoisseur. "Now, YOU ARE QUITE SURE THOSE ARE REAL 'CHROMOS'—"
Country Dealer (Draper and Grocer, &c.). "OH YES, SIR—WE ALWAYS HAS 'EM DIRECT
 FROM HIS STUDIO, SIR!"

TWO QUALITIES OF MERCY.

(UNSTRAINED.)

(For Passing Sentence on a Bank Clerk.)

PRISONER AT THE BAR,

I have not the slightest doubt about the justice of the verdict. You have disgracefully betrayed your trust. You have been found guilty of forgery—a crime which only a few years ago was punishable with death. You forged a document, by which you would have received five pounds had not your deception been detected in the very nick of time. It has been urged that you have a wife and six small children dependent upon you for support. In my eyes, this is an aggravation of your crime. Not only have you brought ruin upon yourself, but upon your family. It has also been urged, that as your crime was detected in its incipient stage, you did not actually receive any profit by the transaction. I

need scarcely observe, that this is quite beside the question. You are punished that others may take warning from your fate, and thus avoid your evil courses. However, as the Jury have rather strangely recommended you to mercy, I will not be harsh. I award you eighteen years—to be passed in penal servitude.

(STRAINED CAREFULLY.)

(For Passing Sentence upon a Body of Bank Directors.)

PRISONERS AT THE BAR,

For thus, painful as it may be to my feelings, I must call you. A Jury of your countrymen, after a long trial, have, with whatever reluctance, found you guilty—a word I use with the greatest possible regret. It is not for me to comment upon the harshness of the language used in the indictment. I sit here as Judge, not as public prosecutor, and I am deeply thankful that the cruel duty of the prosecution has not devolved on me. It is to me a source of deep satisfaction that you have not been proved to have received in your own name, and on your private accounts, any identifiable portion of the large sums obtained by the publication of false balance sheets, and other documents of a misleading character, which you have been found guilty of fabricating and issuing. Had you been distinctly traced in putting into your own pockets, all, or most, of the money obtained by means of these highly coloured publications, I should have considered your conduct (I trust you will pardon me for saying so) decidedly open to severer animadversion than I feel it necessary to apply to it under the actual circumstances of the case. May I be permitted to hint, that it would have been better if you had not paid so many millions into the accounts of firms so closely connected with your own body. I cannot help thinking, that the advocate who has conducted the prosecution, has (no doubt unconsciously) exceeded his duty. He has painted—with a strength of colouring which it might, perhaps, under the circumstances, have shown better taste to have toned down—the ruin flowing from what he calls your misdeeds. You have thus been put to a great deal of, what I must call, superfluous suffering. I do not, for my part, quite see what the wholesale ruin of widows and orphans has to do with the matters at issue in this case. However, I must take the law as I find it; and the law, I am afraid, with its habitual sternness, proclaims you guilty. The verdict of the Jury to that effect has been received with a great deal of unseemly applause, which it was my duty, however reluctantly, to repress. It is my painful task to remind you that you are about to be punished, that others may take warning from your fate, and thus avoid what I trust you will allow me to call your evil courses. Under these circumstances, I feel it my duty to sentence the two most blameable of you to eighteen, the less culpable—and I am happy to add, the most of you—to eight months' imprisonment—of course, without hard labour, in both cases.

EDISON EXTINGUISHED.

THE real modern *Aladdin's Magician* is Mr. Sugg, who, by means of his improved burner, gives us "new lamps for old ones." See the Waterloo Road and Waterloo Place *passim*. "*O, si sic omnia*"—if all gas-lights were like these, who would ask for EDISON and electricity?

SUNDAY CLOSING AND CRIME.

MR. PUNCH, YOUR
HONOUR,

In the course of a speech delivered at the Lord Mayor of Dublin's recent Banquet, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH made these notable observations:—

"He was sorry to say that crime had increased, both in offences against property and person. Drunkenness, he hoped, would be diminished by the recent and useful Act for Sunday closing."

In the meanwhile, Mr. Punch, has drunkenness, in fact, been diminished? If drunkenness is a principal cause of crime, then, Sir, surely increase of crime ought not to have accompanied diminution of drunkenness. Or, to put it the other way, if crime, "both in the offences against property and

person," have really increased, should not drunkenness have increased too? Has it, or hasn't it, Sir?

His Grace was pleased to add that—

"As to agrarian crimes, he trusted that the principle of live and let live would become more the law of the country."

The principle of "live and let live" is as much the law of the country as it can be. Only it isn't quite so generally adopted as it should be by the people of the country. In Ireland, at present, I grieve to say, instead of letting estate agents and landlords live, agrarian criminals seem more in favour of shooting them. For this state of things, Sir, if the Sunday Closing Bill is not to blame, are the Temperance blazers quite sure it's your humble Servant,

POTHEEN?

THE SONG OF THE SHOP.

AIR—"The Leather Bottel."

WHEN I survey the country round,
The myriad shops which do abound,
The goods that are displayed therein
To tempt all buyers possessed of "tin"—
Let you sniggerin' Swells say what they can,
'Tis for wholesale good of Retailing Man.
So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

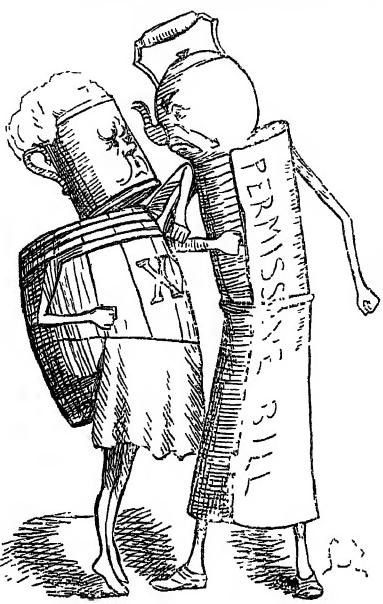
Now what do you say to these precious Stores?
Oh, they are the biggest and worst of bores.
If they continue to thrive and pay,
The Retail Trade will have had its day.
It's a scurvy trick of the Nobs to go
And combine to ruin Retailers so.

So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

And what shall we say to their Customers fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For they flock to the Stores with their ready cash,
And care not a fig though we go to smash.
But if they are dealing with us, d'ye see,
They want two years' credit, and sometimes three.
So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell.

Then their Civil Service, as thinks no shame,
To rob the Country, which that's their game:
For they waste half their time scribbling essays and tales,
And reading the papers and trimming their nails.
And when they've done that, and got jolly well paid,
They combine to ruin the Retail Trade.

So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell.



But we do not intend to be choused like this,
We will meet, and palaver, and howl, and hiss,
And write to the papers about our position,
And Parliament's aid in the matter petition,
And the Member who will not espouse our cause,
Won't win our votes howsoever he jaws.

Oh, I wish him sorrow, where'er he dw ell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XII.

A JOLLY EVENING AT PILTON'S.

The Glass—Pilton's Anticipations—His Objections—Agreement—Arguments—Female Piltons—Description—Lively—Pilton's Ideas—Proposals—Young Fisher—His Refusal—Annoyance—No Amusement—Dermot's Anecdotes.

THE looking-glass in my room at The Hutch is unique of its kind, at least I hope so. It is a very small glass, in a thick, heavy, mahogany-coloured frame, supported by two pillars fancifully shaped like the letter "S," the curve at the base of each pillar being fixed into an imitation mahogany stand. The glass itself is about six inches by eight, and the chest of drawers on which it stands being only about three feet from the ground, I have either to bend over the glass, with a candle in one hand and a hair-brush in the other, or to slope the glass towards me, and kneel down before it, at the imminent risk of dropping the wax on my head, and, probably, getting my parting all wrong. In neither case is the result satisfactory, and the effort of trying to get a view of the top of my head gives me a headache. The difficulty, however, is to induce the glass to remain in any fixed position for more than two seconds. There is a screw loose somewhere at the side, but the only remedy, apparently, is by inserting wedges of paper, which process occupies the greater part of my valuable dressing-time. By daylight the glass reproduces my face tinted with a curious sea-green colour, and my hair is reflected as a sort of washed-out whitey brown; the whole picture representing the Portrait of a Gentleman in an advanced stage of biliousness. PILTON says he "doesn't object to this sort of glass," but then he hasn't to use it. I have.

"We shall have a jolly evening," says PILTON to me before dinner. "PETER DERMOD's capital company. There's FISHER, too—a very amusing fellow—and his sister, one of the best musicians you ever heard."

I am glad of this. According to PILTON's account, the evening promises well.

"I object," says PILTON, in a tone of annoyance, as if I had been contradicting him, or propounding some uncongenial theory, "I object to ordinary people in a house. I object"—he will use this formula—"to your namby-pamby Misses, who can only squeak out of tune, and play school exercises on the piano."

I hasten to disabuse him of any idea, which he apparently entertains—for he is talking at me as well as to me—as to my having a predilection for squeaking girls, and unmusical exercises. In fact nothing bores me so much. He takes no notice of my answer, but continues in the same strain, as though I were entirely opposed to him.

"I object," he says, with increasing irritation—he is really making himself angry about nothing—"I object to fellows who can't do anything—who have no conversation, who talk about the weather, and can only come into the drawing-room after dinner, and sit about staring at one another, like stuck pigs."

I warmly protest that no one can object to such proceedings, on anybody's part, whoever they may be, more than I do. The more completely I agree with him, the more emphatic he becomes; so that it really seems as if he wished me to take up the opposite side, for the sake of argument.

"I object to mere tittle-tattle, and gossip," he goes on; "I like some fun after dinner."

I assure him that, I personally, shan't stand in his way, as from his manner he appears to anticipate my turning out a sort of kill-joy.

"I object to doing nothing after dinner," he says, as he leaves the room.

I comfort him with the prospect of our doing something. What does he want us to do? Fireworks? Dance? I suppose I shall find out; but somehow he seems to have aroused within me the very spirit of opposition to amusement to which he "objects" so strongly. If there is one thing I detest above another, it is being forcibly driven into amusing oneself, or other people. If the amuse-

ment arises spontaneously, "then," as I say to PILTON at dessert, "it is safe to be a success."

"Oh!" retorts PILTON, "if we're to wait for everyone to amuse themselves by inspiration, we should have to wait a long time. You must have some one to start it."

The female PILTONS—Mrs. PILTON and three daughters, who are not so much chips of the old block, as dried-up shavings from the parent maternal stock—are about the very last people to do anything amusing, or to appreciate it when done. They are as stiff, as cold, and as highly polished on the surface as new drawing-room pokers; and the expression on their four countenances, which must be taken by courtesy to represent a smile, is what might be produced on most people's faces by the sudden and unexpected swallowing of bad soda-water. When they *do* laugh, which is quite exceptional, it is as though they were, for the nonce, tolerating something vulgar, in the absence of getting any entertainment of a higher class. They look chilly; and their sentences are frozen up short. They like talking of titled people, and these, I find, are all on Mamma's side, Papa belonging, they in effect intimate, to a lower order of beings.

PILTON, in despite of living in this refrigerating atmosphere, considers himself an essentially jovial fellow. He is always bent on amusement, and must very seldom find his ideas realised. His one great notion of amusement after dinner is "games." He doesn't know any himself, but he expects his guests to have a number of games at their fingers' ends. He can't imagine any greater enjoyment than dressing up and performing a charade.

After dinner he proposes this. It is not jumped at. PETER DERMOD, who likes to sit over a cigar, says, "Ah, capital fun!" but excuses himself from any physical exertion on the score of gout in his right foot.

Young FISHER, whom I had expected to find—according to PILTON's description of him—"such an amusing fellow," is evidently very nervous, and on being asked by PILTON if he will join in a charade, replies that "he hasn't done such a thing for an age—and that really—he can't act—indeed he can't—at all!"

But PILTON remonstrates, "You can dress up."

"Yes," FISHER, with a timid smile, admits. "Yes,—oh yes—I can dress up—but," he pleads, more nervously and piteously than ever, "I can't do anything when I *am* dressed up."

"Pooh," says PILTON, encouragingly, "we'll all help you."

Poor FISHER looks despairingly round to us, as though to appeal against being sacrificed as a victim to his host's idea of amusement. The others at table—there are several to whom I have not been introduced—hope that FISHER will dress up and amuse the company. We don't care what he dresses up as, if he will only settle it with PILTON, and leave us to enjoy ourselves in peace.

"You can't think," says PILTON, looking round to us, and then nodding his head sideways towards FISHER, as indicating the object of his eulogium, "you can't think what a first-rate actor he is. He's splendid!"

A feeble protest from FISHER, who is heard to murmur to his neighbour that "PILTON is mistaken—that he isn't anything of the sort."

"Oh, you are," PILTON asserts, contradicting him positively. "You are, only he's afraid of doing it before you,"—this to me—"and DEERMOD."

I declare that no one is more easily pleased than myself (if I'm only let alone and not worried and bothered), and PETER DERMOD bears witness to himself as being the most uncritical man in existence.

"Yes," says PILTON to us, "you fellows who are always seeing the best acting, can make allowance for an amateur,"—this is pleasant for FISHER, though beyond dressing up, I haven't a notion what he is being called upon to do, or in what his peculiar talent lies—"and we'll all join. We'll all dress up, and do something. It will amuse the Ladies."

I, for one, venture my opinion that the Ladies—I am thinking chiefly of the Piltons—do not want to be amused in this way.

"It's so meaningless," I protest.

"It's not more meaningless," PILTON retorts, "than sitting there doing nothing."

This argument appears unanswerable, at all events no one likes to contradict our host, and so an awkward silence ensues, which is broken by PETER DERMOD observing, in an undertone, to young FISHER, that, "he'd better dress up and have done with it."

FISHER replies also in an undertone that "he doesn't see the fun of it when he is dressed up."

"Oh!" exclaims PILTON, evidently disgusted with FISHER's unexpected obstinacy, "of course there's no fun in it, if he *won't* see any in it. He used to be very different."

We see that the fate of the unhappy FISHER is sealed. He won't be asked again to PILTON's, unless, to quote the old song, "he smiles as he was wont to smile."

PILTON is annoyed. He has looked forward to a rollicking evening,

and we won't rollick. A gloom seems to have fallen on the company, and PILTON passes the wine sulkily, as if he grudged it to a set of people in whom he has been bitterly disappointed. It occurs to me that, living in such a house with only his female wet-blanket society, he must have looked forward immensely to the chance of an amusing evening among a few fresh faces, and hearing some fresh ideas. In fact we had been asked to cheer him up, to amuse him, in his own way, and we have, with ungrateful unanimity, disappointed him in his object, by expressing a decided preference for amusing ourselves in our own quiet way,—our quiet way being a real relief to us who have come from London.

But PILTON is grievously hurt about his guests,—they won't *do* anything. He had evidently told his neighbours who have come to dinner, what a jovial evening they were going to have, what capital stories PETER DERMOD would tell, what a song I should sing (I'm sure he has told them this), what marvellous imitations of popular actors young FISHER would give, how charmingly Miss FISHER sings, with various other inducements to "look in during the evening," which had put the neighbours, like JOHN GILPIN'S family, "all agog," and on the tip-toe of expectation.

PETER DERMOD's stories are all lost, chiefly because the point of most of his anecdotes, as we now find, depends on his audience knowing the people of whom he is talking. I try to assist him, pretending to remember the chief *dramatis personæ* of his anecdotes, but this helps nobody else, and as the others turn away and talk in undertones among themselves on local matters, PETER DERMOD has no one to whom he can tell his old stories—and they are old—except myself; and, not wanting to be bored, I stop him at the outset with the information that "I've heard it before,"—whatever it is.

THE AGONIES OF 'ATCHAM.

Atcham, feb. 3, 1879.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

We ave ad such rows in Our Parish Church. wch it's all Walker. Mr. Sanders he tried to restore Peace to us (not the Convic) by removin of the Brazen Images wch the new parson ad put up but it was no go. For in this New Religeon you can't get on nohow without Cymbals of Devotion. But praps dear Sir you can recomend us an Old-fashioned parson who can Pray without too Brass Candlesticks and a Golden cross. My Wife she as been to st Albans and she raves about the Copes and the Chasibles and the Surpluses to that extent that I shall not

Wonder if She finds out that She cannot go to Heaven without She says her Prayers in a Sky Blue Pettycoat with Golden Stars on. Wch all their millinery and joolry don't suit my taste and I am Disgusted at their New-Fashined fakements and am dear Sir

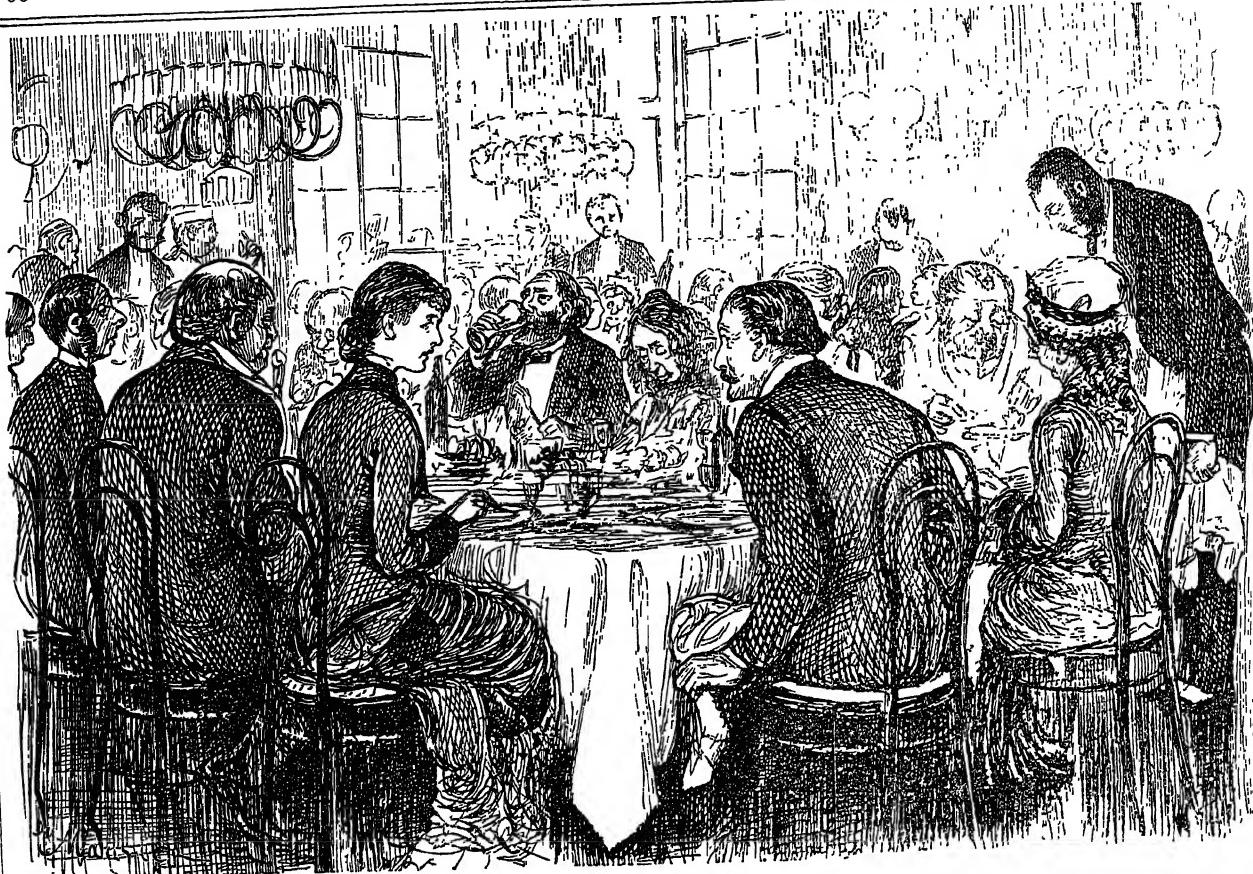
Yours Truly,
AN AGEEVED PARISHINER.

THE VERY LAST ABOUT THE LOTTERY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

Poor ould Ireland is always being insulted in the person of her sons. It is meself that has been insulted this time, mighty bad. Bad cess to thim! French Government!—Sure, it's nothing but a gang of dirty, cheatin' spalpeens that's in it. See here now, Sir. Didn't I put a tirteen out of my own pocket into a ticket for this Exhibition Lottery. And what's come of it? Civil a haporth. Others have tould how they were deceived. But sure it's meself has a bigger grievance than the gentleman who wrote to the *Times* to say the Ninth Series was an unlucky one. When I read that, I said to meself, sure its meself has a chance; for my ticket was in the Tinth Series. And if the Ninth wins nothin, sure the Tinth's safe to win all the more. But all the same, sorra the prize I've got, wid lucky numbers turnin' up all about where my number ought to have been, all along o' me havin' lost my ticket, and disreminbered the figgers. And I'll go bail, I wouldn't be allowed a prize if I did remimber the figgers an it ever so, barrin' I showed my ticket. So, now Sir, how could I win? It was a swindle all along.

Yours, indignantly,
BRIAN O'LYNN.



CONSEQUENCES OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

SCENE—*A Table d'hôte Abroad.*

He. "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS, MADEMOISELLE?" She. "No, Sir."—He. "SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH, FRAÜLEIN?" She. "No."
 He. "HABLA USTED ESPAÑOL, SEÑORITA?" She. "No."—He. "PARLATE ITALIANO, SIGNORINA?" She. "No!" (Sighs)
 (Pause.)
 She. "DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH, SIR?" He. "HÉLAS! NON, MADEMOISELLE!" (Sighs deeply.)

THE LAY OF THE DEMON PLUMBER.

(A Seasonable Pean.)

It's ho! and cho! for the jolly Jack Frost,
 And the pranks he plays up, to my Customers' cost!
 'Tis a precious ill wind as blows nobody good,
 And a nipping North-Easter is most to my mood;
 When it freezes the cisterns, and plugs up the pipes,
 Oh, I laughs till the tears from my hopties I wipes;
 For it's foltered in course by the loveliest thaw;
 And then there's such gammocks as never you saw;
 For the men and the survint-maids comes all a-blow,
 From a'most every house in a'most every row:
 Crying, "Come, Mr. PLUMBER—immejit—you must!
 For the cistern is leaking, the pipes is all bust!
 The water's all spouting, and running to waste;
 We are reglar swomped out—do, for gracious, make haste!"
 They all sing the same song, but I dordles along;
 To expect me to 'urry is coming it strong!
 And when I arrives, oh! the blokes and their wives,
 And the slaves nigh worritted out of their lives!
 Such larks! There's the water all squashin' and squirtin',
 And tricklin', and streamin', and spoutin', and spirtin',
 And everythink dancin', and drenchin', and dirtin',
 Spilin' ceilings, and walls, and the Guvnor's front-shirtin',
 As he tries to stop wents, his white knuckles much 'urtin':
 Which makes him use languidge,—oh, ain't it diwartin':
 Then the mean 'uns, as, bent upon saving a mag,
 Tries botchin' the 'oles up with putty and rag!
 Don't I drench them to rights? Don't I tip it 'em stiff?
 Ain't it scrumptious to watch 'ow they boggle and sniff?
 Oh, I do hate a stingy and meddlin' old messer!
 Then I outs with my tools, with my shaveback and dresser,

My turnpin and egg-iron, solder and soil,
 My taller, and rosin, and whitelead, and oil.
 ('Arf on 'em's no use, but they make a good show,
 And with green 'uns that's jest arf the fight, don't yer know.)
 Then I turns up the carpets and ile-cloths all round;
 Tramps up and down stairs with a thunderin' sound;
 And I arks for a fire, and I 'nts for some beer,
 And I kicks up a stink as makes Missis turn queer.
 If they "part," wy I cook my heye knowing and chat;
 If they don't, I turn sulky and swear at the cat—
 Which she always comes sniffing and goes on the scare—
 If they 'urries, I tells 'em to keep on their air;
 For a job such as this is a thing as takes time.
 Wy not? Easy does it, and fudgin's no crime.
 Then, when they're well soaked, worried out of their wits,
 And the fire nigh poked out with my irons and bits,
 When the fumes of my solder has got in their eyes,
 When I've spiled a few gimbcracks with lampblack and size,
 Dropped taller in lumps on the floors here and there,
 And broken the back or the seat of a chair,
 Broke three or four bells, or maybe 'arf-a-dozen,
 When everyone's grubby and cross and 'arf frozen,
 Wy I manages somehow to fake up a jint.
 If they think it's a laster, it may disappoint,
 'Cos we've got to make hay while the sun shines, yer know,
 Leastways, pile the dibs while there's frost, ice, and snow.
 There is lots more a-waiting, I sarves them the same,
 And so, smart and lively, I keeps up the game.
 Other trades may spout strong 'bout the beauties o' summer,
 But a jolly 'ard winter's the time for the Plumber!



“ HOT WATER, SIR ! ”

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. VALENTINE.



INCE MARCUS WARD, Messrs. DE LA RUE, RIMMEL, and their innumerable imitators, have taken to flood the world with sweetness and song, in the

shape of pretty cards, odoriferous sachets, and graceful little gifts of fans, earrings, brooches, and so forth, speeded by graceful verses, old and new, and wreathed with flowers that breathe

odours only less sweet than the living blossoms they imitate, no wonder if Valentines be once more in full fashion. *Punch* has no objection, if the Postmen don't mind. But when they are carrying their burdens on the 14th, a few hundred-weight, more or less, matters not much.

Suppose the notion to be developed, and his friends to want hints for the 14th, let them pick and choose among the following Gift-Valentines:—

To Lord Beaconsfield.—A new Box of Conjuring Tricks.

To Mr. Gladstone.—The Heart of Mid Lothian.

To Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—The old game of the Inexhaustible Bottle.

To Professor Edison.—An Extinguisher for the Electric Light.

To the Gas and Coke Company.—The story of Aladdin—or what comes of changing old lights for new ones.

To the Sultan of Turkey.—A new Loan on old securities.

To the Khedive of Egypt.—A breed of Bears from the London Stock Exchange.

To Prince Bismarck.—A bundle of Spills for pipe-lights (made from torn-up Treaties).

To M. Waddington.—A Suit of couleur de rose (in exchange for the Cambridge "Light Blue").

To the French Republic.—Anything but a Grévy Spoon.

And to Mr. Punch.—Seven tons of Voluntary Contributions for the waste-paper basket. Six of them ringing the changes on PEACE and GRÉVY.

THE CROWN AND ITS SERVANTS.

A Comedy of Real (Co-operative) Life (According to the Middle-Man).

SCENE—*The luxuriously furnished drawing-room of an aristocratic West-End mansion. Two Servants of the Crown discovered lounging on the balcony, and drinking Chartreuse Verte, from a Co-operative Store, in tumblers. Time, half-past two in the afternoon.*

FIRST SERVANT. Come, PLANTAGENET, my boy, another glass, and then we can just lounge down together, and look in at the Shop.

Second Servant. As early as this, CHOLMONDELEY, old fellow? Why, I never show at the place before a quarter to four, and then only for the purpose of writing a few private letters on Government paper, and saving the postage. Ha! ha! that is the way I serve the Crown.

First Servant. Serve it out, you should say, rather. Excellent! But I wasn't referring to the Tooth-pick and Collar-button Office. No, I haven't set my foot in there for nine months, except to play écarté with my Chief. I meant the Shop—the Shop we swear by and toast.

Second Servant. Ah, the Stores! Then I'm your man. Many are the six hours at a stretch that I have passed there, day after day, week after week, year after year, idling the time that I owe to the tax-payer over the merry invoice and the festive balance-sheet. Ah, CHOLMONDELEY, it is a wild and stirring life!

First Servant. Yes, in truth, and enables us, while we live like Dukes, to do so, if at some sacrifice of principle, at least at a moderate cost. Ay, it is a stirring life! Many a ton of lemon-drops and bird-seed have I had in without wanting them, merely to annoy the upstart tradesman, who would sell them to me at an exorbitant profit.

Second Servant. Hush! Not so loud! See, in the street below, another omnibus—full of respectable shopkeepers—passes on its way to the Workhouse. That is the thirteenth I have counted this afternoon. Ha! ha! we triumph! Did they think to battle with wealth like ours?

First Servant. You are right, PLANTAGENET. Let the dogs bark. It wants something more than the ruin of the whole retail trade of England to touch the roysterous, reckless, spendthrift Croesus, who, like you and me, touch not a penny less of the public money—

Second Servant. Than £220 a year a-piece, rising by £5 annual increment to £300!

[They finish the Chartreuse as the Curtain falls.

Choice by Caucus.

It may be doubted if the proceedings of "The General Committee of Two Hundred of the Southwark Liberal Association" the other day in Caucus assembled, and holding a Competitive Examination for Members of Parliament, are likely to benefit the Liberal interest. Yet they may not, perhaps, prove to be altogether without their use. The majority of the respectable inhabitants of the Borough may be so far influenced by the selection of the Caucus, as to conclude that the man of their choice is, in all likelihood, the Candidate not to vote for.



"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."

Perplexed Old Lady (at Scotch Junction in a Fog), "AH HAE MA BUNDLE—AN' AH HAE MA TEECK'T—BUT FA'S THE DEE-SIDE REL-RO'D !!"

SCIENTIFIC CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

[MR. PUNCH,

MY ignorant and sluggish mind has been roused to some semblance of activity by certain communications to the Public Press touching "the influence of the Spots on the Sun on the Iron Trade." I rejoice that this theory has been propounded—I hope, not ironically—because it seems to point to an explanation of other mysterious influences which have long defied the astronomer, the philosopher, the biologist and the natural historian.

Why (for example) are earthquakes invariably followed by commotions in the South American Republics?

Why is an eruption of Vesuvius sure to be followed, through some unaccountable law of cause and effect, by an outbreak of measles in the County of Middlesex?

Why is a landslip simultaneous with the failure of a bank?

Why are the craters in the moon affected by the depression of trade?

Why are a blazing comet with a long tail and a brilliantly successful novel in three volumes so often coincident in their appearance?

Why is the ebb and flow of the tide connected with the increase and decrease of marriages in the United Kingdom?

Why is a falling star coupled with ALBERT GRANT's failure?

Why does the planet Venus shine with particular brightness on St. George's, Hanover Square?

Why is a parhelion, or mock sun, a link with the Viceroy of IRELAND?

Why is a rainbow in Spring certain to be succeeded by a display of prismatic colours in drapers' windows?

Why do dairy-farmers (as it is believed) secretly worship the moon?

Why was the "Great Bear" looked up to as an authority on the Eastern Question?

How are we to account for the remarkable phenomenon of the rolling-stock of the Great Northern Railway being affected, in the Winter quarter, by the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights?

When I ponder the connection between the Spots on the Sun and the Iron Trade, I do not despair of finding in due time a solution of these and many similar problems which shall be overwhelmingly convincing even to an

IGNORAMUS.

THE PALACE OF ART.

I BUILT myself a high-art pleasure-house
For my sick soul at peace therein to dwell.
I said, "I have the true aesthetic *nous*,
And can design it well."

'Twas dull red brick, with gables set galore,
And little light did through the windows pass,
For 'twas shut out by thick lead frames that bore
Quarrels of grey-green glass.

The dadoed walls, in green were stained, no tint
Which common blue and yellow mingled make;
But green y-wrought—of sepia without stint—
With indigo and lake.

Nor grained panel nor enamelled slate
Was there to jar on my artistic sight;
Plain ebon woodwork framed the open grate,
And over,—blue and white.

Two lovely griffins, made of burnished brass,
I found, to guard the fireplace on each side,
With curling tails (though one was lost, alas'),
And mouths that gaped wide.

All round the rooms were shelves of black-dyed deal,
On which stood pots and plates of every hue;
Whilst far apart two lilyed angels kneel
In Robbia white and blue.

One deep recess, serge-covered, like a lawn,
Held, on a brass-nailed shelf, its seat of state,
Apart from other pots and pans withdrawn,
An ancient kitchen-plate.

"Hence whilst the world runs round and round," I said,
"I will send forth my wits to gather wool;
With task or toil I will not vex my head;
But on that plate feed full."

So day and night upon that plate I gazed,
And strove to fix thereon what thought I had;
Until my sight grew dim, and my sense dazed,
And my digestion bad.

My brain shrunk like a nut adust and dried;
I felt that I was not at all myself,
And longed to lay my dwindled wits beside
That plate upon that shelf.

That ancient plate of willow-pattern blue,
Which so absorbed had my every thought,
I seemed to live thereon, and slowly grew
Confucian, clear of thought.

One year I gazed upon that much-loved plate,
Till at the last the sight began to pall.
I said, "How know I 'tis of ancient date,
Or China-ware at all?"

So when one year was wholly finishèd,
I put that willow-pattern plate away.
"Now rather bring me Satsuma!" I said,
"Or blue-green Cloisonnée."

"For I am sick of this peryading hue,
Steeped wherein this landscape, stream, and sky,
To my heart-weary question, 'Is all blue?'
'Yea, all is blue,' reply.

"Yet do not smash the plate I so admired,
When first my high aesthetic house I built;
I may come back to it, of Dresden tired,
And Sévres gaily gilt."

Beati Possidentes.

It is announced that the Emperors of Germany and Austria have agreed to declare the stipulation of the Treaty of Prague reserving to North Schleswig the right to elect its nationality null and void. Prince BISMARCK, like Falstaff, doesn't like paying back. The Great Chancellor never refunds. Considering the messes His Highness has accustomed himself to swallow, the wonder is that he can live without.



A "ONER" FOR OUR ARTIST.

Our Artist. "WHAT SORT OF FELLOW'S THE NEW ASSOCIATE, JEAKES?"
His Model. "VERY NICE GENTLEMAN INDEED, SIR."

Our Artist. "GOOD-LOOKING?"
His Model. "OH DEAR NO, SIR! WEARS SPECTACLES!!"

CLAY V. COTTON.

WE recommend to the consideration of our friend *The Textile Manufacturer*, who was so severe on *Punch* for his assault on the adulterators of cotton cloths with China clay, the report of the case of *Provand v. Laughton* lately decided.

The action was for damages sustained by the discoloration of certain packages of grey shirting exported from Manchester to Shanghai.

The Plaintiffs said the discoloration was due to sizing. The Defendants said it was caused by stains from the tarpaulin wrapper of the packages.

The case lasted eight days, and the Plaintiffs got a verdict. The Manufacturer of the cloth himself gave evidence that the sizing consisted of farina, China clay, chloride of magnesium, chloride of zinc, and blue. His son, the manager of the sizing department, admitted that each piece of 37½ yards ought to weigh 8½ lb., that of this there might be about 3 lb. of size; it might be some ounces more; it might be 3 lb. 12 oz. or 4 lb. Thus the weight of the so-called "cloth" being about 8 lbs., one half consists of cotton, the rest of China clay, farina, and chemicals.

Pleasant for the customers of our friends, the "Millers and their Men," at home and abroad.

HARD TO CRACK.

NUCES: Exercises on the Syntax of the Public School Latin Primer. Query, will this book be "nuts" to the youthful readers for whom it is kindly intended?

HOME OF THE HOME-RULERS (in their flurry).—Pat-agony-a.

THE COMING LION.

THERE appears to be a treat in store for the British "Population." They have reason to expect the arrival, shortly, of a great Lion—not a Lion imported by Mr. JAMRACH, or destined for the Zoological Gardens. Whenever this Lion goes forth he will afford the Masses the gratification of blocking the streets in their thousands to stare at him. It is a Lion of the Teutonic breed; an European Lion: perhaps as great a Lion as any to be seen at Madame TUSSAUD'S. Newspapers announce that:—

"The rumour is again in circulation that Prince BISMARCK will this year pay his long-deferred visit to England. The Prince, gossip says, will not reside with Lord SALISBURY, nor with any of the statesmen who have offered him hospitality, but take apartments at Brighton or Scarborough, like a common mortal."

Here again, should Prince BISMARCK honour this country with a visit, he will evince another point of resemblance to the late and great Dr. JOHNSON. Quite open to accept a generous private hospitality, JOHNSON nevertheless avowed a decided presence for the accommodation of a well-appointed public-house. "Sir," said he, "in an inn the more trouble you give and the more good things you call for, the more welcome you are,"—you can order anything without scruple—"whereas, Sir, nobody, unless he is a very impudent fellow indeed, can feel himself quite as much at ease in another man's house as he can in his own."

Though modesty may not be the Great Chancellor's most remarkable virtue, yet nobody, perhaps, would go quite so far as to say that he is "a very impudent fellow indeed." His table-talk, as it may well be called, has shown him to entertain peculiar predilections; but he would perhaps hardly have cheek enough to bring his own cook with him to a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, in order to gratify them.

The advent of an epicure as original as distinguished will of course create a sensation amongst philosophers addicted to strange food. For some time past, little has been heard of hippophagy. Should

the Lion BISMARCK come over here, his arrival will perhaps reawaken a dormant enthusiasm; and hippophagists, anxious to ascertain the Lion's opinion of horse, may invite him to dine with them off the Noble Animal. Whether he would care to eat horse-flesh or no, he might like horse-mushrooms well enough to take part in a banquet, season permitting, of those and other varieties of *Pilz und Schwamm*, known to mycologists as esculent fungi;—vulgarily called toadstools.

From England if Prince BISMARCK extend his progress North of the Tweed, of course the Scotch will be extremely anxious to know what his Highness thinks of haggis, Athole brose, cocky-leekie, sour sowans, pease bannocks, singed sheep's head, and rizzared haddies. It may be presumed that, on trial, his estimate will be highly favourable.

The Great Lion of Varzin is an animal whose known peculiarities in respect of prog will naturally create in many minds a special curiosity to see the Lion at his meals. The carnivora in Regent's Park, we know, are restricted to raw meat; he is accustomed to regale himself on a variety of other delicacies. Every Lion to his liking, biped and quadruped alike.

No Trust!

THERE was a prosperous Parsee,
 Who earned, by present payment, fame.
 An appellation thence took he
 By way of prefix to his name.
 Co-operative Stores, his plan,
 Dear friends, invite you to employ,
 And save, and thrive, as did that man
 Hight READY MONEY MORTIBOY.

THE SCOTCH GAME.—Beggar my Neighbour.



RELIEVING GUARD.

PASSWORD—"BRITISH INTERESTS."

OUR FASHIONABLE CRIMINAL INTELLIGENCE COLUMN.

(With Mr. Punch's Acknowledgments to his Daily Contemporaries.)

MR. WILLIAM SIKES is paying a round of visits to the Governors of several of Her Majesty's Gaols in the Southern and Western Counties. He has just left Portland for Dartmoor, and may soon be expected at Millbank. Mr. SIKES has recently directed his attention to mat-making, and expresses himself much interested in the manufacture.

MR. CHARLES BATES has been gallantly going on with his great oakum wager. On Thursday last he worked up no less than five pounds of the material. This is understood to be afeat rarely outdone.

Mrs. SARAH SNOOKS, the well-known Baby-Farmer, has been slightly indisposed. She has been removed to the infirmary, and ordered an improved diet. A relative of this interesting and unfortunate Lady visited her last week, and had a short but earnest conversation with her. Mrs. SNOOKS is engaged on her own Memories, which will contain some very curious reminiscences and revelations, both of fashionable, professional, and criminal life, especially from the debatable ground where these three social streams fall in with one another.

MR. JEREMIAH SNEAK has been attending a course of Lectures on "Christian Experiences," by the Rev. JABEZ CHADBAND. It is said that the term of Mr. SNEAK's detention is about to be shortened at Mr. CHADBAND's recommendation. Mr. SNEAK has received a presentation copy of Mr. CHADBAND's well-known brochure, "Pies and Piety; or The Pastry-cook of Putney."

MR. FAGIN has, we regret to say, lost a week's marks for purchasing from a fellow-prisoner a plug of tobacco, supposed to have been surreptitiously introduced to the B. Gallery by connivance with one of the Assistant Warders. The Authorities are on the *qui vive*.

Master DODGER made a very successful *début* on the Treadmill on Thursday last. Master DODGER's style is firm and graceful; and with a few weeks' practice he may be expected to take a high rank among the most skilful practitioners in the art of always going up stairs, and never getting to the top.

Mr. HOWLER's second entertainment entitled "A Quarter of an

OUR SWEET GIRL-GRADUATES.

"EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—There is a talk at Cambridge of building a fresh hall of residence for Lady students. Girton College is being a second time enlarged, and is always full. Newnham Hall is quite full, and so is Norwich House, which has been taken temporarily, although very unsuitable for permanent establishment. Twenty other students have to be accommodated in lodgings, besides many who reside with friends or relatives in Cambridge. The number of applications from those intending to enter next October is already large. Consequently it is proposed to build a new hall close to Newnham Hall of about the same size. Very probably lecture-rooms suited for the general work of the Women's Educational Association may be included in the plan. A sum of about £30,000 is already available for the project, but at least £10,000 will be required."—*Athenaeum*.

HERE'S Girton College is growing,
And Newnham Hall is full—
Girl-graduates bravely showing,
That in Arts their weight they pull.

And M.A.'s, their eyes are piping,
As girl-graduates' claims prepare
To the shoes they were proud of piping,
But soon will be game to wear.

The Diurnal Distress.

FAILURES, Strikes, Explosions, Accidents—Railway, Naval, Military, and other—Reports of Bloated Armaments, Torpedoes, Shells, and in general, Inventions and Apparatus for the Wholesale Destruction of Human Life. "Bring me no more reports!" as *Macbeth* says. Bother the newspapers! No news is good news.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1879.—The day Mr. VAL. PRINSEB was elected A.R.A.

hour with the Cat o' Nine Tails," is fixed to come off on Friday next. Mr. HOWLER will be assisted by two Warders, and the Prison Doctor will be in attendance.

The condemned cell will be tenantless on Monday morning next, the present occupant having arranged with the Sheriff to give up possession of the apartment on that day at five minutes to eight o'clock.

We are requested by the late Mr. SCROGGINS's Solicitors to state that his last breakfast included pork chops, coffee, buttered toast, and a couple of fresh eggs, and was supplied from the "Pig and Whistle" Restaurant. Their distinguished client expressed himself much pleased with the style and quality of the *déjeuner*.

In Due Succession.

"At a full meeting of the Council of the Zoological Society, on the 5th inst., Professor WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, F.R.S., Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, was unanimously elected President of the Society, in succession to the late ARTHUR HAY, Marquis of Tweeddale. The new President is one of the most learned zoologists and anatomists of the present day."—*Times*.

O'er the Animal Kingdom the Vegetable hath power,
Now Birds and Beasts and Fishes are presided o'er by FLOWER.
"Better fresh blossom than dried grass," the Fellows well may say,
When they thus set up FLOWER in successorship to HAY.

Food for Fellow Creatures.

THE wise and valuable communications of Mr. WARD to the *Times*, extolling an exclusively vegetable diet, derive confirmation from a popular saying relative to a certain quadruped which subsists entirely upon vegetable food, and exhibits, somewhat in analogy with Mr. WARD's esteem of pulse, a partiality for thistles; although at times evincing rather a desire to "a bottle of hay," and an impression that "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow." This quadruped—by the way a strict Teetotaller as well as Vegetarian—is so generically distinguished by longevity, as to have occasioned, from time immemorial, the common observation, that nobody has ever beheld its defunct remains.



NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY.

The Hospitable Jones. "YES, WE'RE IN THE SAME OLD PLACE, WHERE YOU DINED WITH US LAST YEAR. BY THE BYE, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU AND YOUR WIFE WOULD COME AND TAKE POT-LUCK WITH US AGAIN ON THE—"

The Impulsive Brown (in the eagerness of his determination never again to take Pot-luck with the Joneses). "MY DEAR FELLOW! SO SORRY! BUT WE'RE ENGAGED ON THE—A—ON THE—ER—ON TH-TH-THAT EVENING!"

Poor Jones (pathetically). "WELL, OLD MAN, YOU MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME TIME JUST TO NAME THE DAY."

THE BEST POSSIBLE INSTRUCTOR OF THE PERIOD.

HOME AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(By Electric Telegraph and Special Despatch.)

SEVERAL meetings of much importance to the Army, the Navy, and the Legal, the Medical and Commercial classes, were held yesterday, but we regret that the great demand upon our space prevents us from giving any report of these very interesting proceedings.

We hear of further strikes in various parts of the country. The crowded condition of our columns renders the publication of details at present impossible.

We are forced to reduce our Parliamentary Intelligence to-day to a quarter of a column.

Very interesting news reaches us from America, Australia, Africa, and Asia. We are compelled by pressure of matter to defer its publication to a future occasion.

Our Law Reports, Money Market, and University Intelligence are unavoidably crowded out.

CHARLES HOPE.

(From Our Special Commissioner.)

It is scarcely necessary to say that the proceedings of this extraordinary burglar are still attracting universal attention. All classes of the community

are equally eager to learn the latest news about his movements. The Governor of the gaol in which he is incarcerated spends the whole of his time in answering inquiries, and the business of the prison has come to a standstill. The warders are visited daily by scores of members of the Press, and all "fixtures" for floggings, &c., have had to be postponed. There is no one to attend to the machinery of the treadmill, so for the present the prisoners have had to forego their customary exercise. Oakum-picking, too, is all but suspended.

Yesterday HOPE breakfasted at half-past nine. He complained of the weakness of the tea, and asked for another egg. After an extra spoonful had been put in the pot he became quite cheerful, and joked with the attendant warders. He made several very amusing puns upon his own name and that of the new President of the French Republic.

At eleven o'clock HOPE received a visit from the Governor, with the information that the Authorities had refused the application of his third Cousin once removed for admission to an interview with him. The applicant is considered by the Authorities to have been led to ask for the interview rather by a morbid curiosity than any other and higher motive.

At twelve HOPE was visited by the Doctor, who, we are glad to say, is much pleased with his patient's improvement in weight, stamina, and spirits, under the soothing influences of regular hours and a carefully-arranged dietary. HOPE remained in conversation with his Medical Adviser for more than an hour, and seemed to be deeply interested in the progress of the Russian Plague. He expressed much satisfaction on learning that there was little chance of the terrible disease reaching England. It appears that the spread of the Plague, and the probability of its visiting our shores, had caused him considerable alarm.

In the course of the afternoon the Prisoner continued his autobiography, one of the Warders acting as his Ammanuensis. He also sent the following letter to his wife:—

Her Majesty's Gaol.

MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

I DON'T know where you are; but this leaves me well hoping you are the same. Please repent, and do your best to get me off. It is perjury to say I killed six people. I only killed five. I am writing a book of private devotions, which please send to the newspapers for publication. Your affectionate Father and Friend,

CHARLES HOPE + his mark.

The Warder declares that this was the sense, if not exactly the words, of the letter dictated by him, without the slightest hesitation. The communication will be read by all who have watched the career of this wonderful man with the greatest interest. The Governor of the Gaol believes that the devotional work to which HOPE alludes will be finished by Thursday.

At Two the Chaplain sent in his card, but the Prisoner declined to see him, on the score that he was much fatigued and wished to take a nap. On learning this the Reverend Gentleman apologised and retired.

(The remainder of this interesting article will be found on pages 5, 6, 7, and 8. Further particulars will be published in our later editions.)

How ever He has Stood It so Long!

SIR HENRY LAYARD is coming home with his nerves shattered, and his patience prostrated. What wonder! Even the Nineveh Bull was no match for the impossible, impassible, imperturbable, and impeccunious Turk.

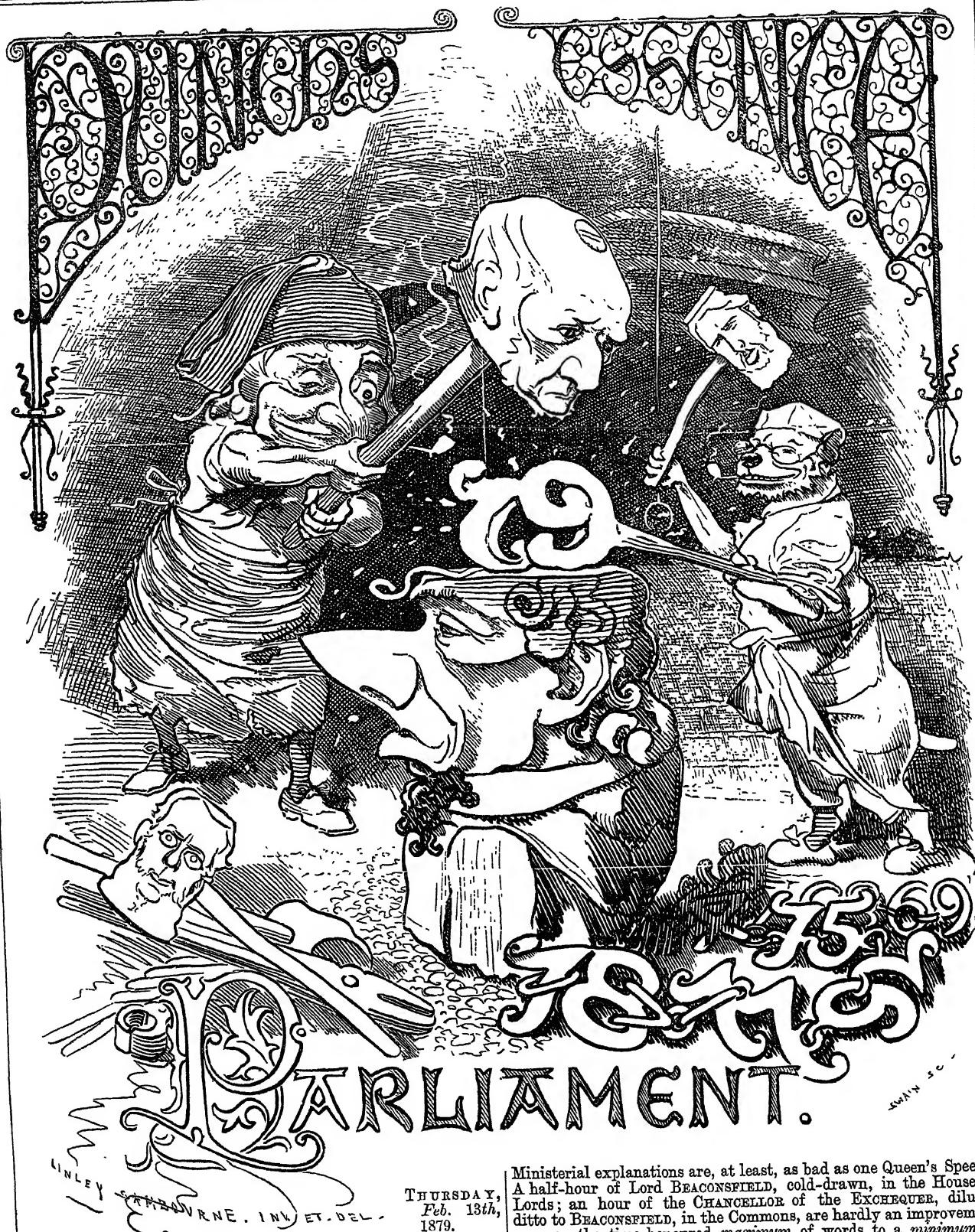
"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sepe cadendo."

THE BANKING REFORM NEEDED.

To substitute the (comparatively) limited lie-ability of Shareholders, for the positively unlimited lie-ability of Directors. (Vide Glasgow Bank revelations.)

THE REAL KING OF CONNAUGHT.

If Lord B. wants to make Ireland as loyal and as pleasant to Royalty as Scotland, let him shift "Arthur's Seat" to Dublin.



LINLEY SAMBOURNE. INV. ET. DEL.

Another link in the chain of years;
Another St. Stephen's Session begins;
Another dash at the weary clash
Twixt hammer and anvil of Outs and Ins.

"For what we have *not* received"—i.e., for no Queen's Speech—*Punch* might be expected to say, "let us be thankful." But two

THURSDAY,
Feb. 18th,
1879.

Ministerial explanations are, at least, as bad as one Queen's Speech. A half-hour of Lord BEACONSFIELD, cold-drawn, in the House of Lords; an hour of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, diluted ditto to BEACONSFIELD, in the Commons, are hardly an improvement on even the time-honoured *maximum* of words to a *minimum* of meaning put into Her MAJESTY's mouth as the right sort of introduction to her Collective Wisdom.

No, if even Queen's Speech be but silvern, it is not Ministerial speech, but silence, that is golden. And now, more than ever, "only silence seemeth best," to those who sit, sorrowful, in the shadow of a great National disaster; one sad sympathy in all hearts with the mourners



AWFUL CONDITION OF THE UNEMPLOYED
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE LATE FROST.

in so many homes; one great, common grief over so many of the brave, the loved, and the lost; one common misgiving as to the unavoidableness of the war in which they have fallen, and the foresight of those who should have made provision for its needs at home, and guided its operations in the field.

In the meantime, England's sorrow uttered, and her tribute to the brave dead duly paid, for which she can count on eloquent tongues on both sides of both Houses, her only thought is, how best to retrieve her National honour, and fill up the places of her brave dead with brave avengers.

These thoughts so pre-occupied all in both Houses on Thursday night that the speeches in both fell flat. Vaunt and vituperation, thrust and parry, attack and defence, seemed equally spiritless.

In the *Lords*, Lord BEACONSFIELD blew his trumpet with bated breath. After a few first notes of sorrow over the disaster that lay heavy on all hearts, he set to work cautiously picking such bits of *couleur de rose* as could be extracted from the most roseate view of the past, under its now familiar aspects of the Berlin Treaty, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, the future of Cyprus, and the Afghan War, (which, we are glad to know, has achieved all the Government ever wanted), and then passed to the most promising view of the future in the shape of Bills,—or rather promissory notes,—of the Session, including an amended Mutiny Act, not meant to oust Parliament of its Army-control, Bills for Criminal Law Consolidation, Bankruptcy Amendment, County Boards, and new Valuation in England, Grand Juries in Ireland, and Poor Law Amendment in Scotland.

Lord GRANVILLE did his cavilling as gingerly, as Lord BEACONSFIELD had done his praising and promising gently. The Opposition hammers, he declared, had not smitten with undue heaviness on the Official anvils. He contended, in the teeth of the bolts forged by the Admiralty Mucibier, that he and his friends had had a policy on the Eastern Question. Lord BEACONSFIELD was to be congratulated for not having supported the suggestion of the quack medicine of Protection as a panacea for the existing distress; and under the Zulu disaster the Government might count on the aid of the Opposition for the repair of losses and the supply of needs. Still, the sufficiency of the case for the war with CETEWAYO was open to question on the Papers, and it was odd that when Sir BARTLE FREERE so pressed the need of cavalry, the Government had sent none.

Lord CADOGAN said the Government had sent all that Lord CHELMSFORD had asked for. He had said nothing about Cavalry.

Lord CARNARVON, from his Colonial Office experience, believed the war to have been both just and inevitable. But we must wait for papers before committing ourselves to an opinion on that point, or many others. Only one thing is certain—we must strike now our hardest and fastest, lest we should increase alike the cost, the danger, and the area of the war.

LORD KIMBERLEY doubted whether the annexation of the Transvaal had not been the determining cause of the war and the disaster. But though we might differ about the policy of the Government, Home or Colonial, there could be no doubt what the honour of the Mother-Country, and the safety of the Colony, demanded in the present emergency.

With which, a dull night's dull talk went out prematurely, at twenty minutes after seven, for sheer want of fuel. Everybody, in fact is out of spirits, and nobody wants a row.

(Commons.)—Mr. BLAKE got a laugh—flat as the House was—by asking whether it was right for the Clergy of the Established Church to set up in the grocery and tobacco business?

Who have so good a right to make their sixpences go as far as they can on the way to shillings as the most poorly paid body of men in the kingdom?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER delivered himself of a languid and long-winded echo of his Principal in the *Lords*. One bit of information he did give. India insists on paying the cost of our war with the AMEREE. The utmost it will accept from us is the loan of Two Millions, without interest—to cover loss by depreciation of silver—a little present of about £80,000 a year.

Sir C. DILKE performed the work of vivisection on Sir STAFFORD's very colourless creation with rather more spirit than Lord GRANVILLE had done the same office on Lord BEACONSFIELD'S. The Chelsea Pet showed no small skill as a smart hitter, even amid the prevailing dulness of the evening. He particularly pressed for an answer to his awkward questions,—What were the Government going to do in Afghanistan? Where were they going to stop? With whom were they going to treat? By what magic did they propose to leave an “independent and self-governing Afghanistan” behind them, after breaking up the only power that held the

country in political cohesion? Easier asking than answering questions of this nasty sort.

All Sir STAFFORD, or his master, can say, is, that they have made up their minds to get out of the Afghan *galère* as soon, and as cheaply, as possible: and that those who wish to commit the Government to the occupation of Cabul, or even Herat, will find they have a harder task on hand than they expected. They have quite occupation enough on their hands already.

SIR W. HARROD delivered an amusing lecture on Cyprus, illustrated by dissolving views *en noir*, as a pendant to the First Lord of the Admiralty's picture of that interesting island *en rose*, lately exhibited to another Westminster audience.

Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY spoke in the voice of indignant and ill-used Ireland—the voice that we have hitherto heard out of a BURR if not through a bung-hole, and with very much the same hollow ring about it.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, after languidly turning over the topics of the time—the Afghan War, the Treaty of Berlin, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the Zulu Disaster—succumbed submissively to the flatness of the evening.

The FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY imparted a momentary flicker to the smouldering embers of the night's talk, by insisting on the beauties of Cyprus, the prospects of profit out of its occupation, and the capacities of the harbour of Famagusta—if it ever came to be made.

This "fit of light, this tongue of flame" was eagerly fanned by Sir GEORGE ELLIOT on one side, and Mr. SAMUELSON on the other. But nothing could keep the night's talk alive; not even a general chorus of Irish discontents, ending in a motion for adjournment, in which Major NOLAN and Sir P. O'BRIEN, Messrs. O'DONNELL, PARNELL, and O'CONNOR POWER, MELDON, GRAY, and O'SHAUGHNESSY, "bore a brave burdon," crowned by a solemn imprecation upon the Government—in the Major's grandest manner, with folded arms and uplifted voice—of his "utter hatred and contempt."

If this Irish "blend" failed to put spirit into the House, what wonder if the temperate but plaintive wail of Sir G. BALFOUR over the cruel mockery of the long-suffering people of Scotland, as implied in the scurvy treatment of their grievances in the Government programme, did not awaken any more sympathy than barely sufficed to keep a House for Sir STAFFORD's general reply, and Mr. LOWTHER's protest against Government being bound by anything in the newspapers. It was all very easy to talk about the Irish University Question, but the Government could not be expected to take up Irish hot pokers, only to have the pleasure of burning their fingers, and no thanks for it from either side.

And so, drearily and wearily, the House dispersed, somewhere between twelve and one, with a feeling modified from TITUS's—"Perdidimus noctem."

Friday (Lords).—Lord GRANVILLE wants to know—as no doubt do a good many other people—*how* Afghanistan is to be made "strong, self-governing, and independent," by the drastic doctoring of Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Indian assistants. Lord B. disclaims the "strong," but stands up for the "self-governing and independent." Well—certainly the country may fairly be called "self-governing," in the sense of having nobody but itself to govern it; and "independent," as it has, apparently, nothing left to depend upon.

Lord SALISBURY promised papers to show that the policy of the Government had led to the withdrawal of the Russian Emissaries from Cabul. Whether they had, or had not, cleared out before we declared war, will be settled by the papers.

Lord BYRD brought forward the Report of the Committee on the Organisation of the Volunteer Force. Small Corps are to be amalgamated. The maximum of the force is to be fixed at 250,000. Encouragement is to be given to engagements to serve for four years. More drills are to be required; and red coats are recommended. No increase of the capitulation grant is proposed, but additional allowances will be given under certain conditions.

Summa.—The War Office wants to get a little more official red tape round Volunteer legs and arms, and more professional buckram on Volunteer backs; and Lord TRURO, for one, doesn't like it. Probably a good many Volunteer Commanding Officers will agree with him. *Punch* waits to hear the voice of the Volunteer on the subject.

Lord TRURO and Lord CADOGAN had a smart round or two over the still disputed question, whether Lord CHELMFORD got all he asked for in the way of troops for Zululand. *C. a. v.*

It is satisfactory to know we are going to send a Doctor to look after the Plague, if the Russians will let us. The Duke of RICHMOND does not expect England to be favoured by a visit from this grim guest. Unluckily, it is not likely to ask the Duke's leave to come to us, as we have to ask the Czar's leave for our Doctor to go to it.

(Commons).—Irish diversion. Better now than later. If we are to have a series of Donnybrook nights this Session, the sooner the shillelagh begins—and ends—the better.

To-night twigs were comparatively tame, tempers comparatively tranquil, and treading on coat-tails comparatively harmless. Such

tame "foightin'" as there was, was over Mr. MELDON's Motion for the establishing of a £4 rating suffrage in Irish Boroughs.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, Mr. FORSTER, and the advanced Liberals generally, backed the Motion; the Irish Liberals supported the Irish Conservatives, and the Government opposed it. Its rejection was a foregone conclusion; but 187 to 256 was at least a respectable minority, and speaks of success, probably in the not very far-off future. How a lowered franchise would work in Ireland, remains to be seen. How has it worked in England? Does anybody quite know yet?

AN INVITATION OF THE (NOT VERY REMOTE) FUTURE.

Letter from the Hon. Mrs. Swellington to Lady Diana Gadderer.

Marwood Hall, November 5, 1879.

MY DEAREST DR,

Do get your old man to bring you to Marwood for a big shoot next week. It will be great fun. The men will shoot Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and on Friday we will all drive over to the Assizes, and hear the trial of that quite too awfully interesting creature, SIKES, for the murder of his wife and their three little children. Mr. RANT, Q.C., who is the Counsel for the Crown, says that he cannot possibly get off, and TOM has got the Sheriff to promise us the best seats in the front row of the reserved seats on the Bench, so that we shall have a capital view of the Prisoner's face when he is sentenced. *On dit* that Mr. Justice DOWNRIGHT (who, I hear, is quite a darling) is going to try the case, and that he is

a hanging Judge. We will make a regular day of it, and take luncheon with us, so that we shall not miss anything. With a thousand kisses to your charming chicks, and as many loves to yourself, believe me, my dearest DR,

Yours devotedly,

CHARITY SWELLINGTON.

P.S.—Don't forget to put your Opera-glasses into your travelling-bag.

GERMAN GRAB-VEREIN (UNLIMITED).

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Association has been formed for the purpose of affording its Shareholders the maximum of profit with the minimum of payment.

As the Directors have secured the services of a Gentleman of large experience in Conveyancing operations of the most skilful and successful character, they confidently anticipate success.

Money obtained on false pretences at all hours of the day and night.

Bargains made and repudiated with punctuality and dispatch.

Sovereigns deposited and robbed of their private property neatly and expeditiously.

Treaties, whether of old or recent date, effectually broken at a few hours' notice.

Newspapers bribed and gagged in the most effectual style.

Conveyancing executed on the largest scale, and in all its branches, Political and Diplomatic.

Sole Acting Manager—PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

Head Offices—Berlin.

Sir Stafford's Last—and not Best.

SIR STAFFORD got a smart facer from the Chelsea Pet—and deserved it—for connecting the present wide-spread distress with the late severe weather, and being silly enough to express the hope that the barometer of prosperity might go up with the rise of the weather-glass. He will yet have to learn that distress like the present is distress, whether or no.

BETSY PRIG AND THE THUNDERER.

Betsy. Which I'm happy and proud to observe you've come over complete to my side.

Jupiter. Your side, my good woman? You joke!

Betsy. Come now, don't go a tryin' to ride

The 'Igh 'Oss any more, my dear J., 'cos you see we are in the same boat, And I got in it fust, you must own; 'tis but lately you've altered *your* note; And mere follerers shouldn't be uppish. Concernin' that HARTINGTON now, Wy, our lines is precisely agreed. Drat the man! I ad 'opes as, somehow, He would cut hisself loose from old GLADSTING. I give 'im the 'int, poooty straight,

Which I've patted his back all along, and pertended in every debate To perceive that at heart he wos with hus. Sometimes it was orkurd, my dear, When he 't out a little bit 'ard, and worked up to a Radical cheer.

Still I praised him for being so mod'rit, and 'oped as he'd yet toe the line; But I fear he's been got at and nobbled, in spite of your warnings and mine.

Jupiter. Well—I must say, it is most annoying. The Party is going to pot. The Country will not stand much more, but will certainly shelve the whole lot.

I have told them so only to-day.

Betsy. Yes; a-echoin' what I've bin sayin'

For months.

Jupiter. Mrs. P., you're offensive! The Thunderer, Jupiter, playing The rôle of an Echo! Absurd!

Betsy. Well, I don't mean the 'a'penny one, Whose wooice is that shrill 'tis more suited for Juno a naggin'. My fun, My dear J.—so don't finger them bolts in that fidgety kind of a way; 'Cos you know that damp rockets don't 'urt, and my 'brella's their match any day!

Jupiter (fuming). Impudent female!

Betsy. There! there! Why should pardners like hus go and quarrel?

The Libs is a wakin' up sharp, and mean fightin', dear J., that's a moral. The Idjuts! We've piped to 'em long, but to dance to our tune they decline; And the consekkens surely will be they'll be walloped along the whole line, And be out in the cold lord knows how long. That GLADSTING has smashed up his party.

I'm afraid there's no help for 'em now, as my merry last 'ope was in HARTY. And now he's gone wrong, like the rest—which them Liverpool speeches raised cheers,

But they 'arrowed this patriot buzzum and moved me and SAIREY to tears! To think as the party I've fought for should round on Old England like so! Turnin' anti-Imperial traitors!—I tell you, dear J., it's a blow.

Can you lend me a dry pocket-handkercher, Jupiter? Mine is that—

Jupiter. Hush! For Heaven's sake, Madam, dry up, and whatever you do, do not gush. It's such shocking bad form!

Betsy. 'Oity-toity! You're orful stuck-up, I declare! Do you think I ain't learnt elercution, or studied that dear LEMPIERRE?

Jupiter. Not at all. But emotion, like trimming or making a right-about-face, Needs finish, a delicate blending of subtle gradation and grace; Your sentiment sorely needs toning, your cat-in-pan turns are too swift.—The trick of artistical ratting, you see, is a very rare gift.

Betsy. Jest so; and some say as you've lost it. But there!—no more words. Let us jine

In backin' up BEAKER like winkin'—leastways till there's rayther more sign Of—you know, my dear J. P'raps you'll put it in your own artistical style: Jupiter. Till the country grows tired of the Ins, and means trying the Outs for awhile.

Betsy. Jest so. Well, ta-ta! for the presink! (Aside.) A pompous, uplifted old pump!

Jupiter. I've the honour to wish you good morning. (Aside.) A frowsy, vulgarian frump!

A VERY DELICATE SUBJECT.

"Painters are in peculiar relations with purchasers, and, unlike agents or men of business, they, as a rule, cannot at the moment of sale enter without constraint into all the details that would be necessary to protect their interests."—*Memorial of the Royal Academy concerning Artistic Copyright.*

Mr. Punch, ever considerate for highly-strung and sensitive natures, offers the following useful hints to considerate picture-buyers.

Let the intending purchaser never for a moment think of forcing his acquaintance on the Artist with an ulterior design of "doing business." He will do well to manage a meeting with him, say, at not less than three country houses and two dozen dinners in the season, before requesting the honour of an introduction. The foundation being thus laid, a friendly intimacy may be unobtrusively cultivated, care being taken that during its progress no allusion however remote, be ever made to picture-making, picture-buying, or any subject connected with pictures.

A warm friendship having at last been thus established, "painting," as a gentlemanly amusement, *not as a profession*, may for the first time be casually alluded to.

If, at this point, the Artist give a sort of off-hand hint, that he "has dabbled

a little in Art, quite *an amateur*," and has "a thing or two," in what, for a freak, he calls his Studio, but which the old Italian Masters used coarsely to call their *bottega*, or "shop," the intending purchaser may venture to look in, and at some time not naturally suggesting business—say, some Sunday after Church.

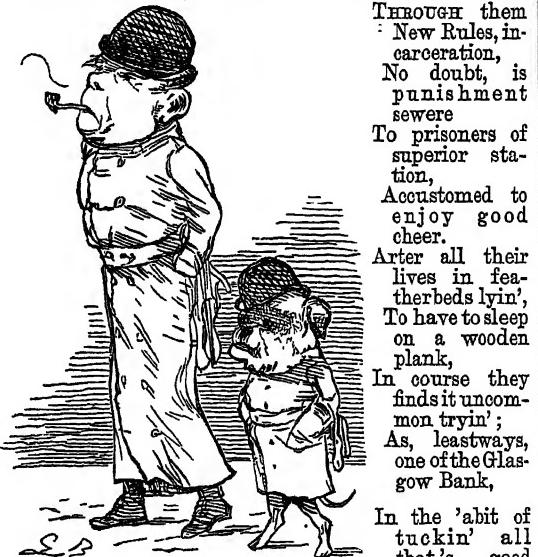
Having left his carriage round the corner, lest he should look like a patron, he may, without offence, promiscuously ask leave to join the children's dinner; but he should be most careful to make no reference to the real object of his visit. If nothing is said about the picture, all chance of business may be regarded as over between himself and the Artist for the present, if not for ever.

If, however, he can manage to work his way naturally into the Studio and see the work he hankers after, let him remember that the offensive subject of price can only be delicately reached through the channels of allegory, by means of indirect allusions, or by the Artist managing to drop the "figure," as if inadvertently, or pretending to fall into a doze, and talking "shop" in his sleep.

This having been neatly managed, the purchaser should get the picture out of the Studio surreptitiously, for fear of hurting anybody's feelings. Finally, and, above all, he must be on his guard not to breathe the word *copyright*.

The only delicate way of coming to *that* will open later on, when the purchaser may be able to approach this most ticklish subject through the medium of a lawyer's letter, leading up, perhaps, to a spirited trial in the Queen's Bench Division.

PRISON THOUGHTS OF A PRIG.



THROUGH them
New Rules, in-
carceration,
No doubt, is
punishment
severe
To prisoners of
superior sta-
tion,
Accustomed to
enjoy good
cheer.
Arter all their
lives in fea-
therbeds lyin',
To have to sleep
on a wooden
plank,
In course they
finds it uncom-
mon tryin';
As, leastways,
one of the Glas-
gow Bank,

In the 'abit of
tuckin' all
that's good
in,

For breakfast allowanced a pint of gruel,
And their dinner—bread, 'taters, and suetty puddin'—
Weighed out by the ounce, they must feel it cruel.
But the ground's werry often a sojer's bed;

And he ain't got no mattress to save his back;

And he sometimes may wish he was no wus fed,

And slept arf as well on his bivooack.

A Swell offender agin the lawr,
In terror of only one month's time,
Might make up his mind to cheat no more,
And pause in his line of respectable crime.
But I never was nust in Luxury's lap;
So yer see my feelins ain't quite so fine,
And whenever I'm lagged, I takes my nap,
As I must, on my plank, wich I don't repine.

Suppose it 'ad been my 'apless lot
From honesty's path fo' to slope astray,
Wen to purple and fine linnin used I'd got,
'Avin always fared sumphus every day.
'Ow unpleasant I likewise should find the Jug,
If, in penial servitudo sent to dwell,
Where now I sleeps comparative snug,
On my timber bed, in my tidy cell!



CHEAP !

Landlady. "How shall I make out the bill for this artis' in the parlour, John? Shall I call him 'Mr.' or 'Esquire'?"
Landlord. "Oh, you may write him 'Esquire,' and charge him 'alf a sovereign extra!'"

DIRTY WEATHER.

Yes, things look queer, the sky is drear,
 The clouds show little signs of breaking.
 But what of that? Away with fear!
 The good ship's crew's averse to quaking.
 She labours, ay! In such a sea
 A bark so laden's no mere feather.
 "But she has threshed through worse," says he,
 The Captain stout, "You'll not dash me
 With dirty weather!"

"I've had some tastes of such before.
 Whilst I've good sea-room, I'll not funk it.
 Squalls oft have tried the old ship sore,
 But, Lord be praised, have not yet sunk it.
 Keep up your hearts! I hold the helm.
 Preserve good watch, and pull together;
 Nor angry seas shall yet o'erwhelm
 The stout old barkey, *British Realm*,
 Nor dirty weather!"

"Aye, aye, Sir!" *Punch* replies, "that tone
 Than weak eye-piping better fits you.
 Hold on that tack, you'll hold your own,
 Though o'er the bows a stiff sea hits you.
 Queer steering *may* have helped storm's work.
 No matter. Taut keep duty's tether,
 Let none his share of that dare shirk,
 And we'll ride safe through mist and mirk
 Of dirty weather."

"We've lost some hands—God rest each soul!
 Swept swift to death,—it sorely grieves us.
 Their fate which thins our muster-roll,
 A bigger share of duty leaves us.
 Blow high, blow low, straight on we go,
 No halt, no hoisting the white feather!
 Keep up your hearts! Aloft, a-low,
 What Sailor, in devotion's glow,
 Funks dirty weather?"

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."

We want sober, steady, strong, and seasoned men, to supply the grievous gap left by defeat and disaster in our line of Southern African defence. The Marines,—2,000 of the best infantry and 800 of the best artillery, in the English service,—are ready and willing to volunteer for this ugly and urgent duty.

"*Per mare, per terras*"—is the motto of the Corps, the most unflinching, unwavering, unconquerable, incorruptible, and unfavoured body of men in the British Army.

"You are wanted at the front." Tell that to the Marines, and in the front you will find them.

"You are like to be out-numbered and over-matched." Tell that to the Marines, and they will turn a deaf ear; or if they hear, they won't believe you.

We all know the "Sodgers"—their rank and file, steady, sturdy, true to their duty, and faithful to their flag and their officers under all circumstances, and against all provocations: their officers good men and true, gallant soldiers, poor, for the most part, unfashionable, unpettied, and uncomplaining, and known to the Swelldom of the Service as "empty bottles"—well-explained as "good fellows that have done their duty, and are ready to do it again." Here are evidently the men, of all JOHN BULL's armed sons, to tackle the Zulu, and face the odds and hardships of a wild country and a dangerous service. You have only to "Tell that to the Marines," and see if the Marines don't tell that to CETEWAYO and his warriors in very unmistakable language.



“DIRTY WEATHER, JOHN !!!”

JOHN BULL. “SHE'S THRESHED THROUGH WORSE!!”

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XIII.

A JOLLY EVENING AT PILTON'S (CONTINUED).

Festivities in posse—Rise—Fisher the Talented—Revival—Music Refusals—The Victim—Victim's Vengeance—Finish—Games—BILBY—His Game—An Awakener—Disappointment—Time—No Cockamaroo—After all—Prospects.



I wonder if anyone was ever so rude as to reply to the question about "joining the Ladies" in the negative? One solitary person in a very bad temper might do it; and, if so, the obstructionist would be "left sitting"—"blooming alone," like the last rose of Summer.

PILTON informs us, confidentially, as we leave the dining-room, that FISHER possesses real dramatic talent, if he'd only dress up; but as the talented Amateur persists in his refusal, subsequently informing me "that he didn't want to make a fool of himself before a lot of strangers,"—we can only imagine what an intellectual treat we have lost.

We all, more or less morosely, enter the drawing-room. Here most of the party again consult their watches, with reference to the clock in this room, in the hope of finding the time sufficiently advanced to offer a reasonable excuse for getting out of this jovial evening at PILTON's.

PILTON rouses himself from the depression into which our obstinacy in not amusing one another has thrown him.

He rubs his hands, with as much heartiness as he can assume, and proposes music. He is coming out as a revivalist.

Everybody immediately appears frightened. No one likes to be the first.

Mrs. PILTON appeals to a lank Lady, with a short waist, "Won't she sing?" No, thank you, she would rather not. "Won't she play something?" No, she doesn't play. She would if she could; but she has left her music at home, and doesn't play from memory. "But," she spitefully retaliates, "surely your daughters will?"

Mrs. PILTON's daughters—looking like three Lot's Wives, in the process of being frozen into salt-pillars—give three little acid simpers, and protest, one after the other, with three little signals of distress, in the way of coughs, that they really can't sing, as since the East wind set in, they've entirely lost their voices.

[*Happy Thought (by the audience much relieved). It's an ill wind that blows no one any good.*]

Miss FISHER, on being requested to favour the company with some musical trifles—which expression sounds as if PILTON had asked her to do anything, no matter what, as long as it's something on the piano just to fill up the time—regrets that she can neither play nor sing, at least not from memory, and she has no music [she's got it all upstairs in a box, but she won't fetch it; I found this out next day], but JAMES, her brother, can—"You know he can, Mr. PILTON!" she says, appealing to her host, with a sweet smile, whereupon our distracted host makes a fresh descent on the unhappy young FISHER,—who looks round, imploringly, as though he were saying to himself "Why can't they let me alone?"—and reminds him that he can, if

he will, "play anything;" that further, "he has a perfectly wonderful touch; and there's not a thing he can't play from memory."

So the miserable young FISHER is luggered out of his corner, and away from a photograph-book, in which he had buried himself, in the vain hope of escaping unobserved from his tormentor, and is compelled, but always under protest, to sit down to the piano.

He hesitates what to begin with. His sister reminds him of something. He objects that his audience "all know that." Whereupon his audience, who do know it by heart (it is something from *Madame Angot*), go to the extent of perjuring themselves for politeness' sake, and declare they've never heard it before, and would so like to hear it now.

So young FISHER, thus adjured, sets to work to play tunes from *Madame Angot*, which he has picked up by ear, and of which he has not, apparently, succeeded in getting a firm grasp, as only the first seven bars or so are right, and then the air suddenly becomes something totally different. It is a sort of nightmare of *Madame Angot*, and very irritating.

Once at the piano, it is very difficult to remove him. PILTON's victim is going to be revenged on PILTON in particular, and on the company generally. He seems to have become, suddenly, part and parcel of the music-stool, and, like the ornaments in a Ritualistic Church, he "can't be removed without a faculty." We employ our faculties in trying not to listen to him; but he goes on playing snatches of airs, asking any one who may happen to be near him, "if they recollect this?" or "do they remember this?" and as they generally do, and exhibit no desire to hear it again, or don't recollect it, and don't wish to hear it in a mutilated form, young FISHER's tunes gradually become less and less coherent, he plays jerkily at short intervals, like a musical-box out of order, and, failing at last in even amusing himself, he finally subsides into private life, in his old corner, with the photograph book.

We only discover that he has ceased playing by the gradual cessation of the conversation. We sit about helplessly, like Lotos-eaters. Once more we all furtively consult our watches, as though we were playing some game of mental arithmetic against time, or anxiously expecting an important visitor. No; time isn't up yet, and we must eke out another half-hour, at least, in some sort of conversation. PILTON, finding his jovial evening becoming intolerably dull, suggests "Games."

"Doesn't anyone know a game?" he asks, in despair.

Once more everyone seems scared. No; no one knows a game. It flashes across me suddenly, that I once was told of a game—I think it was a game—called "Cockamaroo;" but whether it was played by counting up numbers, halving them, and adding ten, or whether it wasn't quite a different sort of thing altogether, and played with sticks and a small bell, the flash of memory is too transient to enlighten me. So I keep "Cockamaroo" to myself, and only shake my head.

PILTON turns to PETER DERMOD. "Surely he knows a game?"

PETER, who has nearly fallen asleep on a chair in a corner, replies that he is acquainted with nothing except leap-frog; and, having smiled amiably on the company all round, he drops off again into a doze, when, from occasional spasmodic movements, we presume that he is probably playing leap-frog in his sleep.

I reply to PILTON, that I'm afraid I don't know any games; and, as he suggests the alternative of a song, I declare emphatically that I never sing.

People seem to be reassured on hearing this positive asseveration from my own lips; but we are no nearer a jolly evening than we were a couple of hours ago, when suddenly a very mild young man—somebody's cousin, I fancy, [capital name for a novel, *Somebody's Cousin*—N.B. book it!—but I'd never noticed his presence before—in a remote corner of the room, is suddenly observed whispering to a stout Lady near him, who thereupon exclaims, "Oh!" as if she had been pinched, which, attracting our attention, she goes on to inform us that "Mr. BILBY," the mild young man, "has got a game," which sounds as if the individual in question had been suddenly seized with some form of epilepsy.

PILTON sees a forlorn hope in BILBY. BILBY is the mouse who comes to the lion's rescue.

BILBY blushes, and says, "Well, it's not much of a game." Being pressed to go into details, he informs us, bashfully,—as though it were something improper which he would rather not mention in polite society,—that it consists in everyone saying "Hish!" "Hash!" and "Hosh!" all together.

We don't see, at first sight, that this is a very exciting game, nor indeed how it can be a game at all, but PILTON joyfully welcomes it as better than stagnation, and evidently considers it to be, at all events, a move in the right direction.

The elderly Ladies regard Mr. BILBY with interest, as a new discovery, and we are all more or less surprised at his, so to speak, suddenly coming out of his pod, and bursting into life with a game.

"You direct it," says PILTON to BILBY, with an air of importance, and playing off BILBY against young FISHER, who now appears inclined to patronise BILBY, rather officiously.



"WEEDS!"

Thereupon BILBY diffidently apportions the "Hishes," the "Hashes," and the "Hoshes," among us. Three are to say "Hish," three to say "Hash," and three to say "Hosh," and so on.

It takes a good deal of arrangement, and some argument and explanation, as to whether the words are to be said simultaneously, or one after the other, and so forth.

These knotty points having been decided, and PETER DERMOD having been aroused to a sense of the importance of the occasion, PILTON wishes BILBY to stand on the hearthrug, in front of us all, and give the signal, which he does. Also, if young FISHER, who has nothing whatever to do with this game, beyond playing it, will kindly get off the hearthrug, and get a seat in a corner, anywhere, PILTON will be much obliged. Snub for young FISHER.

Are we ready? Yes. Then, off!

Whereupon we all say, "Hish, hash, hosh!" together, as one word, and then stare at one another to see the result.

Nothing.

"Is that all?" asks PILTON, much disappointed.

"Yes," answers BILBY, nervously, "that is all."

"But that's not a game!" PILTON protests, with evidently a sense of injury.

Poor BILBY seems to be suddenly convinced of this himself. He only returns, "No, I don't say it's much of a game, but I thought it would amuse you."

After this BILBY retires. Triumph for young FISHER. BILBY has strutted his brief five minutes on the hearthrug, and now "is heard no more"—like the "Poor Player"—which, in my opinion, serves any poor player right.

Everyone is irritated with him and his game. PETER DERMOD, angry at having been woken up, declares that such an amusement is only fit for an idiot asylum.

However, we've eked out the time. The carriages are announced,

the outdoor guests leave, thanking the host and hostess for "a very pleasant evening," and the indoor guests retire for a pipe to the smoking-room, where, after young FISHER has retired, PILTON lays all the blame on his shoulders, "because he can be so amusing if he likes, but he wouldn't; and he wouldn't dress up."

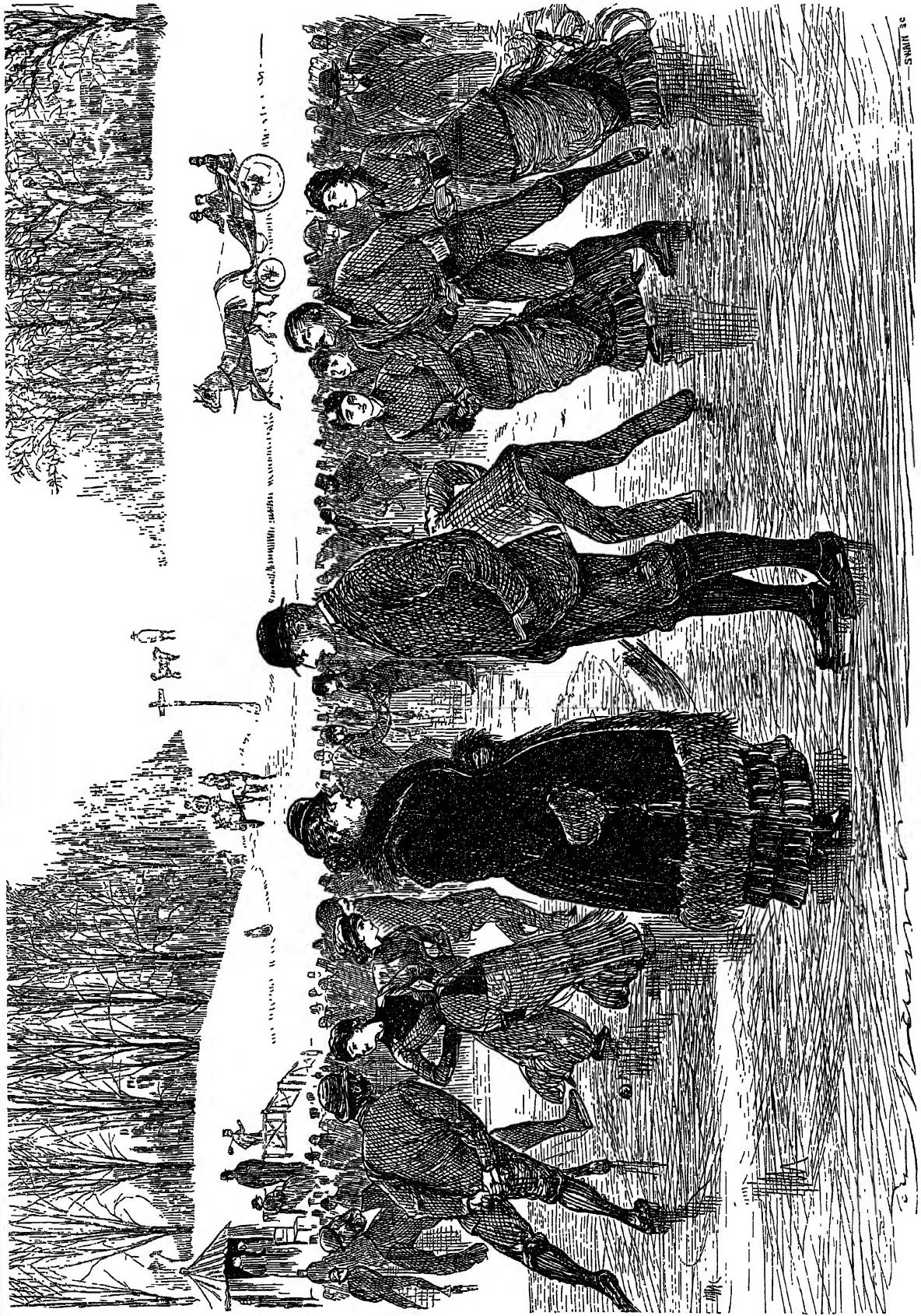
When PETER DERMOD has gone to bed, PILTON remarks that he is not as amusing as he used to be. I apologise for my own shortcomings, and regret my inability to remember "Cockamaroo," which, I am sure, from the sort of vague impression I have of it when I last saw it played, would have caused endless amusement. Everybody regrets that I couldn't think of "Cockamaroo" in time. Tomorrow, when I shall have left, PILTON will confide in Mrs. PILTON, and the three young Ladies, how disappointed he is in me, and he is sure to finish by saying—

"I object to people who can do something to amuse, and won't." He will then probably add with a deep sense of injury, "Why, he" (meaning me) "remembered a game called Cockamaroo, only he wouldn't tell it."

"When I want a jolly evening, nothing shall induce me to go to PILTON's," says PETER DERMOD to me next day, on his way back to town.

I have got two or three more friends to visit. This is fortunate, as there is something the matter with the roof of our Old House at home, where my forefathers, &c., and they are mending and painting. MILDRED, being a good-natured wag, will, of course, spread the report that "there's a tile off, *chez-lui*;" and at all events, for the present I am roofless. This gives me, as it were, a title to my friends' hospitality.

Happy Thought.—New title, Sir WILLIAM ROOFLESS. Sounds historical.



MODEST ASSURANCE.

Young Single. "WHAT, NOT SKATING, MRS. MARRABLE?" Mrs. Marrable (a fascinating widow of over nine-and-forty, but who doesn't look it). "No! I'm too old for that sort of thing." Young Single. "WHAT DO YOU CALL 'TOO OLD' MRS. MARRABLE?" Mrs. Marrable (modestly) "DON'T YOU CALL 'TWENTY-EIGHT TOO OLD, MR. SMYTHE? I DO!"



"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," &c.

Passenger (in Second Class). "I THINK I'VE GOT INTO THE WRONG CARRIAGE."
 Ticket Inspector (sternly). "THE DIFFERENCE MUST BE PAID!"
 Passenger (triumphantly). "OH, JUST SO! THEN I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THREE SHILLINGS—I'VE A FIRST-CLASS TICKET!"

THE PITH OF SMITH.

(A Poetical Précis taken at Westminster Palace Hotel.)

My LORD DUKE AND GENTLEMEN, 'Tis with surprise
 At the curious course of events that I rise;
 I'm a plain man of business, and not fond of speaking,
 And e'en this occasion is not of my seeking;
 But the cry of electors has called me, and, therefore,
 I'll tip you four columns—as much as you'll care for.
 The voice of the Country—I bar some bar-sinisters,
 Who always run cross-backs Her Majesty's Ministers.
 Quite right; we have crowned it with honours and glories.
 The Rads do deny it,—but then they tell stories.
 Sad disaster in Africa? Yes, but, believe it,
 Our soldiers, brave fellows! will promptly retrieve it.
 We mean to go on, spite of Liberal jeering,
 And settle that question for ever. (*Much cheering.*)
 Strong statements have issued from Chatsworth and Newnham,
 They're mainly smart fudge, and I boldly impugn 'em:
 Naughty boys, out of funds, sigh for goodies and toffies,
 And Rads, out of power, of course pine for office.
C'est le mot de l'éénigme in all squabbles political,
 When you're out in the cold you are sure to turn critical.
 The condition of Europe, thanks wholly to us,
 And in spite of the Liberal fury and fuss,
 Is just what it should be—at least, *very* nearly.
 Of Cyprus some quidnuncs have cackled severely;
 I've been there myself, and I found it delightful.
 The fallacies spouted by HARCOURT were frightful!
 It does not harbour fever,—to any extent;
 And it will harbour ships,—when some tin has been spent.
 Just listen to GARNET! A rather long letter,
 But take it for gospel—you could not do better.

BE IN TIME!
 HORSEMONGER Lane Gaol is being sold and carted away piece-meal.

Murdermongers, be on the alert! Here are the stones hallowed by the presence of that sweet couple, the MANNINGS, to say nothing of other interesting inmates, who have left their memories behind them on their Murderers' March from dock to scaffold. After Newgate, in these Peace-loving days, it would be hard to point out to our criminal sensationalists a richer mine of reliques. What the Catacombs have been to the Christian Church, Horse-monger Lane Gaol should be to that large branch of the Church-Criminal established in Her MAJESTY's dominions, and its devoted adherents.

Our Little Busy Bees and their Very Busy American Cousins.

THERE has lately been a vehement protest of the British Beekeepers against the influx of American honey. All flying insects in the States we know are called "Bugs." Naturally enough, indignant English Apiarians call the Yankee Bees—Hum-bugs.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

OWING to the general and growing distrust of Banks, we may look out, ere long, for a revival of an important branch of the Nottingham trade—Long Stockings.

A VOICE FROM MIDLOTHIAN.

TREE-FELLING my foes class among my brain-maggots;
 But better, I tell them, fell trees than *make* faggots.

OPERA (BISMARCKII) AT BERLIN.—*Praxia, Prandia, Potationes, Prædationes, Prædicationes, Pessumulationes.*

SAUNDERS'S DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY OF "A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."—To prevent the Afghaun gaun aff.

REAL LUNACY.—Trusting the Crescent.

It settles the grumbler. Our enemies think
 When they call it a pest-house, a desert, a sink,
 That of well-deserved *kudos* they've cleverly stript us.
 Pooh, pooh! With some cash, and the—hum!—Eucalyptus,
 You'll find it, in spite of the fools who find fault, a
 Superb combination of Eden and Malta.
 And then, as regards our financial affairs,
 Mid-Lothian's proximate Candidate dares'
 To say they are in a deplorable state;
 But you'll find they will turn out all right, if you'll wait.
 If taxation is swelled to a tidy amount,
 We're prepared for each item to render account.
 And what more would you have? Bills will run up, you know,
 E'en the Birmingham Radicals find how they grow.
 In fact, "we all do it," so why make bother?
 So much for one Bogey. Bad Trade is another.
 To charge us with bringing on that is a shame,
 Over-trading and GLADSTONE are chiefly to blame.
 'Twould never have appeared, but for his rash temerity
 In raising, and praising, disastrous prosperity.
 Still, we are not *all* starving. We dig lots of coal,
 And the working-men's savings expand on the whole;
 Our taxes are light (so there's room for increase),
 And now dear Lord B. has brought Honour and Peace.
 If the workman won't listen to Radical stories,
 But stick to his bench, and his best friends, the Tories,
 Trade will very soon show a surprising revival,
 And Old England will stand as of old without rival,
 Strong, proud, inoffensive, imperial, united!
 There! I think that's the lot; and I trust you're delighted—
 This I fancy's a settler for HARCOURT and HARTY;
 Five Columns! Not bad for a taciturn party.
 Speech is silvern, and silence is golden, I hold,
 But a Smith works in silver as well as in gold;
 And I can play the Silver-Smith. Thanks for the hearing
 You've given. And now I'll sit down. (*Prolonged cheering.*)

COSMOPOLITANS AND COOK.



a *chef de cuisine*. We rejoice to record the magnanimity with which they have rendered that homage to a Chief who was a British Sea Captain—but one who, in serving his country has also served mankind. Could not some of us, by way of return, unite in a similar glorification of some great Frenchman—and who should it be?

“IN LIQUIDATION.”

A SCREAMING FARCE.

(As Performed with immense effect in London and the Provinces.)

SCENE.—A Solicitor's Office—Meeting of Creditors discovered.

Enter to them HAWKSLEY, Trustee, and SMOOTH, Solicitor to BUTTERY'S Liquidation.

Brown (a plethoric large Creditor). We all know what we're here for. I move that Mr. JONES, as Principal Creditor, do take the Chair.

Robinson (another, still more full-bodied large Creditor). I beg to second that motion. [Motion put, and carried unanimously.

Jones (after bowing himself into the Chair). Gentlemen, we are met here to receive the Trustee's statement of the liquidation in that business of BUTTERY'S. I hope, for all our sakes, that we're in for a substantial dividend. (Applause.) And the sooner we get it the better. So I will waste no more words, but call at once, on Mr. HAWKSLEY, the Trustee, for his report.

[HAWKSLEY responds to the summons by settling his double-eye-glass and arranging his papers.

Hawksley. As you are doubtless aware, Gentlemen—practical men of business you all are—this has been a most troublesome estate to wind up—the property of the debtor peculiarly difficult to realise—in fact, I may truly call it one of the toughest jobs, though of trifling character as regards assets and liabilities, I have ever taken in hand in all my long and varied experience. The assets, as some of you may remember, were stated at £1500. The liabilities, oddly enough, stood at precisely the same figure—a very rare and gratifying feature in the case. We have been forced to three sales by auction—very troublesome things always. One was of furniture, valued by Mr. BUTTERY himself at £400. This realised £185. (Movement among Creditors.) The plant and machinery of the concern were sold in one lot for £160. (Renewed sensation.) Mr. B.'s valuation of this, confirmed by our own valuer, was £800—not an extravagant amount, if, as I am informed, it originally cost £3,000—and I shouldn't at all wonder. You know, as men of business, what these forced sales are—ruinous, Gentlemen—simply ruinous. (Lifts up his eyelids and shrugs his shoulders.) Then there was the sale, by auction, of two small freehold-houses. We put them at £200. There was a first mortgage charge on them of £650. They realised £25, after satisfying mortgagée's claims—there was half a year's interest due—£16 5s.—and so left £8 13s. for the benefit of the estate. (Growing depression among Creditors.) The book-debts, which were valued—somewhat sanguinely, perhaps—at £100, we have sold for £10. (Creditors who looked blank before look blander still.) We don't consider ten per cent. at all bad for book-debts. This, I think, is all the assets. Coming to sum-totals, Gentlemen, (Movement: JONES mopping his forehead, BROWN in a high state of perspiration, ROBINSON breathing hard), we have, all realised, £363 15s. available for dividend (a

smothered groan from JONES) and expenses—or perhaps I should rather say, expenses and dividend.

Brown (jumping up after having with difficulty kept his seat thus far). Con-found it, Sir. We were offered ten shillings in the pound guaranteed, at the first meeting; but Mr. SMOOTH here (turning to glare furiously on that Gentleman), he advised liquidation as the best thing for the creditors—and talked about twenty shillings in the pound—he did—and be — to him.

Smooth (severely). Take care, Mr. BROWN! (beaming blandly on the rest of the Creditors), I can assure you, Gentlemen, that Mr. HAWKSLEY has been, literally, indefatigable in this case—most careful to do the best for the estate and the creditors. I can answer for it, that he has never taken a step without consulting me.

Jones (malignantly). And you charging us jolly well for it, I'll be bound.

Smooth (warningly). Take care, Mr. JONES!

Robinson (who is short-necked and plethoric, and daren't trust himself to express his feelings). What's the dividend?

Jones (who knows his Friend's symptoms). Don't excite yourself, ROBINSON. It's bad for you, you know it is. (To other Creditors who are gradually approaching to boiling-point). Gentlemen, be patient. It ain't any good getting in a passion. (A lull.)

Hawksley (serenely). Having stated realised assets, we now come to costs of liquidation (looking at Paper through his double eye-glass). First, we have Solicitor's costs—most moderate, you will, I think, admit—£104 6s.; then Auctioneer's valuations and commissions,—that's always a heavy item,—£36 6s.; and Trustee's costs,—we have kept them down as close as we could, as the estate was a small one,—£222 9s., leaving available for dividend, the sum of Eighteen Shillings and Fourpence precisely! (Silence and stupefaction.)

Jones (with a ghastly attempt at humour). How much may that be in the pound?

Hawksley. I have not worked it out yet, but if you'll give me a few minutes—perhaps—[Flourishing his gold pencil-case. Robinson (with ironical calm). Don't trouble yourself. We've had quite enough of your figures. It cost me eighteen-pence to prove my debt. I should have been better off if I'd made BUTTERY a present o' the money, and had done with it; and now he's cleaned out, and the Creditors have got nothing, and all the estate has found its way into your pockets between you. A nice state o' things, I call it!

Mr. Smooth. Be careful in the way of innuendoes, Sir! I may have to teach you that professional men have a character to uphold.

Hawksley (soothingly). I am sure, Mr. ROBINSON did not mean—(ROBINSON shows in his face that he meant all that, and a good deal more)—I can assure you, Gentlemen, that the realisation of the estate has been a careful one—most careful—unusually painstaking—in fact, more time given to it than the amount of the estate, perhaps, would have justified, strictly speaking.

Robinson (with a ghastly chuckle). Ha, ha, ha! All I hope is, that Mr. HAWKSLEY, when he's realising for himself, will look as sharp as when he's realising for us.

Jones (bursting his bounds). I think it's quite time this humbugging trustee-business was done with; blown if it ain't—

Hawksley (indignantly). “Humbugging,” Mr. JONES? I did not come here to be insulted. You will find I am master of the situation.

Jones. “Situation” be hanged! I should jolly well like to move the Court, and see if you are master.

Hawksley. Better not waste your money, Mr. JONES, if you'll allow me to advise you. I am not amenable to any Court—(with solemnity), except that of my character and my conscience. To the former I appeal—to the latter I look for support, under these cruel and undeserved aspersions. Ask your legal adviser.

Jones. Is that so, Mr. SMOOTH?

Smooth. Undoubtedly. Good gracious! Didn't you put yourselves into his hands? Didn't you give him full power? The LORD CHANCELLOR himself couldn't do anything.

Hawksley (with calm superiority). And if he could, you seem to forget, Gentlemen, that I am, in the eye of the law, an officer of the Court (proudly).

Jones (getting lower and lower in his language, under the influence of excitement). It seems to me you are the Court. As far as I can make out, you owe nobody no account,—no money—no nothing. Blessed if it ain't a regular swindle, all round!

Hawksley (with wounded dignity). Did you hear, Mr. SMOOTH? (Sternly). You will repent this language, Mr. JONES.

Jones (desperate and defiant). Do your worst! I can always face the like of you—in Court, or out—though the less I see of you, anywhere, the better. Come along, Gents. It don't smell sweet here, somehow—it really don't.

ROBINSON (resignedly). Well, we're all done brown. I suppose that's all about it. Case o' “grin and bear it” all round. Come along!

[Exeunt Creditors crestfallen, headed by BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, who exchange looks of defiance with HAWKSLEY and SMOOTH, as they pass out. SMOOTH and HAWKSLEY gather up their papers, whisper, smile, shake hands, and move to the door, in fraternal alliance.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, February 17 (Lords).—Earl DELAWARR and the LORD CHANCELLOR have two Bills prepared for making masters responsible for managers, in cases of accidents to workmen. EARL DELAWARR's was read a First Time, and is then to stand over for consideration of the Government Measure. It is a nice and difficult matter, needing legislation principally to do away with the legal fiction of "common employment," and the sooner it is settled the better.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, in the favourite Parliamentary part of Sisyphus heaving once more the great stone of Bankruptcy Law up the Hill of Difficulty! The changes he proposes all tend in the right direction—to stop the pickings of the thriving birds of prey who now fatten themselves and feather their nests out of bankrupt estates, under various titles, and to make it worth the creditors' while to look after their debts, which they now seldom care to do when once Bankruptcy or Arrangement has set in to the work of dividing assets for the benefit of creditors' agents, instead of creditors. In short, the Act is a well-meaning—if not ambitious—attempt *custodire custodes*. But it stops far short of the only drastic remedy—to punish fraudulent Bankruptcy as a crime, and to treat as fraud all the various well-known forms of robbery under the mask of business, which are now the opprobrium of English trade.

Lord PENZANCE is of opinion that much of the blame now thrown on Bankruptcy Laws is due to the supineness of creditors. *Punch* would rather put it, that much of the supineness of creditors is due to the blame now attaching to the Bankruptcy Laws. Justice is

said to be blind. She can hardly be so blind as she looks, while we see her winking so very hard in the Bankruptcy Court.

(Commons).—The Major scored a hit by cannoneering off the Glasgow Bank Directors on the Claimant. He gave notice of his intention to demand the release of the latter, or mitigation of his sentence, in consideration of the inadequate punishment of the former.

In answer to Mr. STACPOOLE, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE said the Government knew nothing of any intention to carry out *Mr. Punch's* suggestion for the removal of Arthur's Seat to Dublin, by making the Duke of CONNAUGHT Permanent Viceroy of Ireland. Sir STAFFORD said the Government did not enjoy *Mr. P.*'s confidence. That is perfectly true, as it may be true that he does not know of any such intention. Perhaps Lord B. does. Perhaps Mr. STACPOOLE should have left out "permanent." We are answered by the card nowadays, and should ask accordingly.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL could not give Mr. BLAKE any encouragement for the view that taking shares in stores for the sale of tea, tobacco, or "other Church furniture or necessaries" would subject the Clergy to proceedings at Common, or Ecclesiastical Law—though as to the last Sir JOHN could not be quite sure, speaking with the terror of Chief Justice COCKBURN before his eyes—unless they personally served behind the counter, or perhaps even as Directors and Managers.

We are promised a Flood Prevention, and a Copyright Bill, and all the Gas and Electric Light Bills are to be referred to "one strong committee," charged *ejusmodum dare lucem*. It ought to be strong,



A GOOD WORD FOR HER LAST PLACE.

Young Person (applying for Housemaid's Place). "A YOUNG LADY AS LIVED WITH YOU AS COOK, MUM, TOLD ME AS YOU WAS A VERY NICE WOMAN TO GET ON WITH !!"

if it is to get light out of the darkness now prevailing on the subject.

The House cheerfully wasted two hours over the question whether it should at once consider Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Resolutions for saving the time of Parliament, or wait awhile. Sir CHARLES DILKE was for waiting; so were Mr. B. HOPE, Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, and others. *Contra*, Mr. MOWBRAY, Mr. NEWDEGATE, and the Marquis of HARTINGTON. Mr. WALTER and Mr. RYLANDS were for taking the Resolutions in Committee. After two divisions Sir STAFFORD got his first Resolution before the House,—that in Monday Committees of Supply or Ways and Means, the SPEAKER shall leave the Chair without any question,—in other words, that “grievances,” on one night in the week, shall not be lugged in head and shoulders before Supply.

Mr. DILLWYN proposed to cut this down by leaving out “Ways and Means,” which, Sir STAFFORD, on the “Half-a-loaf” principle, was fain to agree to, as he did to Lord HARTINGTON’s further limitation of the Resolutions to the ordinary Army, Navy, or Civil Service Estimates. And so, “with much ado, and after mighty long talk,” as Mr. PEPPS would say, what was left of one Resolution of the five was got through, between one and two o’clock.

But if Sir STAFFORD thinks the wary old birds of the House mean to allow him to put Executive salt on their tails, he is mistaken, and so *Punch* warns him.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord CRANBROOK assured Lord RIPON that the Government knew nothing of General ROBERTS having annexed the Kurum Valley—when they did, they would tell the House. Perhaps General ROBERTS prefers annexing on his own hook, like Sir BAETLE FRERE.

The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in his Bill for increasing the jurisdiction of the County Courts from debts of £50 to £200, and to any amount, without limit, if both Plaintiffs and Defendants agree. This, my Luds, is what comes of asking for more Judges. Your business is taken from you, and flung to the one-horse Bench. How does that please your Ludships? And how will the Bar like it?

Lord CAIRNS does not agree with the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE that there is any “block” which calls for more high-priced judicial razors to ent it. The Assizes difficulty will settle down; and if Judges will buckle to their work one-horse fashion, instead of in the more dignified

unicorn team, there is no reason why Themis should be long twitted with arrears—or why Minos should not be trusted to do the work in which he has hitherto had Aeacus and Rhadamanthus for his assessors. But that a Lord Chancellor should strike the blow! “*Et tu Brute!*—then come down, COCKBURN!”

(Commons).—Mr. DILLWYN moved his Bill for his New Patent Parliamentary Civil-Service-Estimates-sifter, in the shape of a Select Committee.

Mr. BAXTER liked it—being out of Treasury office, and confessing to the fun with which he used to watch poor private Members hunting for their needles through the official bottles of hay. But the more practical business brain of HANKEY, and the sense of official proprieties of SELWIN-IBBETSON, LOWE, and LEWIS, and the sturdy Sussex common-sense of BAETTELOT—all pooh-poohed the Dillwynian-sifter. So, with all these to oppose, and RYLANDS and PARNELL to support, no wonder the sifter was shunted—into the natural home of sifters—the dust-hole.

The House renewed the 12:30 rule, which prevents opposed business being taken after midnight. Men in office don’t like it, but private Members do—as the rule saves them many a weary snooze on the back benches, or waking wait in their places.

And then the House was Counted Out while discussing the appointment of the Public Accounts Committee. How can it face its own account, after truanting so soon in the Session?

Wednesday.—A Count Out last night: a talk out this afternoon. Mr. BALFOUR’s Burials Bill makes one in a quartette of which Mr. O. MORGAN’s Bill is No. 1, taking as it does the broad ground that everybody has a right to be buried in his parish churchyard, and with the service his family and friends like best. Mr. BALFOUR’s Bill substantially makes the same concessions, but tries to guard them by dykes which the first high tide will sweep away. Naturally he disgusts Church without conciliating Chapel, and so is talked out.

How long do the short-sighted Church champions mean to keep up this fight over the grave? The most intelligent among them know they must be beaten. Will it be much consolation that they have waded to defeat through a sea of bad blood?

Thursday (Lords).—The shameful subject of the importation of firearms and ammunition into Zulu-land was broached.



"PITY THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTERS!—WE HAVE NO WORK TO DO!"

WHAT WE HAVE SEEN THIS SEASON, AND SEEM LIKELY TO SEE AGAIN.

That eagle's fate and theirs is one,
Who, on the shaft that made him die,
Beheld a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wot to soar so high.

For "shaft" read "gun," and for "feather" read "Tower-mark," and the parallel is complete. It is English traders who supply nine-tenths of the rifles and powder with which the Zulus have taken the brave English lives whose loss England is now mourning. "Trade for ever, and hang sentiment!" says the British shopkeeper.

(Commons.)—The Major got his cheer, by eliciting the assurance that, as far as the Government can, surviving officers of the gallant and ill-fated 24th shall reap the benefit of the heroic sacrifices which has so nearly left its second battalion officerless. He followed it up by getting his laugh out of Mr. Cross's assurance that he did not mean to interfere as a *deus ex machinā* for the British Baronet in Dartmoor.

Renewed attempt of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to put salt on the SPEAKER's tail—in other words, to narrow the great Parliamentary privilege of wasting time in talk. *Latet anguis in herba.* A sturdy minority will see the Parliamentary gag under Sir STAFFORD's insinuating flowers of speech. Nothing carried; and Debate adjourned.

Better drop your Resolutions, Sir STAFFORD, and fall back on Mr. E. YORKE's pithy suggestion—

"To meet Obstructives by a courageous application of existing rules. If a Member was guilty of Obstruction, the SPEAKER could call the attention of the House to the fact that he was guilty of contempt; and, on a Motion by the Leader of the House, or any Member of sufficient authority, the offender having been heard in his defence, the House could inflict an adequate penalty. If that course had been taken, they might long ago have dealt with Obstruction more efficiently than by new rules, which would abridge the legitimate opportunities of bringing forward grievances, and prevent Members doing what it was their duty to do. The rules would be inoperative to prevent Obstruction, and mischievous so far as they affected the legitimate business of the House."

This paragraph, in Mr. Punch's humble judgment, contains the marrow of all the talk that has been inflicted upon the House since the resolutions were introduced, with the "tediousness" taken out.

At five minutes to two the House was Counted Out, *re infectā*.

Friday (Lords).—If Lord AIRLIE thinks the Glasgow Bank Directors have got more than their deserts—as the LORD CHANCELLOR seemed to infer from his question about admission to bail in cases of fraud—the head of the bonny House of AIRLIE, we should say, stands alone. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF did his best to satisfy their Lordships—which should be enough to satisfy us Commoners—that all had been for the best in the shipment of troop-horses with the troopers who have sailed for South Africa. People talk about "salted" horses—as if the men wouldn't have enough salted horse in their messes going out, without finding it waiting for them in Natal.

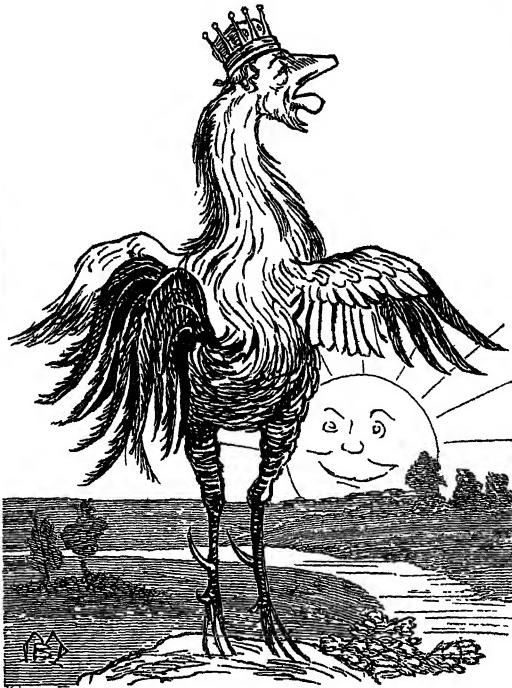
(Commons).—In Supply Mr. RATHBONE opened up a not unimportant matter. Would it not be well that School Inspectors should go into training a little before being left to themselves—have a term of preliminary instruction how to float and strike out, under the eye of an elder Inspector—a "Salted Inspector," as he might be called in these South African times—before plunging into the deep water of School Inspection all by themselves? There is much to be said for this suggestion, which ought not to be lost sight of, though reasons of expense may plead against it for the present.

Mr. SAMUELSON invited the House to the consideration of the two biggest plagues of Egypt—its Debt and its KHEDIVE. He asks, with Mr. CARTWRIGHT, "*que diable allons-nous faire dans cette galère?*" and thinks we had better have steered clear of Suez Canal Shares and Financial Commissionships, and generally kept our hands free of Egyptian Bonds altogether. This *Punch* is not inclined to dispute; but—being in—what is now the best way out? That seems to be the question at this moment. As for the last move in the KHEDIVE's little game, we are glad to be assured by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that France and England are at one, and that neither English nor French Minister has resigned, or is likely to resign. While they keep an eye on the KHEDIVE, that "serpent of old Nile" may wriggle, but will find it hard to wriggle out of his engagements.

House Counted Out at half-past eight. Only eight Members cared to hear Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on "Ancient Monuments." We are such a practical people.

FAR-OFF WARS, AND HOW TO BRING THEM HOME TO US.

(*A Forecast from the Latest Examples.*)



commissioner replies in a lengthy and spirited despatch, dated the same afternoon. After illustratively describing the generally debased social condition of the

FURTHER papers were published yesterday throwing new and startling light on the Chinese difficulty. They contain 175 despatches, most of them dealing with the complaints of several influential bootjack merchants at Shanghai, but the more important referring to the sudden request of our High Commissioner for more "military support, say from 40 to 60,000, of all arms." With regard to the latter, the Colonial Secretary telegraphs:—

"April 1. We could not at the present moment conveniently spare an army of 60,000 men, or even a force up to your lesser limit of 40,000. Would it not be better to compromise matters a little longer, before embarking in a struggle with an empire numbering a population of some 300,000,000?"

To this the High Com-

mmissioner replies in a lengthy and spirited despatch, dated the same afternoon. After illustratively describing the generally debased social condition of the

Mongolian races from the year 2334 B.C., down to September, 1878, he concludes:—

"It may possibly occur to Her Majesty's Government that even if the hour has come to humanise, educate, wash, and otherwise civilise this peculiar people, the task is one that they ought not to undertake without some opportunity for deliberation. If this is their view of the matter, I cannot say it is mine. On the contrary, surveying the world from a sufficiently elevated stand-point, I am convinced that the sooner the enterprise is set about the better. I have, therefore, sent an ultimatum to Pekin, which I flatter myself will precipitate a crisis that ought, in my opinion, to be brought to a head, and the sooner the better. The 80,000 men I mentioned should be forthcoming by return. If Her Majesty's Government do not like the situation, all I can say is they must lump it. They are not on the spot. I am."

To this the Colonial Secretary replies in a brief despatch. After the usual complimentary heading, he goes on:—

"There is no doubt that, to adopt your own forcible and succinct style, 'You are on the spot.' Without in any way reflecting on your bold and benevolent scheme for the summary regeneration of the Chinese Empire, I am to convey to you the general feeling of Her Majesty's Government that more's the pity."

A few telegrams, which appear to have reached their destination too late to have been of any use, here follow. The correspondence closes with a comprehensive and scholarly essay, from the pen of the High Commissioner, on "The Manners and Customs of the Early Tartars," to which is appended a postscript announcing the commencement of a Chinese war.

Clerical Co-operation.

(*By Our Cambridge Grocer.*)

WOULD Grads and Undergrads enjoy
Their bliss to whom no debt is scored,
Let READY MONEY MORTIFOR
Be READY MONEY MORTAR-BOARD.

FOX-HUNTING AND FOX-EATING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THROUGH the length and breadth of the Green Isle, the hunting circles of that sporting country have been lately shaken to their centres by a question of the gravest moment; namely—whether "a dug fox" "ought to be," then and there, "eaten by a Master, on the earth," or not.

Several well-known Masters of Hounds assert that he ought, while one influential Squire, at least, thinks differently. I feel that you would be rendering an important service to the sporting world by deciding this momentous point, on which a humble sportsman like myself dare not even form an opinion, much less criticise statements like the following:—

From Lord PINKERTON, M. F. H.

"If my hounds required blood, and I ran the last fox in a country-side to ground, I would dig him out and eat him on the earth."

From Mr. HEAVYSTERN, M. F. H.

"You acted perfectly right in eating him on the spot."

Not being a M. F. H. myself, I am quite bewildered when I read of disposing of foxes, whether dug or run out, in this savage and summary fashion.

As a man of but feeble powers of digestion, and with a stomach easily turned, I feel thankful I have never had to look on while an M. F. H., however much he may have liked it, went through the disgusting feat of "Eating a Fox on the Earth," after digging him out of the hole in which he had hoped to find a safe shelter from such a horrible end.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours,

ONE WHO HAS LONG FOLLOWED THE HOUNDS, BUT
NEVER EAT A FOX ON THE EARTH.

Varminstown, King's County, Ireland.

[*Punch* has never been in the habit of eating his own Foxes; and *Toby* informs him that he should consider such an act as an unpardonable encroachment on the canine privileges of his brethren of the kennel. "Dog eat dog" is not a worse rule than "Dog eat fox" is a good and binding one.]

THE GREAT LOAN LAND.—Turkey.

ATCHAM v. HATCHAM.

MR. PUNCH has, unwittingly, drawn down a sore visitation upon an unoffending Clergyman, the Incumbent of "Atcham," near Shrewsbury, all along of the letter (published in his number for Feb. 15,) from an "Agrieved Parishiner," of 'Atcham, Surrey, naturally exasperated by the late Ritualistic vagaries and still more discreditable Anti-Ritualistic riotings and indecencies, of which that church has been the scandalous scene. We need hardly say that that letter had nothing to do with the innocent and orthodox Incumbent of Atcham near Shrewsbury, who eschews all such aperies, and draperies, and naperies of Rome, as albs, copes and chasubles, priests' foolscaps, sky-blue petticoats, dalmatics, and altar-candles.

The similarity in the names of exasperated "Atcham," and his peaceful cure—with only an H.—that most movable of letters—between them, has brought upon him, we are sorry to hear, a flood of silly and offensive correspondence.

But "it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good." He has, doubtless, diverted to his own devoted head so much of the asinine letter-flow which usually finds its way to *Mr. Punch's* waste-paper basket. Poor *Punch* has to bide the peiting of this pitiless epistolary storm daily. Let the Incumbent of Atcham near Shrewsbury be thankful that the infliction in his case, will, in all likelihood, cease with this explanation, if it have not run itself dry before.

Coronatus, Non Pileatus.

"The POPE, much to his credit, has respectfully offered Dr. NEWMAN a Cardinal's Hat. The venerable Doctor, equally to his credit, has respectfully declined the honour."

A CARDINAL'S Hat! Fancy NEWMAN in that,
For the crown o'er his grey temples spread!
'Tis the good and great head that would honour the hat,
Not the hat that would honour the head.

There's many a priest craves it: no wonder he waives it,
Or that we, the soiled head-cover scanning,
Exclaim with one breath, *sans* distinction of faith,
"Would they wish NEWMAN ranked with Old MANNING?"



MISPLACED CHARITY.

ON COMING OUT OF CHURCH, GENERAL SIR TALBOT DE LA POER SANGRAZUL IS SO STRUCK BY THE BEAUTY OF THE AFTERNOON SKY, THAT HE FORGETS TO PUT ON HIS HAT, AND LADY JONES (WHO IS RATHER NEAR-SIGHTED) DROPS A PENNY INTO IT!

A LESSON.

"Fas est ab hoste doceri."

John Bull soliloquises.

I CAN'T stand being lessoned. 'Tis not nice
At any time from foes to take advice;
And when the heart is hot with rage and grief,
That in swift vengeance fain would seek relief,
The preachers of cool caution, and good heed,
With their trite text of "more haste, and worse speed,"
Appear, to those who crave revenge's balm,
Mere lukewarm counsellors of craven calm.
Yet, oft 'tis true that patience asks more pluck
Than fierce and fiery haste to run a-muck.
To fervid patriot zeal and pride of race
Facts are at times e'en harder foes to face
Than those bloodthirsty hordes, fierce, vengeful, swift,
To my heroic handful at Rorke's Drift,
Or red Insandula! Thoughts of that rain
Of murderous assegais will fire my brain!
Avenged? Ay, ay! There is no need to pule,
Still less, to spur me like a stubborn mule,
Or hound my eager war-dogs on the trail
Of the swart slaughterers. *They* will not fail,
When with the foe they close in eager fight,
To balance the account and set things right.
"Right?" 'Tis a widish word, not always clear
To the distempered gaze of hate and fear.
E'en noble indignation, in its heat,
Fails sometimes of a purview quite complete.
Panders, who dub me the world's paragon
Whose will makes right, would blindly spur me on
To vengeance indiscriminate, and claim
Monopoly of patriotic fame.
I fancy all that sort of thing looks small
To the Eternal Eye that measures all,

And has one standard, accurate and fair,
For me and the stark savage in his lair.
I hear the still cool voice of patriot sense;
Yes, though, amidst fumes of flattery coarse and dense,
Loud self-laudation, swaggering round the land,
Would howl it down, I hear and understand.
First I must honour, and avenge, the slain;
My brave five hundred must not die in vain.
Not for the first time Blunder has given scope
To British valour; would that I dared hope
'Tis for the last. That sadly glorious scene
Should teach rash headiness and stiff routine
Some needed lessons. On revenge's track
Those who watch o'er my war-dogs are not slack,
I hope they're sure and safe as they've been swift.
Yet wise prevention is far better thrift
Than cure, howe'er complete; nor is it wise
Rashly to make or recklessly despise,
E'en savage enemies. He's fool who'd spurn
Sound lessons, though a foe's. *I'm* game to learn!

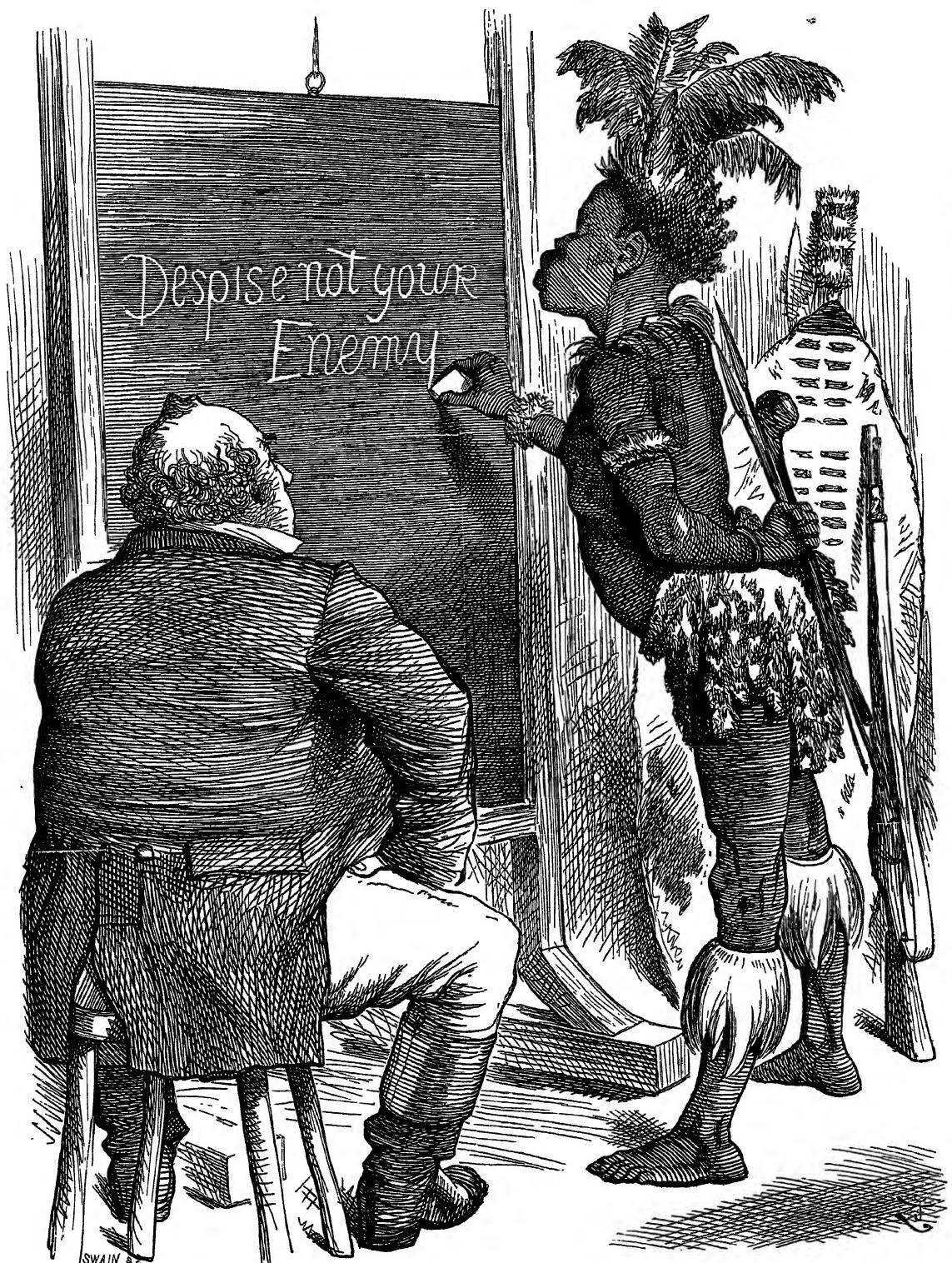
An Adaptation from the French, for the French.

DANTON'S *advice to the Republicans in 1793*. "De l'audace, et de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!"
Punch's advice to the French Republicans of 1879. "De la patience, et de la patience, et toujours de la patience!"

A Rash Inference.

"I did swallow my studs. As they were gold, I thought they would have some effect in curing a pain which I had in my stomach."—*Plaintiff's Evidence in Nunn v. Hemming*.

PRONOUNCE him mad because he took for pills
The gold that's held by most to cure all ills!



A LESSON.



"BEATI POSSIDENTES."

Canvasser (to Thrifty Rustic, who has recently taken a Little Farm).
"WELL, THOMAS, YOU'LL GIVE YOUR VOTE TO SQUIRE SHODDY AT THE NEXT ELECTION—"

Thomas. "No, I SHAN'T.—I HA' GOT 'UN, AND I MEAN TO KEEP 'UN MYSELF—I BEAN'T A GOIN' TO GI' 'UN TO NOBODY !!"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XIV.

Invitation—A name—Topsy-turvy—Accepted—Incident—Sensational—Sprightly servant—Luxury—Poetry—Arrival.

A LETTER of invitation comes to me from—

"MY DEAR FELLOW, "Meadowsweet Manor, Tricklington.

"I SHALL be delighted to see you, if you'll only come and take pity on a poor hermit in his cell. We are right away from all amusements—ten miles away from anywhere—so if you can summon up courage to make the venture, you are hereby forewarned that you'll have to entertain yourself, the livelong day, as best you can. But come, by all means,

"Yours truly,
"C. MOSTHYN DICKIE."

MOSTHYN DICKIE is a good all round grumbler. I don't wonder at it, with such a name. He starts, as a cart-before-the-horse man. With him everything has gone right in spite of himself. But to hear him talk, to judge by his correspondence, you would think that everything was invariably going as wrong as possible with him.

His name is enough to have put him out of all his calculations in life. There should be a law against the use of a Christian name as a surname. One ought no more to be permitted to use a Christian name as a surname, than one is able to use a hat as a waistcoat. Any one doing the latter, frequently, would be locked up in a lunatic asylum; and the lunatic tailor would soon be sent for to show the unfortunate man what kind of waistcoat he would have to be fitted with for the future.

MOSTHYN DICKIE is so evidently DICKIE MOSTHYN topsy-turvy, that it is quite irritating to hear it, and still more to see it, on paper. When his friends call him "DICKIE," it sounds ridiculous,—or ri-dickie-lous,—while to speak of him, or to him, as "Mr. DICKIE," is even more absurd. It is like talking to a canary in a cage. "Well, Mr. DICKIE, how are you this morning?" which you

expect to hear followed up with a chirrup, and a "Sweet, sweet, swe-e-et!"

All his intimates call him MOSTHYN. This sounds all right, but it puts a stranger, so to speak, on entering, on to the wrong scent; for who would suppose that those who call a man "DICKIE," and "Mr. DICKIE," are his merest acquaintances, while those who call him MOSTHYN are his most intimate friends? How did it begin? Trace the genealogical tree to its ancestral root, and there will probably be found a RICHARD at the bottom of it. He came over with the Conqueror, or without him, as RICHARD, simply RICHARD. His friends called him "DICK." His playful friends called him "DICKON." An eccentric old Norman baron called him "DICKIE." This old Norman baron was rich. He quarrelled with his family, left his money and estates to his boon companion, whom he had only known as "DICKIE." This fixed the heir's name. Henceforward he and his heirs were DICKIES. They went on and prospered, in spite of, as the vulgar phrase has it, or used to have it (and can have it again as far as I am concerned), in spite of "its being all dicky with them."

The above is a hypothetical history of the MOSTHYN DICKIE family. Some DICKIE in the Sixteenth Century married into the MOSTHYN family—whose name, probably, owed its origin from some witty King seeing one of his courtiers very lank and meagre, and, like JULIUS CAESAR, considering lean men as dangerous to the State, he at once designated him as *Most Thin*, and gave him some fine fat lands to subsist on. "*Most-thin*" then became MOSTHYN—and thenceforward a rich, happy family, and stout supporters of Royalty.

[*Happy Thought.*—Write a Hypothetical History of the Origin of English Family Names and Titles. Perhaps, the English families would subscribe largely, to make it worth my while *not* to do it. Either notion's remunerative.]

Of course, I accept MOSTHYN DICKIE's offer.

Here, *en route* for the Manor, I must note what would be sensationnally announced in some Amerian papers thus—

AN INCIDENT AT THE STATION.

I am in the waiting-room. I see the bald head and eyes of a short man in a great coat. I see no more of the short man than the bald head and eyes, because he has got his hat off, and is, to put it nicely, using his pocket-handkerchief.

From the bridge of his nose, to the second button of his great-coat, all is enveloped in a silken cloud of mystery, *i.e.*, in pocket-handkerchief. What I do see of him—mentioned above—I recognise. I go up to him with outstretched hand and a smile on my expressive countenance. I am about to say, "Hallo, Von SCHMITT,"—that being the name of the individual I expect to find behind the pocket-handkerchief,—when, the curtain being drawn aside, discovers somebody else, a total stranger, who stares at me in a half-frightened manner, as though uncertain what to make of my advance. I suddenly change my front, scowl, as though asking the stranger, "What the deuce he means by being somebody else and deceiving me under shelter of his pocket-handkerchief," and walk off, indignantly, by the side-door. That bald-headed stranger, who ought to be Von SCHMITT, wouldn't get into the same carriage with me for a trifle.

After this, still in sensational paragraph style, I will describe my next step as

ON THE TRACK.

Which simply means that I get into a comfortable smoking-carriage, and finally arrive at Tricklington Station, where I meet with an

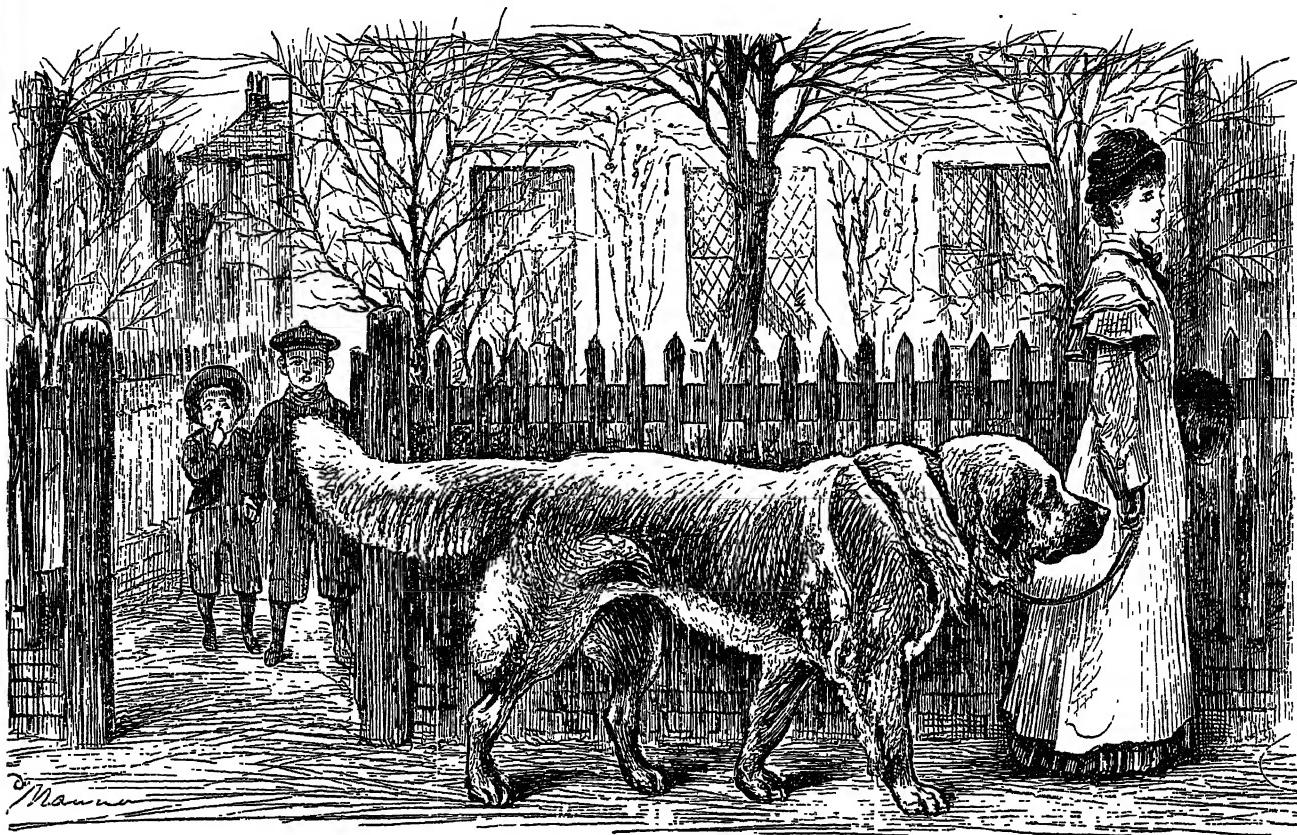
ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME

from one person, whom, of all others, I am glad to see—in fact it is I who give *him* the enthusiastic welcome—for he is a servant from Meadowsweet Manor, who has been awaiting me, in the snow, for the last quarter of an hour. And it has snowed! It must have snowballed down, so thickly and heavily does it lie on the roads, on the trees, on the roofs, on everywhere. Had the giants taken to snowball the Great Northern Gods, and the Great Northern Gods replied in kind from their Hundred-and-Twenty-four Pounder Snowball Factory and Arsenal, a more damaging result could not well be conceived.

[*Happy Thought.*—Appearance of the Northern Divinity, THAW. Transformation Scene.]

The dapper and sprightly servant—rendered more dapper and sprightly by the cold—in a long whitey-brown coat, identifies me with the certainty of a detective in plain clothes, and has me out, bag and baggage, in less than no time.

I try to explain as to number of parcels, and where they are; but he knows all about it. His manner seems to say, "Bless you. You're not the first that's been down here by a many. I know what you've got. I know the sort o' things you'd bring, by the look of you. Don't you bother—I know my work." And true enough, before two minutes have elapsed, all my things are out, nothing left behind, and we, in a procession of footman, porter, and self, make for the station-door, where there is a pair-horse brougham in waiting, with a coachman, in a fur cape, respectfully delighted to see me. My baggage



"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

Small Boy (to timid Younger Brother). "COME ON, BILL! 'ERE'S THE END OF 'IM AT LAST!"

being provided for—I feel it will be all right, and ask no questions. In I get, and off we go.

From this moment I see I can relieve myself of all responsibility. I feel more than at home, as I lounge back in the pair-horse brougham comfortably, most comfortably rugged and wrapped. The sensation is, "This is mine! I am monarch of all I survey (I can't see out of the windows for the steam, which makes them into ground-glass), and emancipated from trouble, or responsibility, the poetry comes out of me thus :

I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
I know that I've nothing to pay—
A sum which my pocket will suit.

[*Happy Thought*.—Poetry in me is a sort of *Ballon Captif*. The ropes are the responsibilities and troubles. Cut the ropes, and the Poet soars aloft. How about coming down again? Let the gas off. But—well we must not press a simile so far.]

MOSTHYN DICKIE's carriage is delicious. We are at the gate of the Manor House. In a few minutes we are at the Mansion itself.

Mansion! Yes, quite a Mansion! It is of the Italian Portico style, and with its steps, pillars, and capitals, it gives you the idea of a Public Library, or Club, having stepped out of St. James's Square, or Pall Mall, or a British Museum Junior which had forwarded itself down here for a little change of air.

Country House! Not a sign of it. That is, according to the received Old English type—the sort of thing, for example that Mr. CALDECOTT loves to illustrate, and wherein he excels. But at MeadowSweet Manor there should be a surrounding of Italian gardens, of Signori and Signoritas, with mandolines and guitars, greyhounds stepping daintily with one foot up in the air, monkeys led by black boys, in turbans, silks and satins, and a scowling Italian hiding behind a pillar of the portico, fumbling at a stiletto in his best doublet, while he eyes a young couple in whom he evidently feels the very deepest interest.

This is the scene suggested by MOSTHYN DICKIE's Manor House. But this picture is for summer, and now the snow is on the ground, except where it has been carefully swept away from the drive and from the steps, which are exactly like those leading up to the British Museum, or the National Gallery, only without the policemen or the

sentries; and under the portico above are wide glass doors, more than ever suggesting the idea of some public Exhibition—say, for example, the "Old Masters" at Burlington House—so that I can scarcely refrain from asking the official in plain clothes—the Beadle—whether it is a free day, or whether the admission is by payment; and, having resigned myself to this sort of Exhibition idea, I am looking round to see where are the respectable individuals, who, as at Burlington House, live in pews in the hall, and play at pawnbroking all day by giving tickets for umbrellas deposited with them—[*Happy Thought*. My Uncles!]—and where the man who takes the money, and who won't give change, is to be found, when, as a footman takes me out of my great coat, I hear a hearty voice coming along the hall, exclaiming—

"Bravo! I never thought you'd come in such dreadful weather!" and MOSTHYN DICKIE has come out of his sanctum, and is grasping my hand heartily.

THE KHEDIVE'S LITTLE GAME.

THAT slipperiest of sovereigns, the KHEDIVE, has tried to wriggle himself out of the bonds to which, in the pinch of impecuniosity, he had voluntarily submitted for the benefit of his creditors and the good of his country. But instead of dismissing his Minister, NUBAR PASHA, he gets up an *émeute* of discharged officers against him and his English right hand, Mr. RIVERS WILSON, and so forces the resignation of the one, and, as he, no doubt, hopes, the retirement of the other. He may find that England and France, who have taken something very like the position of official liquidators towards this dodgy Egyptian bankrupt, decline to see this little game through the KHEDIVE's spectacles. He may yet have to accept "Winchester measure," as inscribed on the walls of WILLIAM of Wykeham's school-house :—

"Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia, cadi."

"Learn your own bonds to bear, or quit;
Or—third course—come to cuffs for it."

INSCRIPTION AND DESCRIPTION (FOR PARLIAMENT).—*Satis eloquentiae, sapientiae parum.*



"THE QUILL-DRIVER."

WHAT WE OUGHT, AND WHAT WE OUGHT NOT, TO SEND OUT TO ZULU-LAND, ACCORDING TO THAT VERY KNOWING AND UBIQUITOUS BIRD WHOSE WISDOM CRIES SO LOUD JUST NOW FROM THE NEWSPAPER COLUMNS, IF NOT ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

Advice to the Clergy.

(By a Retail Dealer.)

On taking Orders.—Think twice before you take them to the Clergy Co-operative Stores.

Imperialism in Excelsis.

Dr. JOHNSON Amended.

DEFY mankind from Russia to Peru,
And then annex—from Afghan to Zulu.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT EASTERN LOAN.

(From a Special Correspondent in futuro, somewhere in the East, somewhere about the Middle of Next Year.)



The Minister of Finance, surrounded by his army, to-day received a flag of truce from the International Commissioners of Inland Revenue. Under the arrangement which will thus, it is hoped, be facilitated, the revenue is likely to be materially increased.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

English Composer in Paris—Musical World—Haymarket—Crystal Palace—Advice gratis.

DR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S *Ouverture élégiaque*, "In Memoriam," has met with a most cordial reception in Paris. "C'est une œuvre de valeur bien écrite," says M. HENRI DE LAPOMMERAYE, "qui révèle un esprit clair, mélodique, et une imagination fort poétique."

Bravo, Dr. ARTHUR!

"*Il y a,*" says the same critic, speaking of a point in the Overture, "un effet produit par les violons qui est d'un caractère saisissant." What I especially like about this is the word "*saisissant*."

I wish Mr. LAPOMMERAYE could hear my trio for two violins and another musical instrument (of the flageolet order) from the Lowther Arcade. Ah! that's *saisissant*, if you like! For those who have not yet heard this, a rich treat is in store. Tickets half-a-guinea each, all umbrellas and sticks to be left at the door, everyone to be searched before entering the hall, to make sure that they have not about them, in any pocket, boots, or hat, anything whatever that can be thrown at any of the performers on the above-named instruments, or at the Composer of the above-named trio.

Extra Police will be stationed in Piccadilly and Regent Street, and men will be in readiness at all the gas-taps to turn them out on the least signs of "Disaffection," i.e., not liking the musical entertainment in question.

A propos of Dr. ARTHUR'S Parisian success, our well-informed friend *The Musical World* observes: "After this auspicious event, should the Rue Bergère be re-christened 'Rue Sullivan,' we should nevertheless put in a formal protest." Protest? Against what? Against its being "re-christened"? There are some good people who strongly object not only to the term "christening a ship," but also to the ceremonies used. But why shouldn't Rue Bergère be Rue Sullivan? Why—to adapt *Ophelia's* words—why shouldn't the Parisians "Wear their Rue with a difference?" But no matter—

Rue Bergère
Will stop as it were.

And so Dr. SEPTIMUS WIND, of *The Musical World*, needn't be frightened, and be blown to him.

By the way, Mr. BEVERLEY, scenic artist of Drury Lane, points out in a letter to this same paper how he is a much greater loser by his connection with this disastrous pantomime than the VOKES'S have been; but that he and the others were quite prepared to do their best for the old ship under Captain CHATTEBTON, without whose previous enterprise the talented VOKES family would not have had the chances of which they have made so much in past years. I am sorry about this. The VOKES family are clever at steps, but this is the one false step they've made. Retrace it.

After many roving weeks, coming up to Town, I went to see *The Crisis* at the Haymarket. It is remarkable for the clever acting of

Thursday.

The Minister of Finance, by a flank movement of admirable promptitude and precision, has cut off all communication between the Admiralty Offices and the Treasury. Thanks to this successful manoeuvre, the Navy Estimates will probably be found to admit of considerable reduction.

Friday.

The Minister of Finance and his Army are advancing on the Palace. Speculators are buying for the rise.

Saturday.

The Minister of Finance has just won a brilliant victory over all the rest of the Government, after six hours' hard fighting. The new Loan will, it is expected, in consequence, be issued on Monday at par.

Superfluous Petticoat Government.

"At the annual meeting of the North Staffordshire Railway, yesterday, one of the shareholders said that one-fifth of the proprietors were Ladies, and he should canvass them to appoint two female Directors to look after their interests."—*Standard*, Feb. 15, 1879.

THERE can surely be no necessity for the proposed arrangement, while the interests of Lady Shareholders are already so well represented by the large proportion of Old Women on existing Boards of Directors.

Miss LOUISE MOODIE, as *Mrs. Goring*, and Mr. KELLY as her son—allowing for an over-sombreness which occasionally weights an excellent conception rather heavily. Another capital performance is that of MR. DAVID FISHER, Junior, as *Lord William Whitehead*,—a very weak name by the way. Mrs. JOHN WOOD is certainly very funny; Miss EASTLAKE very graceful and intelligent, full of promise which is rapidly ripening into performance. In her absence, the part was charmingly played by Miss B. HENRI. Indeed, taken all round, the representation of the piece leaves scarcely anything to be desired. In fact, were it not for the good acting, the play would never have taken any hold of the public at all. But solely on this account it is worth seeing. There are four or five sharp-pointed lines in it, but there is a perpetual shooting at the epigram target, and once, or twice, a bull's-eye is scored.

What must have been a very strong scene in M. AUGIER'S original French piece is of itself, and apart from the acting, a very indifferent affair here. In *Les Fourchambaults* (Heavens! what a name!!) one brother hits the other on the cheek, whereupon when they have made it up, the injured party, in reply to the striker's question, how he can atone for such a deed, points to the mark which the blow has still left on the cheek, and says "efface it!"—whereupon the repentant striker dashes at his brother and kisses him, literally, on the spot. Burst of enthusiasm from French audience, which has waited through three or four Acts for this situation.

But we Englishmen don't "kiss and make friends," and so the point goes for absolutely nothing, except what an ordinary shake of the hand can make of it.

Then the motive for *Haïdée's* quitting the *Denham's* house is too slight, and coming in when it does, it seems to me to belong, somehow or another, to another play altogether. *The Crisis* is scarcely a happy title for it. Considering the subject, wouldn't it have been better, when it was once removed from France, and *Les Fourchambaults* dropped, to have called it, *It's a Wise Child that Knows Its Own Father; or, Don't Flirt with the Governess*.

The Crisis is well worth the playgoer's visit, for the sake of the really excellent acting of all the *dramatis personæ*, especially Miss MOODIE, Miss EASTLAKE, or her unusually sufficient and satisfactory substitute Miss HENRI, and Mr. KELLY.

A propos of places of amusement, when is there going to be some attractive novelty at the Crystal Palace? Fireworks can't be let off all the year round, and out of the summer season there doesn't seem to be much going on. I should recommend the Chairman and Directors to consider the words on the fragile packages by rail, "Glass—with Care," and apply it to our old friend, the Sydenham Palace. Seers are accustomed to look into the Crystal for the future, and I sincerely hope that numbers of sight-seers will look into the Crystal for the future; only they won't do it unless they are sure of seeing something new and really entertaining. Wake up, Mr. Chairman of the C. P. Co., and oblige

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



“THE CLEW.”

The Child was evidently lost!—cried bitterly—could not tell us where its Parents lived, or whether she was an Orphan, or what her Father was—or where she went to School.—Enter Intelligent Policeman.

Policeman (in a friendly whisper). “WHERE DOES YOUR MOTHER GET HER GIN, MY DEAR?” [And the mystery was solved!]

THE PRINCE'S TIP.

“We Englishmen may be justly proud of the character for mental and physical strength and capacity which our artisans bear all over the world; but our pride is sadly dashed by accompanying criticisms on the ignorance and the indifference to anything which needs thought, which too often render that native vigour of intelligence a comparatively useless thing.”—Prince Leopold at the Brinkbeck Literary Institution.

Interlocutors—Mr. PUNCH and a British Workman.

Punch. Wise words, my friend, which, ‘neath their pleasant flow, Hide plain and pregnant truths. Ugh! Wot’s he know Of Work and Workmen? Never did a stroke In his whole bloomin’ life. A kid-glove bloke Preachin’ to ‘orny’-anded—

Punch. Come, now. Stow it! That’s threadbare cant, class clap-trap, and you know it, Truth’s truth, my man, though dropped from Royal lip, And this young Prince has a true thinker’s grip Upon a truth you yet will have to face, If you would hold your vantage in the race.

British Workman. Why, ain’t we fust? Perhaps; but you must feel

Punch. Competitors are hard upon your heel,

British Workman. Oh yes! the forren lot begin to crow.

The sneakin’ prigs! We taught ‘em all they know.

Punch. Query! At least, they’re bettering the lesson.

Are you?

British Workman. Oh, argyment I makes a mess on.

Go, and not gab’s, my line; but we are fust,

And, if they challenge us, we’ll win, or bust.

Punch. Rightly, if roughly, put. But one thing know, He is a fool who underrates his foe.

British Workman. Nasty, conniving, kickshaw-munchers, rot ‘em! They’re full o’ dodges, but ain’t got no bottom.

They’ll fake things smart, all filagree and shine, And don’t care arf a button how they dine, But work a square stiff job straight through? No fear! That only comes o’ British beef and beer.

Punch. Your beef and beer, my friend, to put it plain, Have built your brawn up, but befogged your brain; And brain now takes the lead,—ay, more than ever: You nurse conceit, conceive you’re far too clever To learn. Now listen! Times are changed, my lad, And you must meet them. Prejudice and fad, Conceit, and churlish scorn are a fool’s game, Which played right out will bring you nought but shame.

British Workman (sullenly). What should I do? Punch. Why, take the Prince’s tip.

You are a man, have lots of force and grip, Which, well directed, have no cause to fear The test of competition far or near. But a blind Titan simply wastes his force; And you are blind, though strong. You huff, of course, But your first lesson, which you’re apt to spurn, Is just to learn that you have much to learn. Ay! much that even foreigners may teach. There, no bad language, spare your parts of speech! Uncook that nose contemptuously up-curled. Conceit means ignorance. D’ye think the world Spins on a *British* axis? Many a gift,— Intelligence, taste, temperance, and thrift, Deftness, adaptability,—is found Riper on foreign than on English ground. Just have the sense and pluck that fact to face, And well digest it. It is no disgrace To learn, s’en from a rival.

British Workman. Or a foe? Punch. Pooh! Fools detest the thing they do not know, And knowledge kills such hate, as it would kill Twixt you and “foreigners” that blind ill-will, Which stamps you “duffer.”

British Workman. Cheese it! That’s too bad, You hit so hard.

Punch. To work you up, my lad. I am no foe, and if you’ll learn from me, And learn in time, you may escape, d’ye see, Much harsher lessons from a harder master, Armed with the whip of shame, defeat, disaster. Such sharp home-truths perhaps may make you wince, But Punch says ditto to our sage young Prince, In words more sharply ground to pierce a hide, Made callous by stupidity and pride.

British Workman. What, mine d’yer mean? Punch. I do. A sillier goose Was never manufactured, by misuse,

Out of such splendid stuff, as you. There, there, Few dare to tell you the plain truth. I dare, Stint bounce and beer; face the new time’s new ends, And look abroad for lessons and for friends, Not foes, your foolish scorn and hate to move,— Just love to learn and you’ll soon learn to love. Eyes and heart open, and you’ll yet hold your own, Before a hundred rivals late upgrown; Shut both, and nurse mere dogged pride of race, Strike, swill, pooh-pooh, and you must lose your place. And now your hand!—it has a sturdy grip,— Lay it on truth, and take the Prince’s tip.

Dubbing a Duke.

In the *Globe* of February 18th there appeared an account of a fire at Badminton—where, by the way, there must be some valuable china which is genuinely good Minton—when His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT was conspicuous as a Distinguished Extinguisher. It havin’ been reported in the neighbourhood that the Ducal pluck was to be suitably—or sootably—rewarded, a local poet has sent us the following inspiration:—

The Duke is to be—so it seems they propose— Of a new Class of Order the starter: They’re going to make him a Knight of the *Hose*, As well as a Knight of the Garter.

PARLIAMENTARY PHYSIC.

WHY is Parliament at Lent like Paterfamilias at Christmas? Because it has a Doctor’s Bill to settle.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, February 24, (Lords).—It is a great comfort to have a paternal Government keeping an eye on the Plague for us. At the same time, as the Duke of RICHMOND reminded Lord STANLEY of Alderley, it can't be necessary to impose the same restrictions on Russian bottoms from the Baltic as on those from the Black Sea, seeing that Jack Frost is still doing that for us.

Lord COTTESLOE finds a voice for the British Dairyman—now writhing under the oppression of the “Dairies, Cowsheds and Milk-shops Order, 1879.” The noble President of the Council reassured him. The Order was only meant to secure the public against tainted milk. It did not even press on the cow with the iron tail. If we can't have milk that is all milk, and not half milk and water, at least we may fairly ask to be secured against typhoid with our milk and water.

Lord TRURO drew a contradiction from Lord BURY of the report that men under twelve months' service had been excluded from the Cape reinforcements, but with it an admission that the 91st and 94th Regiments had both been made up—the one by 300, the other by 360 volunteers—from their “linked regiments,” the 72nd and the 89th. All our regiments, in fact, are on the “death and glory” principle—only more so. The Lanciers carry only skulls and cross-bones on their shakos, but our Infantry regiments go the entire skeleton. Naturally their dry bones want clothing with flesh and blood.

when suddenly called on. We would suggest the Valley of Jehoshaphat as the site of the great central British Army dépôt. (Commons.)—Among the questions and answers the most fun was got out of the little story of DUCANE at the Prison Door, brought out by Mr. Horwood's statement and Mr. Cross's admissions. The only parallel is the old French story of NAPOLEON and the Sentry, immortalised in HORACE VERNER's famous illustration “*On ne passe pas!*” Only the Sentinel was promoted, while the Warder, who had the audacity to hold the door in the First Commissioner's face, was “put on probation for six months.”

If Sir EDMUND had been only a Prison Commissioner, the Warder who refused to admit him would have been acting strictly within rule. As he was also a Visiting Justice, the Warder ought to have admitted him—if he knew it. But did he? And if he didn't, was he to blame? In any case, Mr. Cross was compelled to own that the man, if he had sinned, had sinned through over-zeal, and did not deserve punishment, and that Sir EDMUND was therefore to blame for insisting on it, even more than for losing his temper so much as to shake not only the gate but the gatekeeper, and try to take the keys from him.

It is true that on this point there is some discrepancy. Perhaps Sir EDMUND only touched the keys, and not their keeper; but as they were in the keeper's hands, that does not mend matters materially.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

SCENE—*A Suburban Road after the last Snow.*

Chorus of Small Boys. "YER MUST 'AV IT DUN NOW, MUM. TH' P'LICEMAN'S A-COMIN'!"

The important fact is that Sir EDMUND, like *Hamlet*, is very sorry that to the Keeper (*Iaertes*) he forgot himself:—

"Prisons' quis inspector
Se quoque inspectat?"

After the Questions, the House having no other business, presumably, got to the business of the House, and wasted the rest of the evening. But *Punch*, not wanting to be hauled over the Commons' coals, and having before his eyes the fear of Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, and the terrors of Privilege, is compelled to lurk, like that villain *Dolus* at law, "*in generalibus*," and leave his readers to guess who was busiest in doing nothing, and who worked hardest at helping him. The upshot is that several hours were spent in the little game of dividing over the first Resolution till between one and two, when the other Resolutions were postponed till Thursday week.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Lord President introduced his Bill to heal the healers, medicine the medicos, and doctor the doctors, and all the Acts relating thereto. For nineteen licensing bodies, there will, under this Act, be three for England, Ireland, and Scotland, with one conjoint examining body, which may examine and grant certificates for registration, even without a diploma. This is to meet the case of the Ladies, who can now get medical educations more easily than medical diplomas—in fact, are at liberty to penetrate the *adytum* of the Temple of *Aesculapius* as they best can, without being allowed to ascend the steps that lead up to it.

The constitution of the Medical Council is to be referred to consultation of a joint Committee of Lords and Commons. This looks like a piece of fun on the part of the Lord President,—but the Duke is quite serious. Fancy the Medical Council appointing a joint Committee of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons for consultation on the constitution of Lords and Commons!

(Commons).—We are glad to learn from the Leader of the Cyclops, SMITH of the Iron-clads, that France and England have each sent a ship to Egyptian waters, but with no special instructions—other than that chapter of accidents, which has been called "the Gospel of Fools," but which has frequently to be consulted, both by Diplomats and Naval Captains—in the absence of special instructions.

Sir J. McKENNA—amidst a chorus of disapproval—attempted to check the flow of deposits into Bank tills, by requiring deposit receipts with a two-shilling stamp.

Mr. HANKEY protested against the House of Commons trying to teach Bankers their business, and the Motion was withdrawn amidst a general agreement in the principle that as water will find its level, so money will run where interest is offered for it.

Mr. C. HOWARD tried to put a spoke in the Manchester water-wheels by interposing a dam, in the shape of a Royal Commission, between the demands of Manchester and the domains of the Ladies of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Alas! what are all these Ladies and their lovers to our rich and thirsty Cottonopolis? "*Bibat Manicunium, siccentur lacus.*"

Messrs. BIRLEY and BROWN opposed.

SCLATER-BOOTH said a Commission was superfluous; that Blue Books enough had been pumped from the lakes already; and Messrs. PLAYFAIR, FORSTER, and RAKES chorussed him. So the House of HOWARD was fain to hide its diminished head; the Motion was withdrawn, and the House Counted Out, *more suo*, at twenty minutes past eight. Who dares say Parliament talks too much?

Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday, appropriately devoted to the dead.

Mr. MONK has had the unhappy thought of converting the quartette of Burial Bills into a quintette, by a Bill for the addition of a Dissenters' patch to Cemeteries a sort of "Cold North's unhallowed ground," in which Chapel may inter its dead after its own heathenish fashion.

Mr. FORSYTH supported the Bill, against which Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN protested as "a miserable and pitiful stop-gap and make-shift."

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE admitted that it would be "killing the Dissenter's pet snipe," and cutting away the (burial) ground from under his one grievance.

Mr. HUBBARD argued that the Dissenters only wanted to get the burial-grounds to plant in them their batteries against the Church.

Messrs. HIBBERT and ASHLEY, WALTER and FORSTER, advised

the withdrawal of the Bill, as no settlement of what must soon be settled, and could only be settled in one way; and Mr. CROSS, after a candid enumeration of all the reasons against the Bill, declared his intention of voting for it! It might do some good, and really he did not see that it need do any harm. Mr. MONK made thoroughly ashamed of himself by such support, pleaded in vain for leave to withdraw his Bill, but had to sit and see it thrown out by 160 to 129—and serve him right. But Ash Wednesday is a day of humiliation.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON called attention to some silliness on a serious subject lately vented at the Epidemiological Society by a Gentleman connected with a Public Department, about the desirableness of having one or two cases of the plague here, in order that they might form the subject of scientific observation, and his hope that the Government would keep themselves clear of “all the nonsense of quarantine.” The President of the Council very properly disclaimed all the nonsense of this Gentleman, and gave him a well-merited rap over the knuckles to boot. Plague is too serious a subject for flippant doctrinarianism.

(Commons).—After an hour over miscellaneous matters, including an attempt by Dr. KENEALY to lug in the British Bart. on the shoulders of WILLIAM HABRON (exonerated by PEACE’s dying confession from the murder of a Manchester policeman), and an assurance to the Major from the SECRETARY AT WAR that six Guardsmen to three Linesmen was quite a fair division between Guards and Line of the vacancies in the 24th Regiment, Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY brought on his great question of privilege against the *Times* for accusing him, and other Irish Members, of “malign intentions,” of “lying in ambush,” and issuing thence for purposes of “obstruction,” in the ineffectual discussion of Sir STAFFORD’s Resolutions last Monday night.

Punch will not rush in where the *Times* has not feared to tread, and will only say that any Member more incapable of obstruction than Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, and, indeed, all the Home-Rulers—Messrs. BRIGGAR and PARNELL, O’DONNELL and O’CONNOR POWER, in particular—he has never seen in the House of Commons, and that he only wishes that every evening of the Session was as well employed as last Monday. He hopes that will satisfy Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY.

With this, Punch withdraws himself gratefully under the wings of the *Skibbereen Eagle*, an organ of Erin which can make Mr. SHAW, as he confessed, and even greater than he, “tremble in his shoes.”

In Supply.—*Oliver* asking for more. Besides £2,751,000 to cover Exchequer Bonds falling due, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE wants a Million and a half at once for the Zulu War,—to say nothing for the present of the little bills of the future.

As “coming events cast their shadows before,” Sir STAFFORD prepares us for a black Budget, by confessing to a deficit of a Million—in his own pleasant way of putting it; but which is really, as Mr. CHILDERS made out but too clearly, a deficit of more than six. We have been stopping the gap by Exchequer Bills and Bonds, till, floating and unfunded debt together, we have more than Twenty-four Millions of our State paper “out,” which will have to be “met” sooner or later. Sir STAFFORD is as learned in the distinction between varieties of debt as the cook, no doubt, was in varieties of sauce, when the geese stupidly ventured to express a preference on the subject. But if BRITANNIA will be lighted on the way where glory waits her, she has no right to grumble at the cost of the candles. Let grovelling “unimperial” administrations look to the candle-ends.

Major NOLAN still calls for breech-loading big guns; and the Authorities seem disposed to listen to him, since the 38-tonner burst under double-loading, which with a breech-loader would have been impossible.

A good deal of rumbling and grumbling, ominous of impending eruption of the anti-Zulu-war-volcano. The Office, Sir BARTLE FRERE, and Lord CHELMSFORD, may all look out for squalls. Nay, has not the fiery O’SHAUGHNESSY declared that, at need, he will himself impeach, if not impale, the High Commissioner on his own hook. Better, at least, wait to hear what the High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief have to say for themselves.

Colonel STANLEY brought in his Bill for Amendment and Consolidation of Military Law. If the House approve this, as seems likely, Sir W. HARCOURT and Common Sense both standing sponsors for the Bill, we shall henceforth give legal force to our Military Code by an annual Act. This will leave the House as complete control of the Standing Army as it has now, besides substituting a well-digested and reasonable body of Military Law for a confused and often unreasonable one. The Bill seems to deserve favour, and to be likely to find it. It does not betray any signs of the threatened Beaconsfieldian design to slip the Army’s head out of the Parliamentary collar.

Friday (Lords).—Lord FORTESCUE wants thews and sinews “weighed in” with brains, in the Army Examinations. So do Lord

HAMPDEN and Lord HARDINGE. Lord BURY, and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF don’t see their way to weighing such incomponderables as brawn, beef, and brains together. Lord CARDWELL is very glad. Competitive Examination is bad enough as it is, without having “athletic sports” brought within its grasp. But bad as Competitive Examination may be, there is one thing worse, and that is, appointment by favour without it.

(*Commons*).—Upon as weighty a matter as can engage the National wisdom. Do we know whether India is prosperous or bankrupt—or as ill or well governed as, granted English rule, she can be? If we don’t know,—and Professor FAWCETT says we don’t, though he does,—that she is bankrupt and may thank our mis-government for it—ought not Parliament at once to set about acquiring the knowledge? Certainly, say Mr. LAING, Mr. NEWDEGATE, Sir G. CAMPBELL, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. O’DONNELL. “Not just now,” says Mr. GRANT-DUFF. “Not the least use, bless you,” says Mr. STANHOPE, with ex-officio cockiness. “Things couldn’t be better—at least wouldn’t be better—for all the inquiry in the world.”

Sir STAFFORD, in his usual half-and-half style, takes his seat between the two stools of Mr. GRANT-DUFF and Mr. STANHOPE. Punch shrugs his shoulders, and listens to the whisperings of the Indian wind, which blows nobody any good. So the House votes no inquiry by 139 to 100, preferring to wait till inquiry is forced upon it by the hard hand of disaster.

WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE last Visit to the Exhibition of the Works of the Old Masters, which closes on the second Saturday in March.

No. 52. *Portrait of Frances, Lady Sondes.* Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS pinxit.

A portrait of a Minx, it is.

No. 54. *Saying Grace.* JAN STEEN. A wondrous picture. My only regret is, that the face of the lout saying grace should indicate dissatisfaction with the ham, which has already seen some service. It reminds me of LEECH’s picture, “‘For what we are going to receive,’ &c.—What! cold mutton again!” The position of No. 54 is appropriately close to the Refreshment Room, where

The index-finger like a truncheon
Points the shortest way to luncheon.

No. 56. *The Eve of the Deluge.* JAN BRUEGHEL. Summer’s evening, somewhere, or summer, where,—Summer’s town by sunset, perhaps. Every sort of animal, including a good Flanders dray-horse, out enjoying themselves in the grounds, I suppose, of Noah’s villa, which is visible in the distance, represented as an eligible residence of the period, standing “in its own park-like surroundings.” NOAH and family probably inside, packing up. I suppose he put a pair of everything in his portmanteau: socks, boots, handkerchiefs,—but how about hats? Refer to COLENZO, who now represents the Unorthodox COCKER. The Ark, like the British Fleet in the *Critic*, “is out of sight,” probably at its moorings.

No. 60. *Portrait of a Man, said to be General Velasquez.* PETER PAUL RUBENS. If a portrait of the General, there’s no doubt about his being a man.

No. 68. *Portrait of a Dutch Gentleman.* BARTHOLOMEW VAN DER HELST. Certainly, a portrait of a gentleman, but, at the same time, what a picture of a ruff!

No. 80. *Ruth and Boaz.* GERRARD VAN DER EECHTOUT. This is the work of an artist who was able to eke out a livelihood by painting. BOAZ was a merciful man because he wasn’t Ruthless. (*Vide Comic Catechism*.)

No. 83. *Portrait of Cornelia Remoens.* ABRAHAM JANSSENS. Without the portrait, it may be truly said, in the words of the poet:

“Collar and cuff
Are quite enough.”

No. 85. *Head of a Girl.* JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZ. As poor old



Herr VON JOEL, the *siffleur* at EVANS'S, used to exclaim about his threepenny cigars, "Pootiful! Pootiful! Ach! Pootiful!" It belongs to Lady EDEN, and is quite lovely enough for Paradise.

The "Head of a Girl" suggests another good subject for one of our Young Masters. Here it is: I will give it to the R.A.'s gratis. Let me see in this year's Academy the *Beard of an Oyster*. What daring young shaver will do it?

No. 141. *A Hunting Scene*. By TINTORETTO. Description:—One elderly and one middle-aged Gentleman in black, seated at a table, under an alcove, with a Lady of a certain age. Two younger Ladies are standing. Three rather effeminate-looking young men, accompanied by four hounds, have just returned from the exciting sport of the chase, bringing with them one small hare, in not particularly good condition, which they are exhibiting to the assembled family party above-mentioned, who, perhaps, expecting guests, are debating among themselves the best way of having the game dressed, so as to make the most of it, among seven of them. The elderly Gentleman in the corner is evidently asserting his right to eat it all himself,—a proposition indignantly rejected by the others, who foresee that they will come badly off, anyhow, at dinner-time. The picture might be called "The Hare—and Many Friends." In the distance is another figure starting for another hunt. No notice is taken of him, so let us hope that his return with a little game of some sort, will be an unexpected, but pleasant surprise. Had a Young Master instead of an old one painted this picture, would the Art-critics have gone into raptures over it?

GALLERY No. VII.

Here are the Miniatures, which appear, like barristers, in various cases. A visit just now is specially suitable, as they are all Lent. And if the present unseasonable season is Lent to us, the sooner it is returned, and we get something more pleasant, the better for all.

Case B.

No. 6. *Portrait of Jean Petitot*, who "might be called," says the guide, "the inventor of enamel miniature." Might be called! Then call him so. He won't be offended. JEAN PETITOT you can look back with pleasure on your great feast!

Case F.

Edward the Sixth as a Boy. HANS HOLBEIN. "As a Boy!" Well, he was a boy, and not a bad sort of boy—for his age. Head and Hans were at work here.

Case G.

Samuel Butler, Author of "Hudibras". SAMUEL COOPER. Fit and proper for the Cooper to paint the Butler.

Case L.

No. 10. Group of Ladies, full length, in various costumes. In the manner of Hollar,—evidently expecting a caller. Capital! "Hollar! Boys, Hollar!"

And last of all,—

Picture of a Gentleman Going Out—By Himself.

[Exit, down-stairs: bid a long farewell to "my Uncles," who return me my umbrella on my giving back the ticket, and so out into Piccadilly.

Prince Leopold's New Order.

PRINCE ALBERT could pass his mantle of the Garter, with the other insignia of that illustrious fraternity, to some succeeding brother of the Order. But his mantle of brotherhood in that higher Order of the wise and good, who think and work for the welfare of men, has since his death remained without a wearer.

It has found one where he should have been looked for, in his son Prince LEOPOLD. Long and sorely tried by sickness, this young Prince, we rejoice to learn by his recent public utterances, has learnt in suffering what he now teaches in speech, if not in song.

The genial and energetic elements of a Ruling Race were already appropriated by his brothers, but his father's mantle of the high Order of Princely Thinkers and Workers for Culture, remained for the youngest. *Punch* hails his assumption of this his true *toga virilis*.

Punch to a Plenipotentiary.

"Sir HENRY LAYARD has reached Trieste from Constantinople."—*Mail of March 1st.*

Got as far as Trieste? Well, you've well earned a rest,
My excellent Nineveh Bayard;
And as now you've tried East, nor succeeded the least,
To try West you'll do best, my dear LAYARD.

BRITANNIA TO BULGARIA (as the last addition to the Family of Nations).—"Welcome, little stranger!"

PENANCES FOR LENT.

ORD BEACONSFIELD.—To prepare a defence of Free Trade.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone.—Total abstinence from pen, ink, and post-cards, and to pick out of *Punch's* waste-paper basket all the jokes about *The Heart of Midlothian*.

The Prince Imperial of France (on his way to Zululand).—To find out Lord CHELMISFORD's plan of campaign.

The Prince Imperial of Germany.—To cultivate cordial relations with Prince Von BISMARCK.

Prince Von Bis-

march.—To come to an understanding with the Pope.

Lord Dufferin.—To learn Russian.

The Emperor of Russia.—To give the cold shoulder to Lord DUFFERIN.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—To frame a Budget that will please anybody.

The Khedive of Egypt.—To issue acting orders to the English and French men-of-war now anchored off Alexandria.

Sir Thomas Chambers.—To find an argument that will hold water against Civil Service Stores.

One of our Lord Chief-Justices. To lose his temper.

Another of our Lord Chief-Justices. To keep his temper. And

Mr. Punch (heaviest penance of all). To keep two waste-paper baskets going daily instead of one.

AN EGYPTIAN ACCOUNT CURRENT.

THE following statement of expenditure has been picked up in Cairo, and forwarded to 85, Fleet Street. It is signed "ISMAEL." Should the owner have any further use for it, he may obtain the original by application to the *Punch* Office.

	£ s. d.
Expenses of the spontaneous deputation of 200 village Sheikhs, including donkey-hire, and Caravanserai charges	20 18 7
Backshish to 300 boys for shouting in front of WILSON'S Office	7 10 4½
Additional to ten very bad boys, for yelling at the Frenchman	7 9
Hunchback for making a face at the Minister of Finance	0½
Bribing the Army	10 9 7
Backshish to Generals of Division	12 8 6
Coffee and Cigarettes for Regimental Officers	7 6
Four hours of shouting to 400 Officers, at 1s. 6d. an hour	6 0
Colonel for tearing WILSON'S coat	100 0 0
Corporal for spitting in NUBAR'S face	4
To Widow of Soldier who was shot (as by arrangement)	8 9
For manifestations of popular enthusiasm for the Khedive	1 4 6
Decayed Vegetables, Eggs, &c. (for use of Mutineers)	25 7 6
Sundry payments to Generals, Tax-Collectors, Clerks, &c., &c., for Mahometan movements.	100 0 0
Sundries (Personal Expenditure)	3,478,912 19 10
Total	£3,419,222 9 3

Let a Bishop be One Having Discretion.

HERE'S the Bishop of Oxford, in *sacra et propria personā*, appearing before the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division in Banc assembled! No wonder such a spectacle has crowded the Court. Of course only a *dignus vindice nodus* could have drawn down such a dignitary from his Episcopalian Olympus. The point which the Bishop appears to contend for is that Bishops have discretion—confined, it is true, in this particular case, to actions under the Church Discipline Act. But if they are allowed to have discretion for that, who knows but it may in time extend to other things? What a good time the Church will have of it then!



ETYMOLOGICAL.

"WHAT LOTS OF PETS YOU'VE GOT, LADY CIRCE! HAPPY KWEECHAWS!"
 "NOT HALF ENOUGH, CAPTAIN JINKS! I'M GOING TO START AN APIARY!"
 "AN APIARY! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE FOND OF MONKEYS—AW!"

AN ECHO OF THE TIME.

(Being the right sort of Leader to balance any number of columns of Peace gossip, set forth with any amount of large-type sensation headings.)

It is indeed a hideous satire on the boasted civilisation of our time, a strange trophy of the victory claimed for it in the *Cultur-kampf*, —for which if Germany has found a name, we claim our own battle-fields, and our own glory-roll,—that this abandoned and reckless ruffian should be made the hero of the hour, the nine days' wonder of that pachydermatous curiosity which can be reached by no stimulant less potent than the basest, coarsest, and most realistic sensationalism.

From the columns of our contemporaries for some weeks past it might have seemed that England boasted of but one hero, that the Empire supplied but one subject of interest, that Society had but one topic of conversation—the career of a conspicuously villainous burglar and specially reckless taker of human life.

For the moment, Home politics and Imperial interests are alike thrust into the background, the debates of the House of Commons dropped for the highly-wrought descriptions of the press-room—more appropriately than ever so named, now that the reporter is the only one besides the prison-officials and the hangman admitted to its high and holy mysteries.

We may be told that this morbid craving of the "many-headed monster" must be catered for; that this prurient taste for the criminal and the vicious, the harrowing and the horrible, must be pandered to. If even business-like JOHN BULL for awhile forgets the counting-house for the condemned cell, and BRITANNIA lays down her trident to help in the adjustment of the hangman's hemp—if MABWOOD, for the moment, becomes the man of the hour, in co-partnership with the wretch over whose ashy face he draws the white cap,—what right, it may be asked, has the public organ to refuse to the same topic its "faculty of eyes and ears" and the service of its busy and ubiquitous hands?

We boldly put in our demurrer to this plea in confession and avoid-

ance, and while we blush to have even to maintain our obligation to a nobler view of the duty of the Public Instructor, we loudly proclaim that this unwholesome interest in the life and death of a criminal, fed as it has been by all the channels of publicity, is a disgrace to the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century.

Our space will not allow us to dilate further on this disgusting topic.

In our second, third, and fourth pages will be found a full and graphically descriptive account of the birth, boyhood, manhood, crimes, accomplishments, amours, adventures, hair-breadth 'scapes, incredible disguises, apprehension, trial, conviction, prison-conversation, conduct, and confession, last hours and execution of the contemptible miscreant whose career has served as a text for this much needed protest.

"Fas est et ab Hoste Doceri."

"Certain Russian journalists," we are informed by the *Times*, "have formulated the project of a literary 'Council of Honour,' with the view of placing a restraint on the excesses of newspaper controversy."

WE recommend the example to our own anti-Russian organs. Perhaps, on application, and presentation of their credentials of excess in the shape of articles, they might be taken into the Council.

A Necessity of the Times.

THE Standard says that 50,000 copies have been issued since 1875 of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's authorised form of *Prayers in Stormy Weather*. They are said to be for the use of those at sea. Does this mean Her Majesty's blue-jackets, or Her Majesty's Government?

THE KHEDIVE TO HIS CREDITORS.

WRIGGLE ME, wriggle me, wriggle me free—
 If my hands were but loose, I would soon let you see!



FAST AND LOOSE.

"AVAST HEAVIN', MISTER KHEDIVE! YOU TIED THEM ROPES YOURSELF! WE MEAN TO HAVE A TURN
AT 'EM NOW!!"

IT DON'T FOLLOW.



A Street Shopkeeper writes to the *Times*, complaining that, though he pays £100 a-year as rates, and his two hundred and seventeen fellow-shopkeepers £21,000 a-year between them, the St. George's Vestry leaves the snow to melt where it falls. Just as if the duty of the rate-payers to "down with the dust" implied a duty in rate-leviers to "up with the snow!"

Voices of the Angels.

In a new "*Symphonie Religieuse*," by a French Composer, lately performed by Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S Choir, we have the novelty of Angels introduced among the executants, the "celestial voices singing without words"—as the Critic of the *Times* describes—in a "succession of 'hm's,' interrupted by an occasional 'ah.'" This sort of utterance would seem to suggest the old Hummums as the abode of the Angels, and that "Heathen Chinee" AH-SING as their music-master. He, too, is a Celestial—so it is all in the family...

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XV.

At MeadowSweet Manor—Mostyn Dickie—His Heartiness—Deafness—Tea—Tyranny—Violence—Sunshine—Servants—House—And Household.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaims, in a bluff, good-humoured tone, and smiling all over his face, under and all round his grey beard and moustache. "My dear fellow! this is capital of you! Excellent! You're a trump to come down in such abominable weather."

MOSTYN DICKIE is thoroughly hearty. It is evidently genuine; nothing of the *faux-bonhomme* about him.

Happy Thought (a title for a good old hospitable Country Gentleman).—His Heartiness.

I observe, that I am only too delighted. He is, I find, a trifle deaf, and looks me steadily and earnestly in the face, as though he suspected me of saying something that I don't want him to hear. I repeat louder, that I am delighted, most delighted, to have the opportunity of visiting him.

This makes him beam again, and he won't let go my hand. It seems as if he could never have enough either of my hand, or of staring me in the face. He appears to be trying to convince himself, beyond all possibility of error, that it is myself, and nobody else. He frowns on me, always good-humouredly, but, still, with an air of uncertainty, as though he were saying to himself, "It's uncommonly like the man I expected; but I've been so taken in, lately, by impostors, I'd give a trifle to know if it is really he or not." He swings my hand forward and backward, then shakes it, then wrings it, then repeats, "Well, this is kind of you to come," as though he were in some awful difficulty, and I had just arrived in the nick of time to save him.

At last he seems to have made up his mind that I really am the person I've represented myself to be, whereupon he gives my hand a final hearty shake, as though he were saying "Good-bye" to me, (in effect he is dismissing me from his mental doubts), and then, just as he is relinquishing my hand he suddenly seizes it again as if afraid lest, on being released, I should make for the glass door and run away, and says in a tone that evinces the deepest anxiety for my welfare, "Now you'll have something?"

"No," I thank him.

"Quite sure?" he asks, still detaining my hand, and scrutinising me in a way that implies he is accustomed to inconsistency on the part of newly-arrived guests.

He is right. I am not quite sure.

"Ah!" he exclaims—it is a very broad "Ah!"—much relieved. "That's right. You will have something. Glass of sherry? Brandy-and-soda? Anything you like. Everything's here. What'll you have?"

Evidently, I've got into good quarters at MOSTYN DICKIE'S. I intimate, modestly, that if a cup of tea can be obtained without trouble—mind, without trouble—

But I have not to say another word. He does not clap his hands, and a thousand ebon slaves appear, as, since my arrival, there have been two or three servants awaiting my commands in the hall, with absolutely nervous anxiety.

At the mention of tea, one of them has disappeared, through a side-door, which swings to noiselessly.

"Now, what's he gone for?" asks MOSTYN DICKIE, who being, as I have said, slightly deaf, has not caught my expressed wish for tea. "JAMES has gone for tea, Sir," replies Servant Number Two.

"Eh, what?" exclaims MOSTYN DICKIE, spreading out his hands, and appealing to me in the utmost despair, as if everything in the world had collapsed suddenly, and he had lost his fortune at one fell swoop. "There! Did you ever see such a set of idiots! That's what I'm surrounded by—*Idiots!*" (present company, I hope, excepted). "They can't wait—absolutely can't wait for orders; but just because it's his tea-time, off he must go! I tell them," he continues, in a deeply injured tone, "I tell them, when any one arrives, to wait until they know if anything is wanted; but no—off they go—he is working himself up into a fury—"and once for all, *I icon't have it!*"

At this point JAMES returns with the tea, and I am able to explain that this is what he had been to fetch for me.

"Oh," says DICKIE, with the air of a man who, out of politeness, has been compelled to receive an excuse, "that's quite another thing. Oh," he repeats, with a sort of vague bow all round, but specially directed towards the hats and coats that are hanging up in the hall, "oh, all right! Only," here he thrusts both hands into his trouser-pockets, and turns round full on me as if he were going to put a regular poser to me this time, at all events, "why didn't he say so?"

I really have no answer for this. The two Servants—the offending JAMES and another—are still standing there in the hall, but they make no sign; and as I do not, so to speak, hold a brief for them, I am silent, and occupy myself with the tea.

The two Servants are just on the point of withdrawing, when MOSTYN DICKIE stops them suddenly and peremptorily. His manner is startlingly fierce, and I tremble lest the men should be involved in another difficulty on my account, in which case they'll go into the Servants' Hall and express themselves in very decided language on the subject of my visit.

MOSTYN DICKIE turns to me, frowns, and, in a tone of the most intense earnestness, asks,

"Have they given you any sugar?"

These words are given so tragically, as to impress me with the idea that I am listening to a quotation from some Shakespearian tragedy,—perhaps *Hamlet*,—though I don't recollect the line.

So despotic is his whole bearing that, though I don't look at the Servants, as I am facing the stove and they are behind me in the middle of the Hall, I can fancy them both shaking in their shoes, their hair standing on end (specially if they are comic servants), tremblingly awaiting my answer, which will decide their fate, as, evidently, were I obliged to own that the sugar had been omitted, the Tyrant would instantly exclaim, "Off with their heads!" and there'd be an end of them in a twinkling.

I reply, therefore, a little nervously, I admit—"Yes—thank you—plenty!"

I fancy I hear a suppressed sigh of relief from the two servants.

"You are sure?" asks MOSTYN DICKIE, with searching emphasis, as though he were examining me on my oath.

"Yes, I'm quite sure. It's very nice," I say; and I drink it, in proof of my assertion, while he watches me narrowly, as if to see whether any irrepressible spasm should contradict my statement. No. After disposing, as pleasantly as possible in the circumstances, of half the contents of the cup, I look round at him, and smile, as I was wont to smile.

"Because," he says, still eyeing me distrustfully, as though expecting me to recant my opinion, and refuse to swallow any more tea, unless it were immediately sweetened:—"because Mrs. POUND always forgets either the sugar or the milk, or something. She's got no head—not a bit!"—most extraordinary phenomenon. Mrs. POUND must be, whoever she is—"she always forgets something, either the sugar—or the milk—or," he adds suddenly as a climax—"or the Tea!" This so tickles him that he must needs take his right hand out of his pocket to dig me forcibly in the ribs, as though to attract my wandering attention to the point he has just made—and which I notice has highly amused the two servants—and repeat, "or the Tea! Eh? Forget the Tea! Ha! ha! ha!" Wherupon the servants, seeing that the storm has blown over, discreetly disappear through a noiseless green-baize door.



ALARMING SPREAD OF IMPERIALISM !

Uncle (who has passed all his military life in India, and just returned). "OFF, ALREADY, GEORGE? WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, MY BOY?"

Nephew. "WHY, YOU SEE, UNCLE. I'VE GOT A SPEAKER'S ORDER FOR THE HOUSE O' COMMONS. I WANT TO HEAR—"

Uncle. "DEAR ME! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT OLD RUBBISH IS GOING ON STILL!"

MOSTHYN DICKIE continuing to relish this joke without reference to me, I take the opportunity of looking round the hall to get some further idea of what MeadowSweet Manor is like.

Judging from what I can see of the Italian style, portico and pillars without, tessellated pavement within, polished marble (or imitation) columns, and lofty whitewashed ceilings, ornamented with that sort of fancy-plaster-work which the decorative art at the confectioners seems to consider as an indispensable finish to the white-sugared top of a children's twelfth cake,—judging, I say, from the general shininess and polish, I begin to think I am realising the vision of the operatic poet who sang

"I dreamt that I dwelt in mar-ar-ble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my si-i-ide,"

And I add to myself, that I feel pretty sure I shall "be happy yet." For it is easy for

any one to discover, in less than a quarter of an hour after his arrival in this house, that these sudden outbursts of MOSTHYN DICKIE's are simply his way, which really alarm no one who is accustomed to them, and that, in spite of all his grumbling, he is absolutely idolised by every dependant on the establishment.

He is a widower, and the lady of the house is, I find, his daughter—Mrs. DE BRESLIN—who, with her two young children, usually reside at MeadowSweet Manor. The people about address her as "Madame de BRESLIN," or simply "Madame," and from Mrs. POUND (the housekeeper "without a head") I soon ascertain enough of the family history to make it evident to me that the less said about Monsieur de BRESLIN the better. He is spoken of as "compelled to travel a great deal on various important foreign missions."

I have just received this information from Mrs. POUND, the housekeeper, who is the real manageress of the entire establishment, when MOSTHYN DICKIE enters my room.

A PROMISE AT PARTING.

"But I understand that the acceptance of that post is one that has been accompanied by the most perfect conditions of allegiance to his party."
—Speech of LORD GRANVILLE at the Reform Club Banquet to LORD DUFFERIN.

WHEN along Neva's frozen banks
My sledge-bells cleave the air,
It may be I shall turn with thanks
To him who sent me there.
Yet deem not that the arts of BEN
Have bonds of Party cleft.—
Mine be the measures of the men
Who dined me ere I left!—
And still,—my light through snow and
storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!
It may be, in a month or two,
When I'm thought "well in hand,"
Lord B. may think, "By Jove, he'll do!
There's nothing he won't stand."
But if some Jingo point to score
They have a sudden mind,
And wire to me, then all the more
I'll think of where I dined.
And,—like a beacon through the storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!

"MILLERS AND THEIR MEN" ONCE MORE.

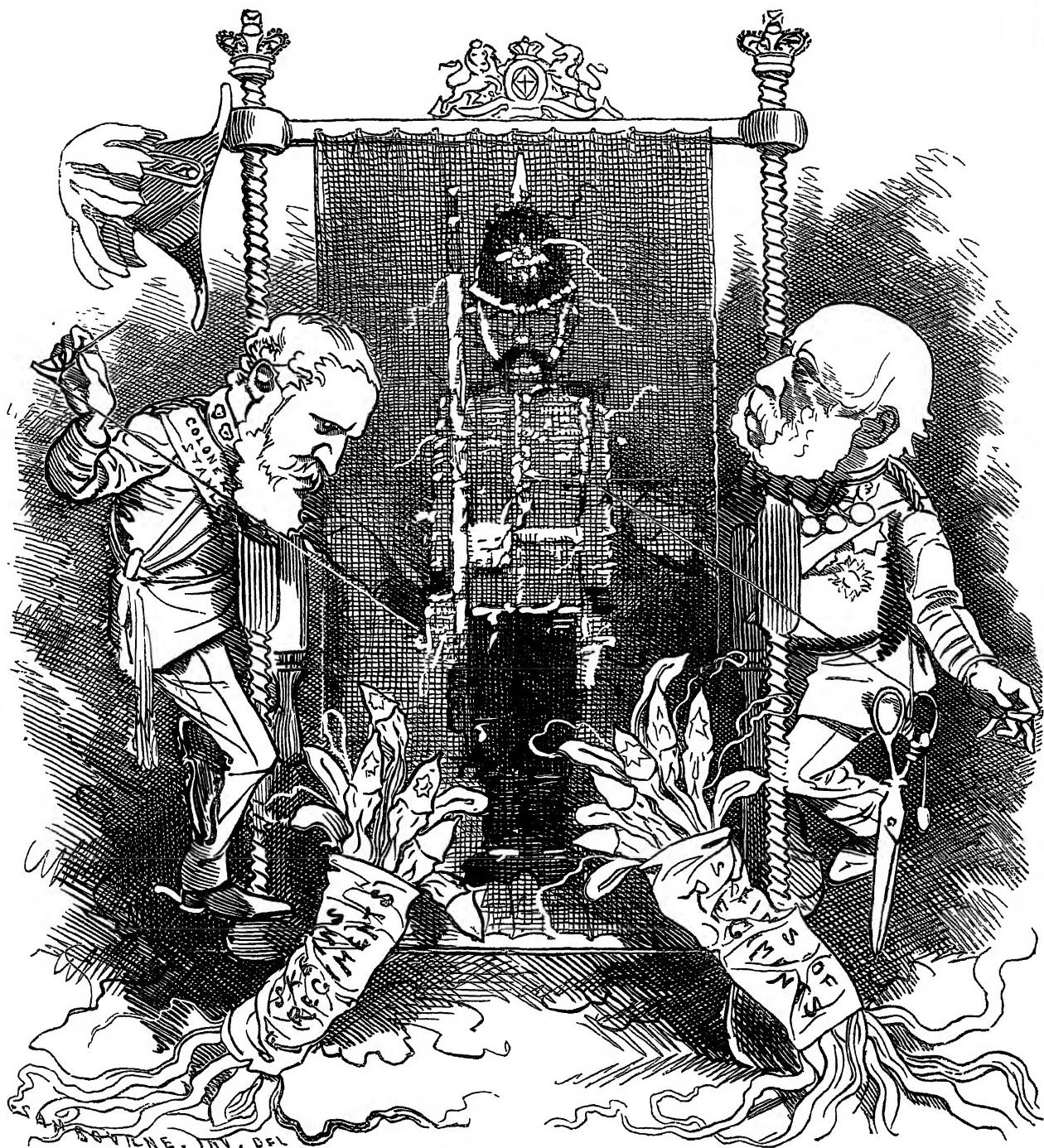
OUR friend, the *Textile Manufacturer*, is not daunted even by the late verdict against his friends the Millers and their Men. He returns to the subject in a long and bouncy article, riding off on the difference between "sizing" and "stiffening;" and contending that as there is a "demand" for sized and stiffened goods, there can be no harm in supplying them.

He forgets that the "demand" comes not from the customers who wear, but from the dealer who sells the "loaded" goods.

It does not lessen the dishonesty of selling for cotton cloths half cotton half China clay, that an unscrupulous draper asks an unscrupulous manufacturer to supply him with such half-and-half wares. Nobody, we should suppose, ever thought of excusing *Mutter Moss* by pleading the "demand" for the "Brummagem" with which he supplied the market. It remained for the *Textile Manufacturer* to set up this plea.

WHAT WESTON MAY SAY NOW HIS WALK IS OVER.—"Oh, my poor feit!"

PATCHWORK; OR, MAKING UP A BRITISH REGIMENT.



Col. Stanley. Ah! we shall make him up.

Duke of Cambridge.

But 'tis a nuisance that those skeins run out.
Doesn't look uniform—tints don't quite blend.

Col. Stanley. Motleyish, eh?

Duke of Cambridge. Stitch on! We're near the end.
Not a bad makeshift, really, as things go.

But as for following our pattern!

Col. Stanley. Oh!
Don't mention it. The Critics will excuse
A little jumbling of our reds and blues.

Considering the pressure,—

Duke of Cambridge. Well, they may;
But hurry-scurry Patchwork does not pay.

For once, the job may pass without a wrangle,
But botching haste might end in a bad tangle.

[Left stitching against time.

Steps in the Christian Walk.

YOUNG Prince Louis NAPOLEON received his "baptism of fire" on the field of Wörth. He is now about to proceed to Zulu-Land for his confirmation. *Punch* feels bound in fairness to add, that he is a brave, bright lad, and has won golden opinions from all, both officers, professors, and comrades, with whom he has been brought in contact in his Woolwich training, and during the manoeuvres in which he has taken part.



DISCUSSING AN ABSENT FRIEND.

"YES, ROBINSON'S A CLEVER FELLER, AND HE'S A MODEST FELLER, AND HE'S A HONEST FELLER; BUT, BETWIXT YOU AND I AND THE POST, MR. JONES," SAID BROWN, CONFIDENTIALLY, PICKING HIS WISDOM TOOTH WITH HIS LITTLE FINGER NAIL, "ROBINSON AIN'T GOT NEITHER THE LOOKS, NOR YET THE LANGUAGE, NOR YET THE MANNERS OF A GENTLEMAN!"

"RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR!" SAID JONES, SHOVELLING THE MELTED REMAINS OF HIS ICE PUDDING INTO HIS MOUTH WITH A STEEL KNIFE (WHICH HE AFTERWARDS WIPE ON THE TABLE-CLOTH.) "YOU'VE 'IT' IM ORF TO A T!"

RAILWAY LIABILITY.

SEE, in divers law reports, the case of *Foulkes v. the Metropolitan Railway Company*, lately tried before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. This was an action for compensation of injuries received by the plaintiff in getting out of one of the defendants' carriages on to the platform of the South-Western Terminus at Richmond. A jury gave him £500 damages. Defendants, however, subsequently, the other day, in the Queen's Bench Division, obtained a rule nisi for a new trial on the question of liability as between themselves and the South-Western Company—rule ultimately, on cause being shown against it, refused. As to liability, perhaps, that question might have been more aptly settled out of Court by an amicable arrangement concluded upon in a little quiet.

CHAT BETWEEN RAILWAY CHAIMEN.

Chairman Hobson (*to Chairman Jobson*). Well, how goes traffic? *Chairman Jobson*. Decidedly improving. And yours?

Hobson. Better too. Times on the mend. By the bye, old man, we must mend our ways. We, that is both of our Companies, who, for mutual accommodation, are using each other's lines.

Jobson. What's the matter?

Hobson. We have met with a serious misfortune. A poor man, in getting out of a carriage belonging to us, but situated on your rails and at your terminus, dislocated his ankle, and is crippled for life.

Jobson. That's his misfortune.

Hobson. Yes: but ours too. He claims compensation to the amount of a thousand pounds.

Jobson. Dear, dear, how very sad—his misfortune, I mean. But only a thousand pounds! What a moderate claim for so dreadful an injury!—that is, if it wasn't his own fault.

Hobson. No, JOBBY, there's no denying it; the fault was ours. Our train was one of which the carriages were no less than two feet above the level of the platform—by the way, your platform.

OFFERS TO OPPONENTS.

THE general burst of satisfaction with which the appointment of Lord DUFFERIN to the post of Ambassador at St. Petersburg has been hailed by men of all parties, has induced Her Majesty's Government to make further application of their conciliatory principle in the following offers, several of which, however, have been firmly, but courteously, declined:—

EARL GRANVILLE to be Her Majesty's Special Envoy Extraordinary to the new King of BURMAH.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON to be Governor of Pitcairn's Island.

Sir W. VERNON HARcourt to be General Political Agent in the South Pacific.

The Duke of ARGYLL to the conduct of a Literary and Scientific Mission in Afghanistan.

Mr. GLADSTONE to be Plenipotentiary (Extraordinary) at the Court of the new Principality of Bulgaria.

Mr. FORSTER to be Special Local Inspector for the Red Sea Pearl Fisheries.

Sir BARTLE FRERE to be Her Majesty's Representative in the Crater of Vesuvius.

And Mr. PARNELL to be Permanent High Commissioner of all Her Majesty's territories at the back of the North Pole, as the head-quarters of Cold Obstruction.

WORK FOR THE WAR OFFICE.

WE have heard a great deal lately about Skelton Regiments. Wanted: Somebody with a genius for organisation to make these dry bones live.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF IN BULGARIA (*task for the Assembly at Tirnova*).—To set things straight.

Jobson. Our platform is fully two feet below the level of your carriages. That is as much our fault as yours. Let us pay half.

Hobson. Well, if you like. Certainly your platform and our carriages caused the accident between them. The carriages are provided with footboards so awkward that people must jump down from them upon some of the platforms to avoid slipping and getting maimed or killed.

Jobson. What a jump for an old gentleman with the gout in his great toe!

Hobson. Don't mention it. We've had numerous complaints too, and plenty of warning.

Jobson. So we have. Let us no longer neglect those complaints and those warnings at our peril—a worse peril next time, perhaps, than that of a mere indemnity.

Hobson. Yes. We will immediately level our carriages to your platforms.

Jobson. We, at the same time, will meet you half-way. We will elevate our platforms towards your carriages wherever we can.

Hobson. The sooner the better; for in the meanwhile our liability is frightful.

Jobson. I shudder to think of it. That which we have now to meet is but pecuniary. No more than a thousand pounds. Five hundred only for each Company. A couple of mere fleabites.

Hobson. Let us double it. Let us make it a thousand each. Our Board, I know, will readily accede to a fair but not at all an extravagant proposal.

Jobson. Oh, yes, and ours too, I have not the slightest doubt. And I'm sure we must all feel we are letting ourselves down lightly for inattention, of which the greatest wonder is that it has cost us so small an amount comparatively in damages. Partners in negligence, HOBBY, my boy, we will be sharers in its cost, and unite in setting an example to all Directors who meanly and ungenerously dispute their just liabilities in a Court of Law.

[*Chat closes.*]

PHRASE-BOOK FOR THE USE OF GENERAL OFFICERS.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Lord Chelmsford.)



*O*n learning that an Army has been cut to pieces.—Dear me! You don't say so!

*O*n losing the Baggage-Train of a Division.—Awkward—very!

*O*n receiving an Officer who has ridden for his life twenty miles through an enemy's country, carrying Despatches.—Very kind of you indeed!

*O*n accepting an offer to head a Forlorn Hope.—I'm afraid you are giving yourself a great deal of trouble!

*O*n seeing a Regimental Camp in Flames.—Odd! Isn't it?

*O*n receiving a pair of Regimental Colours, recovered after a desperate struggle.—I'm afraid you must have found them rather heavy!

*O*n learning that a Regiment is "missing."—

Fellows should take more care—they should, really!

*O*n finding a position turned.—I call this quite too provoking!

*O*n receiving the news that the troops under his command have been out-generalled and cut to pieces.—Now, who is responsible for this?

*A*nd, lastly—On riding up to three score of Englishmen who have defended themselves for thirteen hours from the night assaults of thousands of victorious and bloodthirsty savages, and who have thus saved an army, if not a colony, from destruction.—Thank you all very much for your very gallant defence!

SCHOOL BOARD AND SCAVENGERS.

(Great indignation meeting in the City. In consequence of the recent discussions at the Guildhall, the Scavengers and Dustmen convene an extraordinary Meeting in opposition to the extravagant demands of the London School Board. We have been favoured with a brief report of the proceedings.)

MR. SHOVELLER took the chair, having previously polished it with his coat-cuff.

MR. RANDUM, a leading Scavenger, moved a Resolution. He expressed "a intense surprise and regret at the increasing and oppressive character laid on to the rates of the City." He didn't know exactly what it meant, but what he wanted to know was, what was the good o' teachin' poor children a lot o' rubbish as was better swept away or shovelled out o' their eads instead o' being put in 'em? ("Ear! Ear!") This Meetin' should tell the School Board folks, as they weren't the parties to have dust thrown in their eyes! (Applause.)

MR. RICHARD DURTEIGH said he hadn't got no kids—children he meant, not gloves—(great laughter)—as he didn't wear none—to eddicate, but he was blowed—("Question!")—or blest, if they liked it better—"Ear! Ear!")—if he hadn't got to pay a fipp'ny rate for them as 'ad! ("Shame! Shame!") It was a fact as couldn't be controldicated. A fipp'ny rate was twelve bob—("Chair! Chair!") He begged parding, he should say twelve shillin' an' sixpence per hannum, which it made a differinx to him of just three arf-pants a week! ("Shame! Shame!") Wos he to be robbed of his beer to eddicate somebody else's kids—he begged parding—he meant horfsprings? Never! What he said was, "Down with the School Boards!" He would like to see such rubbish shot here—in this 'ere 'all, and there a hend of the 'ole bilin'! (Loud and prolonged applause.)

MR. HEEP said he agreed with the last speaker. He was a Dustman, and proud of the title. The eddicashun as he 'd 'ad was good enough for him, and he didn't want no more. ("Ear! Ear!") He'd been taught when he were a boy that a man, wotsomever he might be, was only dust. ("Ear! Ear!") And so, say what they liked, the best man as ever breathed could be but a dust-man arter all. ("Ear! Ear! Ear!") and great cheering. He was all for sweeping reforms. ("Ear!

"Ear!") And his cry—the he warn't allowed now to come out with his "Dust Oy!" as his annisters 'ad done before him—("Shame! Shame!")—his cry was, "No eddicashun for nobody. ("Ear! Ear! ear!") and what he added to them as 'ad got propputty and wouldn't part, was, "Down with the dust!" (Loud cheers, amid which the speaker resumed his seat.)

MR. BINN said he were in the same purfession as MR. HEEP, which his own name were BINN, and has binn so since he were born. (Laughter.) He was for the abbulishun o' School Boards, and all come-punkshually eddicashun. ("Ear! Ear!") What more grammar could any dustman want to know than "I does, you dust, he dust, and we dust"? (Great laughter.) He remembered 'earing at a theayter a cove say "I dust do all as a cove may do, he who dusts more ain't not nobody." (Cheers and laughter.)

MR. McMUDIE wished to say as he was a Scavenger, and considered it an onorble, likewise a huseful purfession. ("Ear! Ear!") He would wote agin' eddicashun. (Prolonged cheering.) Wot was eddicashun to 'im?—Nuffin. (Great excitement.) He wanted Reform—no 'arf measures—he made a great pint of sayin' "No 'arf measures!"—(Cheers)—and they wasn't to be put off with mere shovellin' excuses. ("Ear! Ear!") What was the good of schools to Scavengers? Didn't he know enough without that there? Rather! ("Ear! Ear!") Couldn't he tell his boys and gals all as ever was useful for them to know? O' course he could. Why it was only t' other day, as he was credibly informed, as a chap couldn't be a Scavenger in Parris, unless he were able to parleywoo! (Great sensation.) That was the result of eddicashun! ("Ear! Ear!")

MR. MUCKINTOSH followed in the same line. They were being put upon. He 'imself 'ad been fined five bob for shovellin' a little mud down a gully. (Great indignation.) From what he 'eard as to eddicashun, 'ere an' helseweres, at 'ome and on the Kontinon, was just this, that them as learned wot put 'em above their stashun was not no use to no one, and hinstead o' being haimiable an' useful members o' society, they was quite "wirchuous wisy"—as the sayin' was—"Ear! Ear!"—and was merely a hupsettin' the cart all hover the place, makin' a mess o' heverthink, and comin' out strong as—he wern't afraid to say it—as Discontented Dammy-Gogs!

[Prolonged cheering. After which the Resolution was put and carried, and the Meeting separated, after singing their popular chorus, "Dustward Ho!"

THE GHOST OF GEORGE ROBINS.

THIS irrepressible spirit is not yet laid. It still haunts the columns of the Provincial and Colonial Press. As the dark hour is the season for Ghosts, no wonder this spirit should show through the war-cloud now lowering over South Africa, and even draw substance from its shadows. We find one of its latest appearances thus chronicled in a Natal paper:—

A T HORSE SALE, on Saturday, at Eleven O'clock, we shall sell Mr. PETTIFOR'S BLACK HORSE "PRINCE," stands about Fifteen hands; a handsome, clean-limbed, well-ribbed, strong, enduring, fast, easy, pleasant nag. He would suit a Volunteer on the War Path; has pluck enough to charge a column, and would never be caught if the order was reversed; besides he's invisible at night, and treads as lightly as a Cock Ostrich before making a rush. All round he's the smartest nag out, and is only sold because his master has no use for him. We fancy he might want something shorter; however, that's his business. This horse has to be sold on Saturday, at Eleven O'clock. BOUNCER & CO., Auctioneers.

Quite Low enough.

QUOTH Finality BOB—
Down-hill once a fast goer,—
"When JOHN BULL has got LOWE,
Why should he go lower?"

The Disease of Debt.

A PATENT Medicine Proprietor advertises in a Journal of some circulation among the poorer classes a specific under the denomination of "Tic Pills." The best tick-pill will be found to be dealing at Co-operative Stores, where you must pay ready money.

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ACCOUNT.

WITH regard to the operations of General ROBERTS in the Khost Valley, Punch fears that if their "Valley" be doubtful there is no doubt about their Khost.

STRANGE OFFICIAL MISTAKE IN GEOGRAPHY.—To have placed Chelmsford in Africa.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 3 (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD took the House again after his illness, and was warmly congratulated. *Chacun à son goût*; and the public—in Parliament, if not out of it—has just now *le goût du* Lord BEACONSFIELD.

The new Bankruptcy Bill was read a Second Time. The ex-Chancellor and the CHANCELLOR talked it over, and agree that it goes in the right direction. *Punch* wishes it went further. Roguish bankrupts would fare worse, and creditors would fare better.

(Commons).—Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, on a plea of more Blue Book forthcoming, staved off for the evening the inevitable discussion on the Zulu War, and the conduct—or misconduct—thereof.

Mr. ANDERSON having introduced the subject, Sir STAFFORD was obliged to admit that the “counts” since the Session began, like WORDSWORTH’s little family, were seven. He did not think naming names would do any good. Members, like

managers, must find attractive programmes, if they wanted to draw Houses.

First-fruits of the new rules; the House got into Committee of Supply on Army Estimates by seven. The consequence was that most of Colonel STANLEY’s speech was delivered to empty benches.

The Government—he told his handful of hearers—had hoped to effect a reduction of four thousand men, but, under present circumstances, felt it would have been a *reductio ad absurdum*. Recruiting had been brisk; so had desertion. It cost the army nearly three thousand men—and the country, as it would seem from a computation in the *Daily News*, in all probability rather over, than under £20,000—yearly. Shepherds have their marks for sheep, why can’t our wise heads of the Army devise one for their black sheep? All Recruits are revaccinated; why should not the operation be performed in a special pattern? Soldiers ought to be the last to object to baring arms.



SAINTS IN THE SHIRES. (A LENT MEET WITH "THE DUKE'S.")

"I SEE YOUR SISTER IS NOT HUNTING TO-DAY."

"No, POOR DEAR! SHE HAD ONLY THE PONY TO RIDE, SO SHE HAS GONE TO CHURCH!"

We are going to create an Officers' Reserve—to be tapped at times of military pressure. Localisation and Short Service together have made patchwork (see *Punch* of last week) inevitable. Before the 91st could be sent to South Africa, it had to receive 374 men from eleven regiments; the 21st, 396 from eight; the 58th, 197 from four; and the 94th, 346 from nine. This is "elasticity" with a vengeance. If *esprit de corps* be the wonderful thing we are told it is, what regiments these should be, with their combined and concentrated *esprit de plusieurs corps!* But if our *cadres* be defective, our military clothing establishment is in superb order. It took us a fortnight to turn out 8,090 men, but we had turned out 17,000 garments in a week! No botching in that department of military tailoring!

We have 62 Localisation dépôts, and our linked battalion system threatens to turn our Army into a chain—which all know is only as strong as its weakest link. But it is a comfort to learn that no works had been ordered that could be shunted, and that the Estimates had been cut down to the quick—without permanent injury, *Punch* hopes, to the claws of the British Lion.

Sir W. HAROURT poked fun at the small figure cut by Cyprus in the Estimates—that "strong place of arms," with such a weak array of arms to guard it. But at least he was glad to see a liberal provision of doctors. After the Colonels had had a good talk over military matters in general, rather than Colonel STANLEY's Estimates in particular, the House was Counted Out again—at the respectable hour of twenty minutes to two.

Tuesday (Lords).—Somebody has drawn a City of Glasgow Bank Bill, to hand over questions arising on liquidation of that precious concern from the Courts to an Arbitrator appointed *ad hoc*. No wonder the House declined to negotiate a Bill which, on the face of it, looked fishy. The Bill was ostensibly promoted by only two shareholders, though Lord ROSEBERRY said an eighth had approved of it. It was postponed for two months—for which term read "*sine die*" and may be marked "No Effects."

Lord ABRINGER having drawn attention to the prevalence of desertion, Lord BURY said the Government did not see their way to branding, or vaccination-marking, or any mode of marking whatever—except remarking. They meant to wait and see what the new Army Discipline Act would do.

Lord TEBRO thought excessive punishment and vexatious petty tyranny had a good deal of desertion to answer for.

The Duke of CAMBEDGE said young non-commissioned officers

were certainly disposed to be "cheeky," and old ones were harder and harder to get, in these short service times. The habitual deserters have improved on Lord CARDWELL. They have organised a shorter Army service even than his.

In answer to Lord WALSHINGHAM, Lord CRANBROOK tried to lighten with official grey the black shadow of famine impending over the Punjab and Cashmere. The winter rains had failed, but he hoped—he did not give us any reasons for hoping—that the consequences would not be serious. Government was going to send four thousand tons of grain to Cashmere (it being important just now to keep the Cashmeregians in as good humour with us as possible).

(Commons).—The Government is going to give Sir C. RUSSELL a Select Committee to inquire into the Civil Service Stores. Sir STAFFORD was able to assure Mr. BLAKE, without inquiry, that only one of them, the Civil Service Supply Association, did not pay Income-Tax—being registered as a provident and industrial society—and that all paid Receipt-Tax. So much for one and the most tangible grievance in the envenomed case of *Shops v. Stores*. The Select Committee must do good by clearing up misapprehensions.

Mr. TREVELYAN brought forward his hardy annual, for extending household suffrage to counties with the needful redistribution of seats. His speech was mainly an effective and amusing description of the business of faggot-vote making, lately so active in Mid-Lothian.

Sir CHARLES DILKE, as seconder, contended that our present system of representation was the worst in the world. Bad may be the best, my Chelsea Pet, but if ours is the worst, all *Punch* can say is, that the worst is not really so much worse than the best. "Black's not so black, nor white so very white."

Lord CLAUD HAMILTON fired off a rattling broadside from guns of the old High Tory pattern—more dangerous to the gunner than anybody else. There was nothing but the County Franchises between us and universal deluge, with the Spinsters' Suffrage for crest of the wave. He recommended the Members of the seventy-five small Boroughs to think how much smaller they would look if there were none. Mr. COBDEN had been the first gigantic Faggot-vote manufacturer—as the Devil, according to Dr. JOHNSON, was the first Whig. Then look at Ireland—a nice House that would be, with a *charivari* of Irish Members, singing "*Home, sweet Home!*" to the airs set by the bigoted and ignorant Roman-Catholic peasantry—Home-Rulers of the Home-Rulers. The quality of the House had



TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

Affable Old Gent (to well-known Civil Servant). "QUITE CHRISTMAS WEATHER AGAIN, MR. PADDLES!"

Irish Postman. "QUITE SO, SORR! QUITE SO!"—(Improving the occasion.)—"R'MEMBER THE POSTMAN, SORR!"

[He'd brought it on himself, so he "stumped up" like a "Gentleman."]

deteriorated, was deteriorating, and ought to be improved. The peroration was the gem of Lord CLAUD's carcanet of brilliants:—

"The day might come when Parliament in its wisdom would think fit to make some extension of the county franchise; but he trusted that day was far distant. They had to-day a distinct duty to perform—a duty from which he hoped no Hon. Member would shrink from a misapprehension of the true nature of this proposition."

Certainly Lord CLAUD has not shrunk from such misapprehension.

"It was a proposal designed to subvert the whole fabric of our Constitution, and to trample under foot the glorious traditions of the British House of Commons. (*Cheers.*) He begged to move, 'That this House is of opinion that it is inexpedient to re-open the question of Parliamentary Reform at the present time.'"

En attendant—Punch presumes—the time when Parliament "in its wisdom" may see fit to set about the work of subversion and trampling under foot.

Sir C. LEGARE seconded Lord CLAUD, but "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" in comparison with this fiery scion of the House of Abercorn.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN laid down the revolutionary doctrine that "nothing could be politic which was not just"—and that it was not safe or comfortable to sit down on an inclined plane. (All depends on the *inclination*, Mr. MORGAN. Some people like it—see the *Montagne-Russe*-sliders, and the patrons of "tarn-boggan" in Canada, and small boys in a timber-yard.)

Mr. WHEELHOUSE decanted his budget of *cons.*, in the first of a series of see-saw speeches, by Mr. COLMAN (*pro*) and Mr. ELLIOT (*con.*), and Messrs. BRISTOWE and WADDY (*pro*) and Mr. LEIGHTON (*con.*). The latter has discovered that Mr. TREVELyan's "Reform" Bill would disfranchise all the rustic votes—first the forty-shilling freeholders and yeomen (once "their country's pride"), then the farmers, and lastly the agricultural labourers themselves. The one triumphant figure left "to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm" would be the wire-puller!

Mr. LEATHAM did not see the deterioration in the House which had so struck Lord CLAUD ("Without and within," interposed Lord CLAUD—reflecting apparently on Honourable Members' tailors as well as their talk). He congratulated Mr. GOSCHEN that there would be just room for him to stand alongside of Mr. LOWE in that Right Honourable Gentleman's grotto. Instead of the last

stage of England's downfall, as prophesied by Lord CLAUD, this extension of the suffrage would usher in a new departure for England on the way of good government.

It is a comfort to have the two sides of the shield painted for one in this fine bold fashion.

Sir W. BARTTELOT put forward the bluff county JOHN BULL view very roundly. A man might be anything but a blackguard, yet be as unfit to have the franchise as the biggest blackguard. (Quite true, Sir WALTER.) No man should have a vote who did not pay direct taxes. (Very much inclined to agree with you, Sir WALTER.) What right had men to a vote who would not pay even for the education of their children? (If they can, Sir WALTER, but it's not so easy out of 10s. a week.) Making faggot votes!—pooh!—that was an old business, and had always been carried on, by Whigs and Tories. (Not a doubt of it, Sir WALTER.)

Mr. PARNELL retorted by a fiery protest against Lord CLAUD's calumny of the Irish people as bigots. Didn't he stand there in disproof—an Irish Protestant sitting for an Irish Roman-Catholic constituency?

(Mr. PARNELL forgets that this may be "not because they love Catholics less, but because they love Obstructives more.")

Mr. LOWE turned out the less brilliant side of the shield, and with a vehemence of protest, delivered in a tone of intense conviction, which kept his own side silent, but roused a storm of cheers from the opposite Benches, set forth the lamentable deterioration of constituencies under an unbridled democracy. (The Right-Hon. ROBERT should know, having tried to sit one, and become familiar with its paces in Australia.) Once begin lowering, and we must go on lowering, till we have got to the bottom; and who knows, if "in the depth of our deep," there may not be "a lower depth still." Why Government should not have moved the previous question, he could not understand, or on what principle they had saddled their Amendment with "at the present time." Deterioration was deterioration; and no time could be the right time for *that*. (But suppose the County Clod enfranchised by the same great mob-tamer who enfranchised the Town-Cad.)

Mr. BLENNERHASSET felt the distinction of county and borough franchise could not be maintained; but the assimilation should be accompanied with a provision to prevent the swamping of minorities. *That* was the key of the position.

(Bravo, BLENNERHASSET! Spoken like a sensible man, not like an Irishman.)

Mr. COURTNEY, as usual, talked reason in the teeth of his party—a tongue not understood of party people—and will have to put up, as usual, with the reproach of "crotchettiness." But he hit straight and hit hard. They *would* have to make this concession. Let them make it so as to get all the good, and strain out the bad.

The House, he thought, *had* deteriorated—mainly from popularity-hunting and dependence on the masses. It was tending to mediocrity, "gerontocracy, and ploutocracy"—that is, as *Mr. P.* is glad to explain for the benefit of the ladies, "old bufferism and rich bufferism"—and would sink deeper and deeper into the slough, if not pulled out by the "cumulative vote," which would secure representation to all, and then, "every class of thinkers being fairly represented in the House, without extinguishing independence, you might reconcile the progress of democracy with the maintenance of individual liberty."

(Very well put, indeed, Mr. COURTNEY. There is more common sense in such "crotchets" than is covered by other gentlemen's coats of arms—party-per-pale.)

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the Marquis of HARTINGTON summed up the *pros* and the *cons* of the debate very much as men might be expected to do, the one of whom was opposing the Motion as if he might one day have to move it, and the other supporting the Motion as if he only wished he was free to oppose it. Neither leader's heart, in fact, was in his work.

The Division was 291 to 226, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, having accepted Mr. LOWE's Amendment, and left out "at the present time." So the sentence stands without limit, to look the more foolish when the time comes, as come it must, for admitting Hopes within the voting pale, and so introducing the Arch into the architecture of the British Constitution. Is it not recognised as the most stable of all structural forms?

Wednesday.—“John Anderson, my Jo, John!” already a favourite with the married women of Scotland, ought to be more of a favourite than ever now he has got his Bill read a Second Time for putting their right to their ain bawbees—earned or inherited—on the level of their English sister’s. Think of its ever having been less! Could the Scotch men for once have stolen a march on the Scottish matrons? But Mr. ANDERSON has put all that right, and then, so unprecedentedly rapid had been the dispatch of business that nobody was ready with anything, and the House had to rise—to the popular air of “*We’ve Got no Work to Do*”—at Twenty Minutes after One. For what it may have escaped we trust that it is truly thankful.

Thursday.—The Lords, that continuous brake-power in British politics, are naturally interested in their Railway equivalent; and the country will be glad to hear that Lord SANDON has a Bill to deal with this and other Railway *desiderata* in the course of the Session.

(Commons.)—Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE backed up the demand of the Kew Pater-, or rather Mater-familias that the Botanical Gardens should be opened at ten every morning for the exercise of the Kew nursemaids and their little charges. The First Commissioner put in the counter-plea of Dr. HOOKER, backed by five hundred of our first scientific authorities, that to do this would be incompatible with the use now made of the Gardens for scientific study, with no counterbalance of good to the public.

Mr. FAWCETT took the side of the Kew residents against his brother Professors.

But PLAYFAIR played fair, and stood by his Order. Mr. Punch feels bound to prefer the Kew Gardens to the Kew Nursery-gounds. To the best of Mr. P.’s judgment, Science has it hollow against Paterfamilias, who does not always mind his P’s and Q’s when he is urging a theory he has set his heart on.

Mr. O’SRAUGHNESSY rose to complain of the limitation of Irish Officials with a seat in the House, to one. Ireland wanted Irish Offices in something like proportion to Irish Members.

Mr. LOWTHER didn’t see it. If Ireland had more of the Augean stable than the Lowther Arcadia about it, he would take care that all that was needful was done in the way of “mucking it out”; but he flattered himself he was enough for that.

Messrs. O’CONNOR POWER, WELDON, Major NOLAN, PARRELL, and SULLIVAN were for once unanimous in the great National Cause of Irish Offices for the Irish.

Then the House got to the Supplementary Civil Service Estimates.

Friday (Lords).—The Duke of RICHMOND brought in his Bill for the constitution of new “conserving” Boards, to supersede the existing ones, which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, seem to be at present too often called “conservators” from not “conserving” the rivers within their jurisdiction. It is easier to appoint such Boards than to get them to work. The Duke’s Bill, if it does not much to improve our rivers, will, at least, improve the highways of a certain place, “whose pavement is of good intentions made.”

(Commons.)—A fierce fight over a proposed sewage farm at Staines; and that stain, at least, averted from the district by 168 to 146.

The Ladies’ Battle, just now so successful on Saturday afternoons at the Court, was less successful on Friday night in the Commons. Mr. COURTNEY was leading man for the Ladies; Sir H. JAMES (the most gallant of men) against them. He had the hardihood to declare that a woman’s only profession was marriage. That is not a profession, Sir HENRY; it is a performance, and a very serious one, in many cases. It may be all very well for Mr. SULLIVAN to look forward to the enfranchised female without terror. He has come to think any form of Home Rule preferable to the *status quo*; but it is to be feared that most of the present Lords of Creation shrink from a House of, or by, Ladies, and would prefer to go along with Messrs. BERESFORD HOPE, FORSTER, NEWDEGATE, RAIKES, HANBURY, HEYGATE, and the rest, who put down—no, they couldn’t do that—who threw out Mr. COURTNEY’s Resolution by 217 to 103. “*E pur se muove*”—Woman’s battle, like Freedom’s, as men—especially married men—have reason to know, “Though baffled oft, is always won!”

’ARRY ON NIGGERS.



DEAR CHARLIE,
JEST back
from the Docks.
You remember
young TEDDY
CAREW?
He’s off with the
17th Lancers to
kibosh the fes-
tive Zulu.
I’ve bin doing
the friendly ta-
ta! and we had
just the ‘ighest
old spree—
Which the way
the B. P. has
stood treat to
them chaps
was a caution
to see.

Comin’ ‘ome I
’ob-nob’d with
a bloke, bloom-
ing Methody
spouter I
guess,
Though you
couldn’t ha’
told from his
patter, nor yet
from the cut
of his dress;

But he riled me that raw with his rot about “rabid revenge” and “bad blood,”
That to blow off the steam in your ear will, I feel, do me dollops of good.

What has come to some sneaks in this country I carn’t understand, not a mite;
Wy, they’ll talk any treacle to choke our brave chaps off a jolly good fight;
They all go off their chumps like a shot at a ‘int of the pullin’ o’ triggers,
And whenever it’s Us *versus* Darkies, seems always dead nuts on the Niggers.

Now my notion is, Niggers are Warmint—that’s putting it plain, and no kid;
And to talk of their rights and their wrongs is all bosh;—let ‘em do as they’re
bid;
That’s their line, mate, and if they won’t toe it, but put up their ugly bare
backs,
Wy smash ‘em, like fun, jest to show ‘em the whites won’t stand sarsce from the
blacks.

That’s reason, and some as should know seem to think it religious as well.
But sez Methody, “Bah! ‘tis as bad as the Savage’s bloodthirsty yell!
“Being merely a civilised wersion, put into articulate speech,
“Of the whoop of the murderous Chocktaw, who wents his blind rage in a
screech.”

Well, that gave me the needle, dear boy, and I hups and I arnsers him hot
I tells him ‘twas doosed un-English, not patriot form by a lot.
But he looks at me cool, and sez he, “Ah! sech civilised samples as *you*
May perhaps be excused for their ‘urry to wipe out the savage Zulu.”

Wot he meant I dunno. I should like to ha’ landed him one for his nob,
But I don’t care for making a start without seeing my way through the job.
Only snivel like that does disgust me. Wot good’s British bottom and grit,
If when the dashed Niggers hinsult us we carn’t bang the beggars a bit?

He sez, “If brave fellows get licked, they all long for another fair shy;
But the howl for red vengeance ain’t Christian: curs only will join in *that* cry.”
Werry fine between *ekals*, no doubt; but with Darkies!—Well, there, I won’t
swear;
But when muffs spout such bunkum as that, tain’t so easy to keep on yer hair.

No, larrup’s the only safe law when you’re dealing with Niggers, old man;
Injuns, Afghans, or Kaffirs, all’s one; for a *Black* is good only to *tan*.
Twig the joke? Made it only last night in a toast at our Sing-Song, old Pal
And I tell ye the roar was as loud as when Jolly Mug gags to the Gal.

That tanning is good for black hides, I ‘ave not the least mossel of doubt;
‘Cos why, they’re like mokes, as *want* wallop, and carn’t be kep hunder without
Nigs is jest like Jerusalems—fags, nothin’ more, made to fetch, and to carry;
And if they will kick up their ‘eels, give ‘em toko!

Yours, bloomingly,

’ARRY.



EPISODE IN HIGH LIFE.

(From Our Jeames's Sketch-book.)

The Lady Kerosine de Colza. "I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM TO MEET YOU HERE, DR. BLENKINSOP, AND ESPECIALLY TO GO DOWN TO DINNER WITH YOU."

Dr. Blenkinsop (an eminent Physician, much pleased). "YOU FLATTER ME, I'M SURE, LADY KEROSINE!"

Lady Kerosine. "OH NO! IT'S SO NICE TO SIT BY SOMEBODY WHO CAN TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID, YOU KNOW!"

SAVINGS IN PROSPECT.

WITH the greatest possible difficulty the Militia has hitherto managed to pick up, and keep up, the rudiments of drill in twenty-seven days' annual training. This year, for economical motives, the time thus expensively employed by this branch of our Reserve Force in learning its military business is to be reduced by one week.

As the penny-wise principle has been applied in this case, it ought surely to be carried further. *Mr. Punch* would humbly suggest that—

In future, on Her Majesty's Ships of War arriving in harbour, the pay of Chief Engineers and navigating Lieutenants should be stopped.

That Iron-clads, during the summer months, should carry no coals, and in winter should send their sails into store.

That the Royal Horse Artillery should cease to be a mounted force, and return at least half their guns to Woolwich.

That private soldiers of the Line should carry either a rifle or a bayonet. The extra arms thus placed at the disposition of the Authorities, to be returned to the Tower.

That the brigade of Guards should be decreased by half its rank and file, and the number of its commissioned officers considerably augmented.

That considerable saving should be effected in the expenditure on tar in Her Majesty's Dockyards.

That scabbards without swords should be served out to the Cavalry for the future, till they are ordered on active service.

And lastly, that the great expense of Naval and Military Audit should be reduced by the abolition of the department hitherto charged with that troublesome branch of the public service.

How to JUDGE MAN OR MANAGER.—By the Company he keeps.

LENT AND LIGHT.

To the faithful, Lord Cardinal MANNING has sent The Church's instructions how to keep Lent.

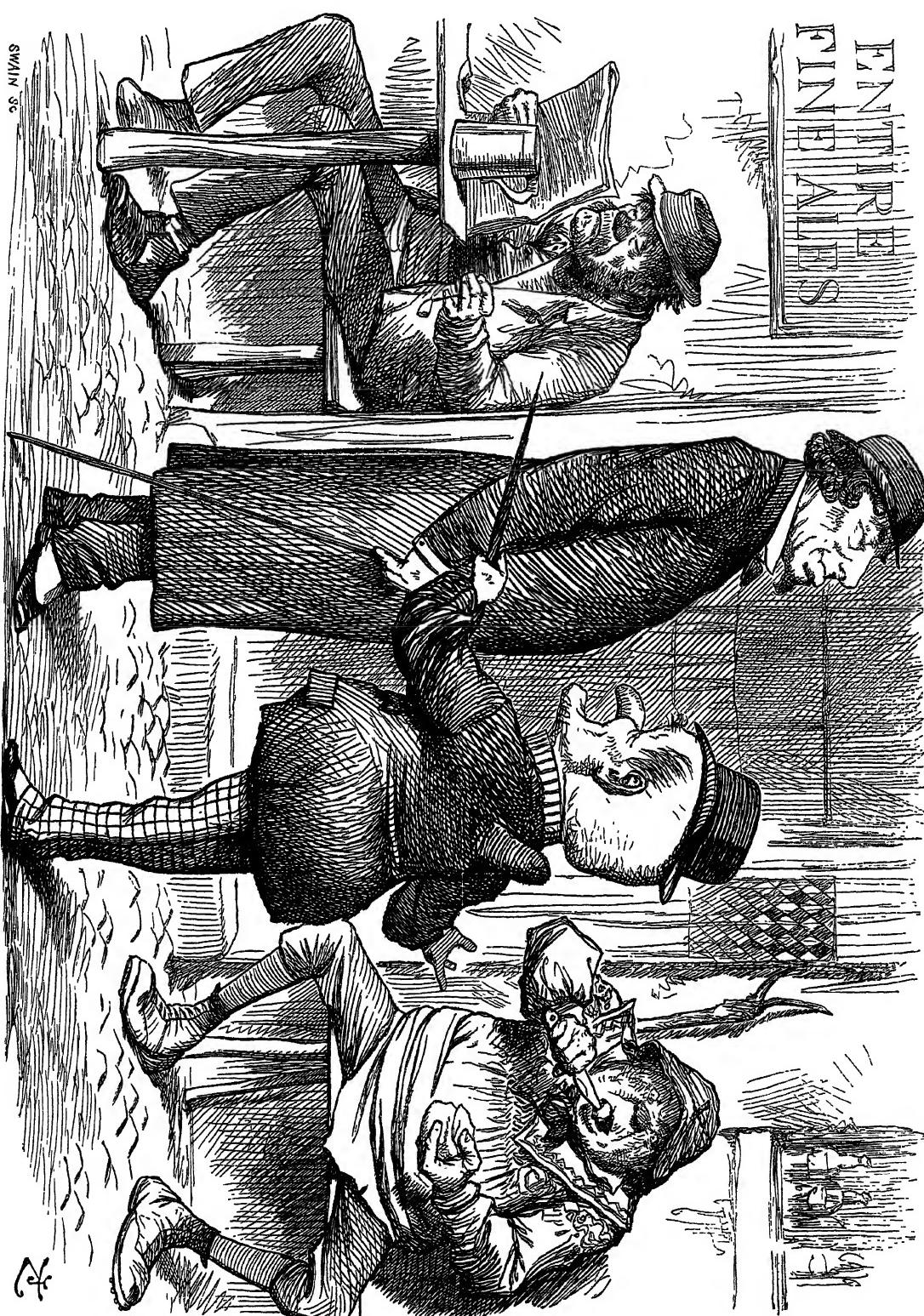
How on Monday and Tuesday an egg we may eat,
On Wednesday some butter or lard as a treat ;
How on Thursday a small bit of fish may be tried ;
But on Friday no nothing, boiled, roasted or fried ;
On Saturdays cheese with your bread (both cut thin),
While flesh-meat on Sundays don't count as a sin.

Will the great Lord Cardinal kindly make known
On what day, if any, our souls are our own ;
On what days we may ride, and on what days may walk ;
On what days hold our peace, and on what days may talk ;
On what days it is lawful our noses to blow ;
On what days to shave beards, and on what let them grow ;
On what days, if any, the nails may be pared,
And on what days the Church allows shirts to be aired ?

Also, would the great Cardinal put beyond doubt,
Suppose nations are babies, if babes don't shoot out,
Whether England long clothes did not long since outgrow,
And nonsense from sense mayn't be taken to know ?

Turn and Turn About.

PROFESSOR MCALISTER has lately been lecturing before the Royal Dublin Society on "The Ancestry of the Monkeys." We are glad to learn that there was a large attendance. But what will there be, when, as we may perhaps not unreasonably hope in these Darwinian days of Evolution, we have a Monkey lecturing on "The Ancestry of the Men" ?



CAD AND CLOD.

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, MY LORD, YOU EDUCATED YOUR 'PARTY' UP TO *THAT*! DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT EDUCATE 'EM UP TO *THIS*!!!"

THE SMOCK-FROCK AND THE SUFFRAGE.

HAWFINCH sings—



MOZUS MAYPOLE 'a works on 'Squire SAUNDERS's farm. Some larnun' praps oodn't done Mozu's no harm. 'A was sent to play scarecrow instead o' to school, And bred up as a ploughboy, like any born fool. As I was a gwaiun' cross Dumbledore Down, I mates that there moddle of a true country clown, A shoulder'n his whip as in 's smock-frock a strode, 'Longzide of a cart in the midst of the road.

"How be, Mozu?" I sez to 'm. "Young Mozu, how be?"

"Perty chuffish, Mate," Mozu made answer to me. "Wot's the best news?" he axes. "Most news is so sad," I replies, "that the best on 't is but's the laist bad."

"The County Refarm Bill the House ha' throw'd out, 'Cause they wun't yield the Franchise, they says, to the Lou't." "The Franchise?" sez Mozu, at sea all afreet— "Ah! The Franchise," sez I, "for to gie thee a vote."

"Yaa!" cries he. "All I cares for a vote is this here: If I'd got one to gie I should gie un for beer. For a quart 'gin a pint; 'gin a quart for a ga'an: They as stood treat most Lib'r'al be they as should ha'n."

"A fine feller thee'dst be, then," sez I, "for a vote; All the good as thee'dst ha' from 't ood goo down thy droat. But if voters their rasons wus all to assign, There'd be lots wi' no better, if not wus than thine.

"If they only was 'franchised as know'd who was fit, And 'ood honestly vote for the men as should sit, Wot a small and select band the voters 'ood be! As it is, there's few, Mozu, much fitter nor thee.

"But thee now for the franchise wi' patience must 'bide, Till the Tories be fain to outbid t'other side, And enfranchise when Party's occaaision shall call, Roughs, cads, tag-rag, bobtail, clod-hoppers, and all."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Adelphi to see the new Rowe-mantic Melodrama.

MR. CIVIL ROWE—I beg his pardon, I should say Mr. SAVILE ROW—has divorced himself from his partner, Mr. BOLTON ROWE, and taken unto himself, as *collaborateur*, a Mr. E. MANUEL, of which union the first result has been this *Crimson Cross*, at the Adelphi. What the division of work may have been is uncertain, but I fancy that Mr. Rowe did the thinking labour, and the other author the manual labour.

After the First Act a well-informed friend told me the play was written in blank verse. Had I then been listening to blank verse for nearly an hour without perceiving it? Indeed, I had. Bless me, how remarkably stupid of me not to have noticed it! I promised my friend that I would look out for it in the Second Act, with a view to selecting something valuable out of the Romantic—or Rowe-Manuelic drama. The pearls may have been thrown broadcast before the swine in the auditorium—*quorum pars parva fut;* but, as to the lines that fell, in pleasant places, right under my very snout, I own they seemed to me to be mostly blank, and not prize, verses.

Before describing the piece to the best of my playbillity, I will venture to say that I have never seen Miss NEILSON appearing to greater advantage than in the part of *Isabel, Queen of Bavaria*. Were personal attractions to be relied on for success, then that of this drama would be assured by those of its present heroine, to whom the Authors might raise a "Neilson Column"—in some theatrical journal—in token of their gratitude for her services. The cast is an exceptionally strong one, consisting of Messrs. FLOCKTON, HERMANN VEZIN, FORBES-ROBERTSON, ASHLEY, PATEMAN, and HENRY NEVILLE, who, one and all, fight their very best in a weak cause.

The Drama is divided into "Chronicles" instead of Acts. Un-

fortunately, from first to last, they have but "chronicled small beer." The First Chronicle is an Evening Chronicle, the Second is a Morning Chronicle, early edition, and so on. Acting on this hint, Messrs. ROWE and partner might divide their next play into Telegraphs,—Telegraph the First (Edition), Telegraph the Second, &c., finishing with a magnificent Last Scene, using the full extent of the stage, and exhausting the resources of the establishment, in representing a bird's-eye view of the Largest Circulation in the World!!

By the way, the scenery, by Mr. JULIAN HICKS, is the best he has hitherto done. The costumes, from Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON's designs, are bright and effective. Messrs. GATTI, the Lessees, have spared no expense either before or behind the curtain, and seem determined to prove to the public, that, whatever they undertake to do, shall be thoroughly well done throughout. If it does not draw, then it only strengthens existing evidence that no matter how strong the cast, how popular the names of the actors, how beautiful the actress, or how magnificent the *mise-en-scène*, all this goes for very little, if the piece itself does not take the public. In this drama some good materials and some good writing have been thrown away, or misused, but, at all events, Messrs. ROWE and MANUEL should be full of gratitude—or Gatti-tude—for the style in which their work has been produced. The pity is that this new Gatti-ling great gun is not likely to make a hit, though it carries off a very heavy charge of blank (verse) cartridges.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE THE FIRST.—*Half-pint No. 1.—Exterior of the Castle of Vincennes.*—Enter Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON, as *Chevalier de Boisredon*. He calls Miss NEILSON a "Matchless Ecstasy!" The Chevalier hugs the Matchless Ecstasy, who returns as good as he gives. Then he and the Matchless one struggle, snuggle, and generally conoodle together rapturously. Then the Matchless Ecstasy being the wife, *not* of the Chevalier, but of CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of FRANCE—she, this impulsive, loving, beautiful, hugging, conooling young Ecstasy,—has the cool impudence to declare that theirs is a "guiltless love!"—simply because she knew *Boisredon* when he was in jackets, and she in frills and short petticoats! Guiltless love! *Bosh!* Substitute "guilty passion" for "guiltless love," and you have the truth—though perhaps the Lord Chamberlain might have objected. The guilelessly guilty pair hearing somebody coming, innocently bolt; and then enters *Hugonet*—"an Officer devoted to the Queen," says the bill; and, indeed, the Queen seems ready to *Hug-any* one, even this rough Soldier, if he would only offer. Then enters Mr. VEZIN (as somebody, whose name sounds like "*D'Almanack*"), followed by Mr. FLOCKTON, as, apparently, Mr. IRVING in *Louis the Eleventh*, who is accompanied by a faithful Ballet of four, in parti-coloured tights.

Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON, the Chevalier, is arrested, because, as Mr. FLOCKTON justly remarks, all in one word, "he is *mine enemy*."

Mr. FLOCKTON's entertainment finished, he and *D'Almanack* retire, accompanied by the aforesaid faithful Ballet.

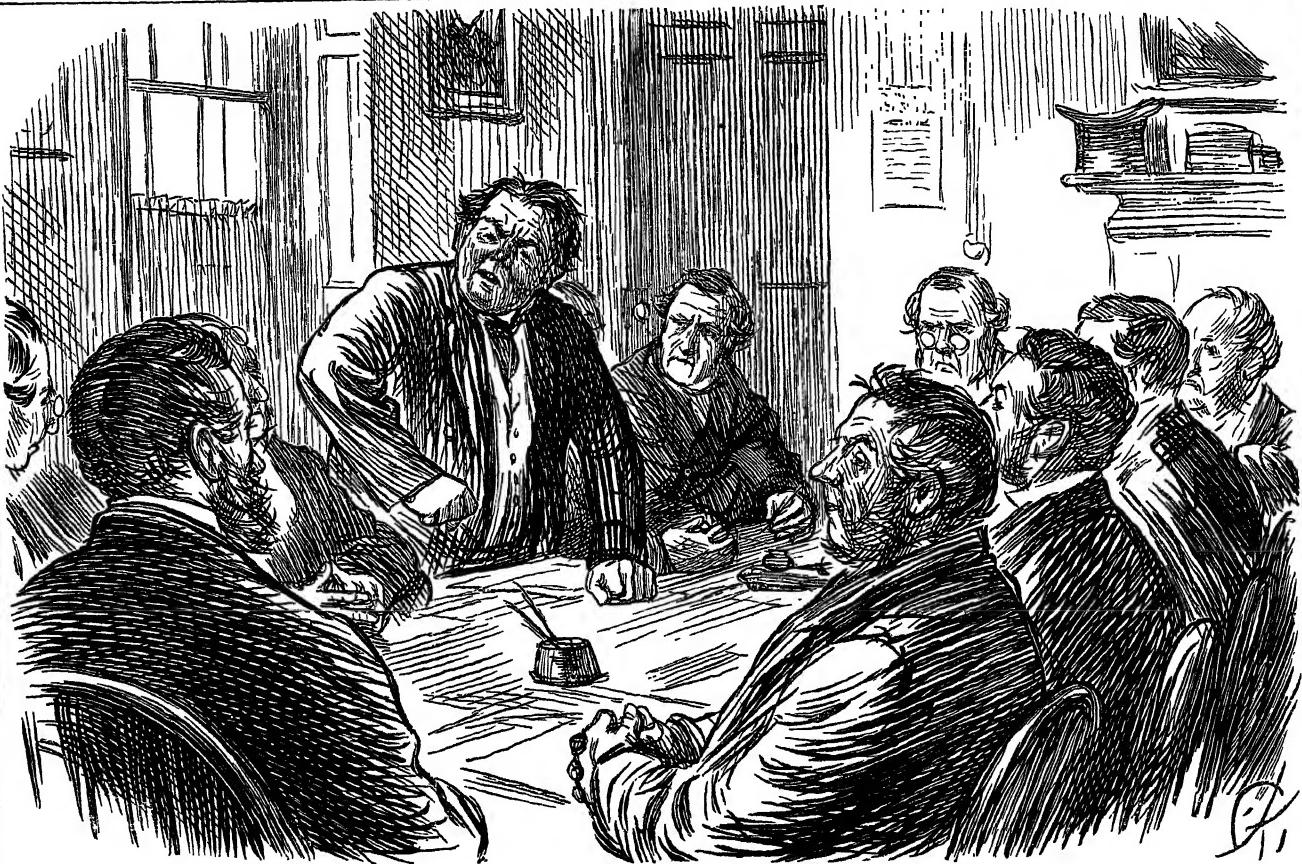
SMALL BEER CHRONICLE, NO. 1.—Second Half-pint.—The Queen's Oratory. A few sacred subjects on the tapestry, otherwise not much of an oratory, except perhaps for the presence of five alms-basons over the mantelpiece. Enter Mr. NEVILLE (*Perrinet the Armourer*). He conceals himself. Enter Queen. She discovers *Perrinet*, who has come to see her Maid of Honour, *Jacqueline* (Miss COMPTON), a tall and elegant young lady. Queen makes *Perrinet* Governor of Something—I didn't catch what—and he swears devoted loyalty. Enter *D'Almanack* with another division of the faithful Ballet—it's like a travelling company—and is very rude to the Queen, specially considering they are in an oratory. But he has evidently mistaken the meaning of the word, and thinks the Queen's "Oratory" a place for displaying his own. He remarks, sneeringly, that "he is not accustomed to popinjays," which is apparently his reason for arresting the Queen.

"Weep not!" says the Queen—perhaps in blank verse—to *Jacqueline*, who is standing by like the *Confidante* in the *Critic*, and then inquires, "Who will help me?"

"I will," says Mr. NEVILLE, bravely issuing from his ambush behind the tapestry, after having carefully assured himself of the departure of *D'Almanack* and his faithful Ballet. Mr. NEVILLE undertakes to save—I believe—*Boisredon*.

"If I fail,—I fail!" is the very original remark of *Perrinet*, getting out of the window just as *D'Almanack* and his faithful Ballet return. Off goes Queen arrested. And we come to the end of the Second Half-pint of the First Small Beer Chronicle.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE, NO. 2.—Old Paris. Ballet of Young Paris, arranged by Mister HARRIS. "I don't believe there ain't no such person," says Mrs. GAMP, in the Pit. Yes, there is, Mum—which his name is in the bill as Stage-Manager. Enter Mr. ASHLEY as an old Parisian. He was the gentleman noted for saying "Pretty souls!" in the *Pink Dominoes*. He seems a little out of his element at present. The wit of Old Paris—whether in blank verse or not—is not particularly enlivening, and Mr. PATEMAN, as the Low Comedian, has a bad time of it, but the audience has a worse. Miss JECKS comes out really strong as a student of Old Paris, and



"SHOUTHER TO SHOUTHER!"

Obstinate Juryman (Licensed Victualler). "WHAT! GIE A VARDIT AGYEN MR. MOLUSHY? NOT IF AW SIT HERE A' NICHT! AW'LL SEE YE A' STARVED FIRST! HE'S ONE O' THE FINEST GEN'LEMEN I' THE TOON, AN' COMES TO MA BILLIARD-TABLE EVERY NICHT, AND A' NICHTS WHILES!"

does keep the game alive. In fact, were it not for her and Miss COVENEY—after whose entrance every one expects to see the VOKESES—Old Paris would be the very dullest place possible. There is a mild row between students,—who give a very poor support to their spirited leader, Miss JECKS,—and some soldiers, after which Mr. PATEMAN wanders in his mind about "roast goose." Perhaps he is talking blank verse; nobody knows, nobody cares. Perrinet guards the bridge. Up comes somebody, whose name is Martin—what Martin is not clear, whether *Luther* or *Chuzzlewit*—who appears for this occasion only, and offers to do something. Offer accepted by Perrinet. Disappearance of Martin (*Luther* or *Chuzzlewit*).

D'Almanack appears. Perrinet is punished with eight whacks on the back with the flat of a sword, and vows vengeance. *Jacqueline* enters, dressed as a page in tights—why, I cannot make out, but, I suppose, because she likes it—and, on parting with Perrinet, calls him "Lion-hearted," very much after the style of *Mr. Crummles* when he bade farewell to *Nicholas Nickleby*, "Good-bye, my noble, my lion-hearted boy! Adieu!"

Enter Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON from torture. Released by Perrinet, who disappears, he stupidly stops to fight with *D'Almanack*, who kills him, and so whatever interest the plot may have had up to this point, seems now to have entirely disappeared with the unhappy fate of poor *Boisredon*, the guileless lover of the Matchless Ecstasy. End of Second Pint of the S. B. Chronicles.

SMALL BEECH CHRONICLE No. 3. FIRST HALF-PINT.—*The Queen's Tent.* Enter Queen, accompanied by faithful Ballet, Second Line Division. The Matchless Ecstasy, speaking of her husband, observes kindly, "*The very walls mock at him while calling for his Squeen!*" Enter somebody, whom the Matchless one styles "*a creechur of the Constable*."

Here I should say that the individual I have hitherto called *Almanack* is *Count d'Armagnac* (so I wasn't so far out), Constable of France. The second title of the piece ought to be *Outrunning the Constable*. The Creechur says what is set down for him, and exit.

Enter *Hugonnet*—who, as far as the metal buttons go, looks far more like a Policeman of France than the Constable himself—and has a scene, in blank verse, I think, with the Queen.

Then *D'Almanack* has a scene with her, and, getting into difficulties, observes, blank-versely aside, "Will she dare slay me? She dare do anything!" which is dreadful to contemplate, even in the case of a Matchless Ecstasy, when she once gets the chance of striking on something more than her own matchless box. Mr. VEZIN (*D'Almanack*) tells her that *Boisredon* (who is really dead) is "suffering; nightmares in barrels"—at least that was all I could take down, at haphazard, without being a proficient in shorthand; and then the Queen, after a great deal of talk, signs a paper. Exit VEZIN with the truly poetic and thoroughly original observation, "Farewell, proud Queen! but we shall meet again!"—a line which, of course, ought to make the fortune of any play.

Then arrives Perrinet. He explains—like Jingle—"very sorry—all a mistake—crimson cross—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, or *Luther*—bleeding body—in the Seine." Queen asks him what will he do now? Perrinet calls Miss COMPTON "Little one!"—she is five feet ten, if an inch—and promises to open the gates of Paris.

SECOND HALF-PINT OF CHRONICLE.—*Gates of Paris.* Enter Constable *D'Almanack* and the faithful Ballet,—like four *Mrs. Micawbers* who "never will desert *Micawber*,"—and reads a proclamation, which, except for economy's sake, one would have thought the Constable of France could have paid a herald, or some official to do for him. All retire for the night. Poor old "Pretty-Souls" is arrested on suspicion, and the Low Comedian (Mr. PATEMAN) is placed in charge of the gate-house, by order of the Constable *D'Almanack*, who evidently has not got the slightest sense of humour. Why, one might as well place the *Clown* in charge of a Fishmonger's shop, and expect "business to be carried on as usual."

Perrinet having heard the Low Comedian maundering in the previous Act about "roast goose," is suddenly seized with the idea of a practical joke, which consists of setting fire to the gate-house, and roasting that poor goose of a Low Comedian, who is locked in



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very Unsophisticated Old Lady (from the extremely remote country). "DEAR ME! HE'S A VERY DIFFERENT-LOOKING PERSON FROM WHAT I HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED!"

on the first floor. No sooner said than done. Gates of Paris opened. Enter Burgundians and the Matchless Ecstasy on horseback, while the poor Low Comedian is being roasted. Funny situation, and audience in great good humour under the impression that they are seeing the last of the Low Comedian. But no such luck.

Perrinet rescues the Low Comedian, whose goose is very nearly cooked by this time, and the curtain falls on the Second Half-pint of the Third Small Beer Chronicle.

SMALL BEER CHRONICLE, NO. 4, IN ONE PINT ONLY.—*Interior of The House of Refuge*, whatever this may mean. Here Mr. Flockton, in a very limp state,—like a Guy on the Fifth of November,—is brought in by *D'Almanack*, and placed in a chair before the fire. Constable *D'Almanack* talks blank verse to him, but Mr. Flockton turns a deaf ear to it, and goes to sleep—which, under the circumstances, is really very natural.

The “Creechur” appears. The Low Comedian is brought on again to “lead a van”—perhaps *PICKFORD'S*. The old King still pretends to sleep before the fire—and wisely—as everybody will come and talk blank verse to him. Enter the Matchless Ecstasy. She puts her head into a stream of lime-light, but nobody cares. Then she goes and gives the poor suffering old King another dose of blank verse—but no amount of this will rouse him, for all this time the crafty monarch is meditating a deep revenge. He is composing a blank-verse speech. His chance is coming, he knows it, and, when it does come, he will give it them all round, hot and strong,—and long.

More lime-light struggle for effect. Return of the Constable *D'Almanack* wounded. More blank verse in the King's ear. At last Mr. Flockton, feeble though he be as *Louis-Charles-the-Seventeenth*—(a total arrived at, by adding *Louis Eleven* to *Charles Six*)—can stand it, or sit it, no longer. He won't have it: the bruised worm, bullied by blank verse, turns at last; and then he goes in for his speech, which he has been preparing all the time—the artful old boy!—and “gives it 'em a good 'un.” It is a really powerful

speech, which he gives effectively, and so wins the blank-verse honours of the evening. Then Old Seventeenth asks the Matchless Ecstasy a conundrum, which she passes on to the Constable, saying, “*Arshk D'Almanack!*” and then follows a sort of serious charade, that might be played in a Lunatic Asylum, by three of the principal patients in costume.

The King has suffered much, but when he fancies that the Queen has spoken slightly of him as a “hecatomb”—a similar case to DANIEL O'CONNELL calling the Billingsgate fishwoman a parallelogram—he won't put up with it any longer—hanged if he will. He tells the Constable to kill her, when she frightens the King into convulsions by telling him that, if he does kill her, she'll haunt him, and be a bogey, whereupon he has a fit; and the Queen, adapting for the occasion Osrick's line in *Hamlet*, “Look to the King! there!” falls back on a chair:

There once was a Regal French Fogey,
Who quaked at the mention of Bogey,
The Queen said she'd haunt him,
To twit him and taunt him,
And frightened this wicked old Fogey.

Then the Burgundians enter in full force. Old Seventeenth sneaks into a corner, and gives up, not the Ghost, but the Constable, who, at the hands of Perrinet, meets with the fate of the irreligious Daddy Longlegs, and is taken by the left leg and flung down-stairs. Then, the Small Beer being exhausted, all ends happily. Perrinet marries the five feet ten “Little One,” and the Matchless Ecstasy is, I hope, thenceforth true to Old Seventeenth, her lawful spouse, forgetful of poor Boisredon, who came to grief in the Second Chronicle,—and, so having nothing more to tell, I am, as usual,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

“COUVERT DE GLOIRE ET DE FARINE.”

VOLTAIRE, of *Le Roi de Prusse*.

“So the whole night through, this heroic handful kept the Zulu thousands at bay, their only rampart one of meal bags hastily piled up.”
—*Our Own Correspondent's Description of the Defence at Rorke's Drift.*

FREDERICK, in age fear-proof,
Passed his first battle's hour,
'Neath a mill's sheltering roof,
Behind the sacks of flour.

How he won glory there
“Every school-boy” knows,
And how the flour told where—
Whitening the royal clothes.

With keen shot and sharp steel
In a few hands of right breed,
Behind their bags of meal—
BROMHEAD and CHARD to lead—
Those lads o' the Twenty-Fourth
Who beat back the Zulu,
Covered, like FRITZ, come forth
With meal and glory too!

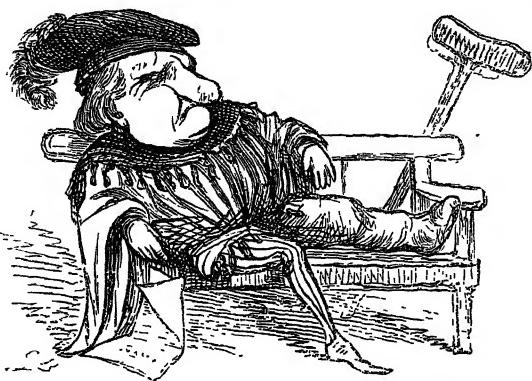
Phenomenal Power of Digestion.

WE used often to see tremendous achievements in the way of eating announced in the good old days under the stereotyped head of “Disgusting Feat.” But which of them can compare with the performance which has just come off—of digesting twenty-four volumes of Law Reports! This feat, which has taken three years to accomplish, has just been performed by the Council of the Law Reporting Society. No wonder they proclaim it with pride!

Latest Crisis in France.

M. DE MARCÈRE, Minister of the Interior, has been forced to resign, owing to a difficulty about M. GIGOT, Prefect of Police. No wonder people supposed there might be some connection between *gigot* and *Grévy*.

HOSPITALS AND HOMES.



Its originators have got themselves incorporated and registered as "The Home Hospital Association for Paying Patients." But the patients will pay for nothing more than value received, prime cost. The members of the Association are to draw no dividends whatever from its revenues. Though a proprietary Company "limited," it is strictly a benevolent Union. For terms of subscription see its First Annual Report just published by HARRISON AND SONS, St. Martin's Lane.

In attempting to cross a London street you are likely to get run over and have your leg broken, or worse. There is then no place like a hospital for you. But you may object to being taken to a common hospital. You want the best of treatment, but may be unable to afford it, and yet not so poor as to be a proper object of charity. The Home Hospital for Paying Patients is designed to give you the treatment you want at a moderate tariff. You may nominate your friend, if accident or illness befall him or her, to enjoy, so to speak, the same assistance, instead of yourself. Whichever you please, dear reader; you pay your money, and can take your choice.

At present there exists but one Home Hospital, as yet in an inchoate

state, at Berkeley House, Manchester Square. But the Home Hospital Association contemplates the establishment of "several Home Hospitals in different parts of the Metropolis." The more the better, if not exactly the merrier.

In relation to the Public and the Medical Profession, the idea of Home Hospitals obviously corresponds to that of Co-operative Stores. The Home Hospitals Association might call itself the "Co-operative Medico-Chirurgical Attendance Society." Nevertheless its proceedings appear to have created no alarm whatever amongst the doctors. But then, as a rule, they do not overcharge their patients, or send them adulterated medicine, short of weight and measure, or else might the medical men, of the lower class at least, now be infuriate with an agitation analogous to that raging amongst shopkeepers of the baser sort.

The President of the Home Hospitals Association is the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND. The Committee, besides His Grace, includes the Earl of BESSBOROUGH, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, and Mr. ERNEST HART. Their funds at present amount to something under £11,000; but, of course, now that *Punch's* readers are in possession of the facts above-stated, will be raised to a sum more than amply sufficient to supply all the demand for Home Hospitals that exists, or can be created by circumstances—especially those of the Homes in which ailments are aggravated by that very serious complication *res angusta domi*.

The Chancellor's Kickshaws.

PRINCE BISMARCK, the other Saturday, gave his first political dinner. It is said that one of the specialities of the menu was a great success—anchovies swimming in custard. Another, equally relished, is stated to have been a *mélange* of red currant jelly, raspberry jam, beer, brandy, cream, and *caviare*.

BIGGAR'S FENIANISM AND FAITH.

THE newspapers, Mr. BIGGAR, M.P., report a discourse delivered by yourself, Sir, to a meeting of Irishmen in Bermondsey the other Sunday evening, on "The Future of the Irish Race." In your idea it seems the Irish race is less a matter of country than of creed.

"By the 'Irish Race' Mr. BIGGAR said he meant to include all Irishmen of the Roman-Catholic faith wherever they were to be found. Protestants he did not consider Irishmen at all. They were merely West Britons, who had by accident been born in Ireland; and from his own experience he could say they were the bitterest enemies of Ireland. He rejoiced that Irishmen had clung to their faith."

You cling to your own then, Mr. BIGGAR, of course. Accordingly, as an Irishman and therefore a Catholic, you proceeded to eulogise Fenianism and Physical Force, on this wise—after your wisdom:—

"Now he, Mr. BIGGAR, would not say whether he himself was a Fenian, but if any one called him a Fenian he would answer that he did not count that any disgrace. Physical force was the one thing for which the English governing classes cared. They cared nothing for justice, they cared nothing for reason, they cared nothing for the rights of the people, Irish or English. They were moved only by their fears. He did not mean their fears for their personal safety. . . . But it was possible—he would not say probable—that some fine day the democracy would break loose, that the London warehouses and Manchester factories would be reduced to ashes, and the shipping in the Thames and the Mersey set on fire; and that was an outlook which the English governing classes did not like. At present the English democracy was entirely unrepresented in the House of Commons."

Entirely, Mr. BIGGAR? Surely not quite so. Ready, as you describe it, for riot and arson, is not the English democracy represented in some measure at least, by one Irish Member?

The Fenians are all Irishmen; therefore, by your account, all Catholics. But what does your Holy Father, the Pope, say to your Fenians? Does he own them for a Catholic confraternity, or condemn them as a secret society? Do you suppose that His Holiness would have approved of the following recommendation of democracy and Fenianism combined, if he had heard you utter it?—

"He"—that is, you—"urged all Irishmen to unite in some organisation—he did not care which—and make as much display of physical force as possible. They might be few in numbers, but when they remembered the great results which flowed from the determined action of the handful of men at Manchester and Clerkenwell, they could not doubt of their ultimate success."

You seem to have forgotten that among the greatest results which flowed from the Fenian murders at Manchester and Clerken-

well, was the disagreeable fact that some of those who committed them were hanged. You call them martyrs. But were they such martyrs whom the Pope would be likely to canonise?

THE SHIP FOR THE SILVER STREAK.

"THOUGH the *Calais-Douwes*," said Mr. J. S. FORBES, at the recent Cannon Street Hotel Meeting, "has done her work admirably, she is not a cheap ship. She has carried 55,000 passengers, and I venture to say she has made many converts to the Calais route . . . an average of 715 per day was carried in her, with the minimum of inconvenience, and, as we say in the Report, 'a material diminution of those peculiar evils and annoyances heretofore incident to the sea transit,'"

Delighted to hear it. Let them progress in this line, not *usque ad nauseam*, but beyond it. In sanguine hopes of this result, I place the following new Lines, for which I have got the necessary powers, at the disposal of the London, Chatham and Dover Board.

Take the *Calais-Douwes*
On your way to the Louvre.
She is an improvement:
On board her you can sit,
Nor make a *sic transit*,
Unconscious of movement.

When in her you cross,
If she plays "pitch-and-toss,"
She does it without detection;
For which bless the orbs
Of Mister FORBES,
Of the L. C. and D. direction.

(Signed) L. C. AN D-OVER THE SEA.

Pen-Feathers.

(From a Collection of Old Saws.)

FROM Geese pinions taken,
Geese opinions to maken.

THE KHEDIVE'S GLEE (as sung by the heads of his International Administration).—"Row, Brothers, row!"



" GOOD INTENTIONS."

Scot (on Waterloo Bridge). "HECH! TO THINK I SAVE A BAWBEE EVERY TIME I CROSS THIS BONNY BRIG! I'LL JUST PIT IT IN THE PLATE THE NEXT TIME I GANG T' THE KIRK!"

PUNCH'S GREETING TO THE YOUNG COUPLE.

ARTHUR PATRICK, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,
AND
PRINCESS LOUISE MARGUERITE.

(*Married, Thursday, March 13.*)

O'er your heads *Punch* don't want any gush to be shedding,
But he smiled on your wooing, and blesses your wedding,
For the Bridegroom is one of the right sort, he hears,
And he sees that the Bride is a duck among dears.

So though the old boy cannot gush, he feels glad,
As he throws his old shoe after bright lass and lad,
And sends you his present—of value untold,
Beyond Royalty's diamonds, or Courtier's gold—

And that is the earnest good word and good will
Of a heart that it takes who knows how much to fill.
For BRITANNIA smiles, in under guard, of his hunch,
And when *Punch* bids "God bless you!" says "Ditto to *Punch*."

That the Bridegroom bears names of good omen 'tis clear :—
Brave ARTHUR's of England that *Preux* without peer;
And with it, the Saint's who the Green Isle set free,
Sweeping all that was venomous into the sea.

As gallant as AETHRE, with sword, upon steed,
As pure as St. Patrick in word and in deed,
May his gentle young bride and his country still find
Him who this day for Manhood leaves light Youth behind.

May the Mother, whose sorrow seeks set-off of joy
In the wedlock of each loving girl and brave boy,
Among all her good casts—she has ne'er made a miss—
Find none with a future more cloudless than this!

LIGHTS THAT REALLY ENLIGHTEN.

Above the most needed and newest lights of the time are the lamps in the Cromwell Road and Queen's Gardens district. They not only throw a light on the streets, but on their names, which are, at last, legibly printed in a band on one side of the lamps at recurring intervals. When one remembers the chaos this region used to be, after dark, to hapless diners-out and their drivers, the comfort of steering by the present luminous chain of directions on the lamps is not to be described.

As *Punch* has been preaching up this simple provision for the public convenience for months past, he can only express the hope that now that one local authority has led the way in this small and uncostly but very real improvement—whether persuaded by *Punch's* preaching, or not, matters little—other local authorities will go and do likewise.

Only one more improvement is wanted even in the enlightened Cromwell Road region—that the numbers of the houses should be printed, at intervals of ten, on the same lamps which now bear the names of the streets.

ARMS FOR THE ENEMY.

SOME indignation has perhaps been somewhat unduly created by statements which appeared in a daily paper, stating that a firm in Whitechapel, and another at Manchester, are manufacturing arms for shipment to the Zulus. But the aid thus afforded to a savage enemy may be not by any means so bad as it seems. Dealers can have no interest in sending CETEWAYO and his soldiers any better firearms than the worst manufactured for exportation at Birmingham. The worse, the cheaper, therefore the more profitable for the vendors. Parties engaged in selling the Zulus rifles so bad as to be sure to burst in their hands, also sell the Zulus, and are driving a trade which is the reverse of unpatriotic, however unscrupulous. *Punch* therefore hesitates to say that the fellows ought to be hanged.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO HAPPINESS?

ISN'T there? What do you say to the road from Windsor Castle to Claremont?

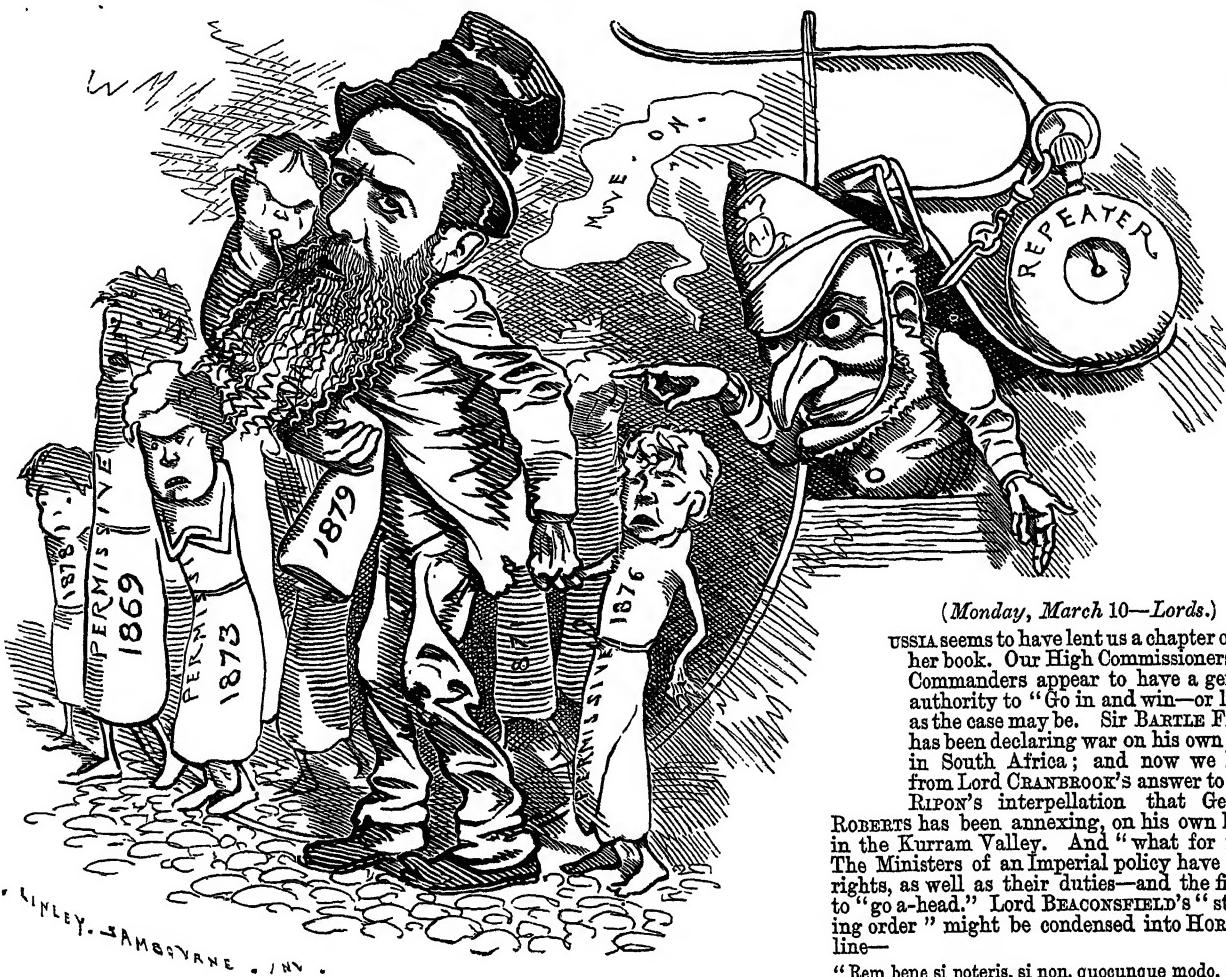
SOMETHING LIKE A LOAN.

AMONGST the many schemes for the financial regeneration of Turkey the following (which *Mr. Punch* has reasons for believing is the only one that will be supported by the Sublime Porte) has as yet been withheld from the public. Now the De Tocqueville Scheme has been set aside as impracticable it may have a chance.

1. Turkey, England, France, Russia, Italy, and Germany, to enter into a thorough mutual good understanding.
2. Turkey to give the most ample guarantees to all the Powers for her performance of her part of the accompanying conditions.
3. The present Creditors of the Porte (unfunded debt) to be paid in full, in ready money.
4. All arrears of interest on the Turkish Funded Debt to be made good, with a 10 per cent. bonus, to compensate for the annoyance to which the Fundholders have for years been subjected.
5. The Russian Indemnity to be immediately paid.
6. The personnel of the Turkish Military, Naval, Railway, and Civil Service to receive two years pay in advance, with interest on arrears.
7. School Boards, the Permissive Bill, the Volunteer Movement, Trial by Jury, and all the recent improvements in the French Civil Service and English Parliamentary Organisation to be forthwith introduced.
8. The Revenue to be reorganised, regularly paid up, and remitted without deduction to Constantinople.
9. Backshish to be abolished in all public offices—Metropolitan and Provincial.
- And lastly (10). France and England to advance on the security of Turkish promises to pay, and the prospects of Reform under the Anglo-Turkish Convention, a liberal margin on the amount required for carrying out these financial arrangements, so that the SULTAN may have a little to go on with.

REMAIN UNIMPEACHED.—The Ministry of the 16th of May, a ill the good sense of the Republic of the 5th of January.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Monday, March 10—Lords.)

RUSSIA seems to have lent us a chapter out of her book. Our High Commissioners and Commanders appear to have a general authority to "Go in and win—or lose," as the case may be. Sir BARTLE FRERE has been declaring war on his own hook in South Africa; and now we learn from Lord CRANBROOK's answer to Lord RIFON's interpellation that General ROBERTS has been annexing, on his own hook, in the Kurram Valley. And "what for no?" The Ministers of an Imperial policy have their rights, as well as their duties—and the first is to "go a-head." Lord BEACONSFIELD's "standing order" might be condensed into HORACE'S line—

"Rem bene si poteris, si non, quounque modo, rem."

"Push our Empire, wisely and honestly, if you can; but push it, anyhow." As Lord NELSON told his Captains, "No man can be far wrong who lays his ship alongside an enemy," Lord B. would seem to lay down the direction, "No man can be far wrong who quarrels with somebody, and annexes something!"

Lord LAWRENCE is puzzled to understand when and where, if we go on annexing Cabulwards, we are to come to Lord B.'s "Scientific Frontier," maintainable with a large reduction of existing forces. Nor did Lord NAPIER of Magdala—who has descended from his Rock to give Government the benefit of his Indian lights—descend to tell him.

Lord NAPIER explained that henceforth we meant to defend India *beyond* the passes. How we were to defend its defenders he did not explain. Perhaps the next year will show.

(Commons.)—A night with the Naval Authorities.

Mr. GOSCHEN wanted to know what Mr. SMITH could not tell him, Why, in our South-African need, we have not drawn on that promptly available force, the Marines? What can the Horse-Guards, who have the bottling-off and decanting of the choicest military port, be expected to care about empty bottles? Mr. SMITH promises the Jollies shall be the next to go to the front. That is something. The First Lord had a pleasant piece of news, to take out the taste of his rather perfunctory answer to Mr. GOSCHEN. Hearing of Isandula at St. Helena, Captain BRADSHAW of the *Shah* at once shipped the little island's little garrison, and sailed for the Cape with them and the *Shah*'s own Naval Brigade of four hundred Bluejackets. *Punch* will not say Pshaw,—but, Bravo BRADSHAW! to this plucky piece of promptitude. That is *helping*, on your own hook—better than declaring war or annexing on it.

Mr. SAMUDA pleads for improvement in the position of Naval Ship-Carpenters. How about the Engineers, Mr. SAMUDA? Surely, with steam and iron coming everywhere to the front, our "Chips" can hardly hold his own with those who superintend our Stokers and Pokers. Suppose we improved *their* pay and position a little?

Mr. VANS AGNEW complained of stagnation in naval promotion, which he perversely ascribed to the new and hard Retirement Rules. These rules, no doubt, do superannuate many good and serviceable officers, and are only defensible (as Mr. SMITH and Mr. CHILDEERS both explained) on the plea that they stir, instead of stagnate, promotion. To find out how in piping times of peace to keep the tide of promotion running merrily in a service whose strength must be kept equal to the strain of war, would take many Vans-loads of ingenuity.

Lord C. BERESFORD wants more Naval Barracks, to keep paid-off men together. So does Mr. SMITH, and is providing them.

Mr. Hopwood wants amendment of the Naval Discipline Act, like that we are to have of the Mutiny Act. Mr. Secretary EGERTON does not see his way. It would not be like a Secretary of the Admiralty if he did. Why should he see his way better or further than his masters? Though the Cat's claws have been clipped, he is still kept in the boatswain's bag; and lurks in naval minds and naval codes, setting up his back against change, and looking fondly back to the times when there was no limit, of law or practice, to his fleshing his claws in the backs of our A.B.'s.

Mr. SMITH brought in the Navy Estimates, as Colonel STANLEY did the Army Estimates the other night, to empty benches. This comes of being so confoundedly early with things. Estimates clash with eating; and the House empties, that its Members may be filled. Mr. SMITH shows a nominal reduction of near half a million, but admits that this is without reckoning the expenses of Cape transport. We may reckon ourselves lucky if we get off with last year's Eleven Millions. As it is, the figures have been kept down chiefly by docking a thousand Marines; about the most improvident piece of docking, as it seems to *Punch*, that could have been done, as a drilled and disciplined Marine is the valuable and costly product of a special and slow training.



A DIGNIFIED PACE.

Lady Gay Spanker (to her Husband). "OUGHTN'T WE TO BE TROTTING ON, DEAR?"
Small Man on Donkey. "TA-TA FOR THE PRESENT, THEN! I DON'T LIKE RIDING FAST TO COVERT!"

We have been building under our mark of armoured ships, but over it of unarmoured; we have had a heavy bill for repairs; and we are doing all we can to perfect our naval guns and torpedo-boats.

A shorter speech has seldom been made by a First Lord. "Least said, soonest mended," holds good, no doubt, of Estimate speeches as others; but silence, unluckily, is not "golden" in this one case. Speech, or no speech, bills must be paid.

Mr. BASSEY was complimentary, and Mr. BENTINCK depreciating; Mr. RYLANDS carping, and Mr. SHAW-LEFFÈVRE critical, as is their nature to!

Mr. GOSCHEN complimented the First Lord on his business-like speech; but, like Ajax, wanted more light—unconscionable man! Altogether Mr. SMITH faced his empty benches with a courage and a brevity worthy of a better audience. But it is quite wonderful how dead the House is! It wants something to "ginger" it. A lively bout of personal sparring might quicken its suspended animation.

Tuesday (Lords).—A talk about Irish Railways—the Duke of MARLBOROUGH maintaining that narrow gauges and bogie engines were the only things to pay on many Irish Lines. We should have thought poor Ireland had bogies enough, without introducing them on her Railways.

The Medical Act was read a Second Time. Lord RIPPON is looking closely after it, and wisely presses the importance of not letting the really weighty question of qualification wait for settlement of the professional squabbles about the Medical Council and its constitution. If Doctors can't look after their own Constitution, how can they be expected to look after ours?

(Commons.)—The fullest House of the Season. BUNG, and BUNG's friends, in full force. Sir WILFRID—that artfullest of dodgers, and most humorous of hobby-riders—brought in our old friend, "Permissive Bill," in the disguise of "Local Option." The get-up was as easy to see through, as Falstaff's, of the Fat Wife of Brentford. Yet as the jealous Ford was blind to the "great pearl" under the fat Knight's "muffler," so was the jealous W. E. FORSTER, to the claws and teeth of that wicked old wolf Permissive Bill, under the sheep's-clothing of "Local Option."

The Carlisle Baronet was as lively as ever in recommending his old friend with a new face, and Mr. WHEELHOUSE no livelier in deprecating his acquaintance.

Sir M. W. RIDLEY was the mouthpiece of the Government in Opposition. Yet Sir WILFRID had found a Seconder in Mr. BIRLEY, a supporter of the Government. So the Marquis of HARTINGTON, who opposed on the ground that those who supported the Measure meant different things by it, did not scruple to go into the lobby against Mr. FORSTER. So it was all through the Debate and in the Division—a real case of Measures—spirit, ale, and beer—not Men. The House (by 252 to 154) said "No" to "Local Option," as decidedly as it has, hitherto, to Permissive Bill. *Punch* hopes it is with the House as with him in his opposition to Sir WILFRID—not that they love Sobriety less, but that they love Liberty more.

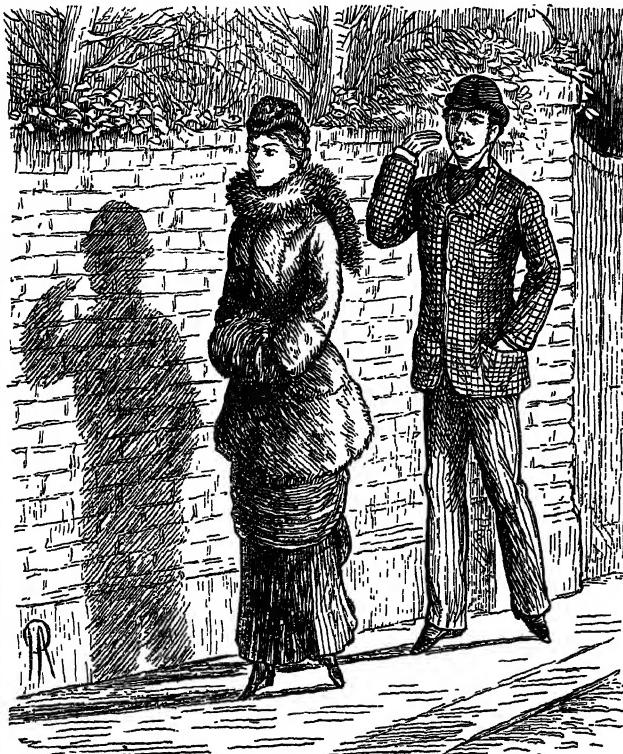
Wednesday.—No House made till one o'clock. Really Hon. Members are getting like *Tim Moore* in POWER's Farce of *The Irish Lion*. "The clock at the Bull is half-an-hour too fast, and the clock at the Lion is three-quarters-of-an-hour too slow; so I leave my work by the clock at the Bull, and I come to it by the clock at the Lion." Not that there was much to make a House for—only Dr. LUSH's Medical Act, which, of course, had to stand aside for the Select Committee soon about to have a whole armful of Medical Bills to meet in consultation over, and Mr. GOLDNEY's Bill for enabling persons to sit in the House without first pulling off their cassocks. That the Act of 1870 allows them to do. A representative trio, BERESFORD-HOPE, and NEWDEGATE, and CROSS, opposed. The Commons won't have it. Speaker's orders may admit to the House, but Holy Orders (by 135 to 66) will continue to exclude as they do now. Clergymen (say the majority) make quite mess enough with their ecclesiastical hot-water, without being allowed to make a splash with political.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships rattled Bankruptcy and Supreme Court of Judicature Acts through Committee in a brace of shakes, and were up and away by a quarter to seven.

(Commons).—No question that questions must stand over when Ministers are at a Royal Wedding.

The Admiralty called over the coals for delays in coaling of transports at St. Vincent. Strange to say, no excuse was forthcoming.

Mr. BOURKE admitted that the Government knew of 831 muskets



SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

"ON SATURDAY LAST SOME VERY INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN REFLECTED SIGNALLING WERE SUCCESSFULLY CONDUCTED BY LIEUTENANT SPOONER, R.E."

and 50,000lbs. of gunpowder having been shipped at Cardiff for Mozambique—but promised that they would do their best to prevent them reaching the Zulus. *Punch* prefers not to publish the shippers' names, as these munitions of war may not be meant for the Zulu market, and in that case he might be libelling two firms of honest traders. (And so the fact turns out.)

Mr. WALTER JAMES confounded two things so essentially distinct as fans and faggot-votes. When the Fanmakers' Company, by leave of the Corporation, create Members of the Guild at so much per head, it is "not faggot-vote" making, but legitimate increase of the Livery. Fans are the fashion, and the more makers of these the better,—not so with faggot-votes.

Sir G. CAMPBELL drew attention—he would find it hard to "draw" anything more substantial—to Oriental loans, and insisted on the inexpediency of Government putting British fingers in the Egyptian or Turkey pie, at the almost certain risk of burning them. Here was a pretty mess in Egypt, with our Consul-General, Mr. VIVIAN, speaking and writing in the teeth of the KHEDIVE's Finance Minister, Mr. RIVERS WILSON; and the fellahs being starved and squeezed to death, that 7 per cent. interest might be wrung out of their sweat and blood. "It is hard" (as a letter in the *Times* puts it) "to see starving peasants whipped to labour, for the benefit of British and French bondholders."

Colonel ALEXANDER confirmed all that had appeared in the *Times* about the misery of the fellahs, and then came a chorus of denunciation of the KHEDIVE's little games, and the hand France and England had lent the stockjobbers, followed by a half-hearted speech from Sir STAFFORD, in which he performed his favourite feat of sitting upon two stools—in other words, came to the ground—as clumsy as usual. All NUBAR PASHA and his colleagues wanted was to improve the administration of Egypt, and to alleviate the hard lot of the fellahs. They thought the tax-gatherers took more than they had a right. Whether the people could pay as much as they were legally bound to pay, was another matter. They had tried to get rid of the KHEDIVE's malversations. Whether their scorpions might not prove harder than his whips, was beside the question. There was no question at present of Government guaranteeing any Egyptian or Turkish Loan. He didn't say there mightn't be circumstances that might alter cases. It was impossible exactly to say what was Mr. RIVERS WILSON's position. In fact, it was hard to say what was any Egyptian Official's position. They had never thought of interfering with Mr. WILSON's free action. At the same

time, they had told him they thought it undesirable he should resign. Government would never claim any right of interference in Egypt. At the same time, they felt it was not desirable that Egypt should be allowed to fall into anarchy and confusion, to be followed by embarrassment and bankruptcy, &c., &c., &c., through a rigmarole of slip-slop, and see-saw.

Mr. O'DONNELL, in the teeth of repeated attempts to count him out—the last defeated only by the SPEAKER counting himself—dinned into the languid ears of a House of eight the evils of "mixed" Colleges and Universities. Religious teaching, at least, must be undiluted, and all history bristled with religious questions. That mixed instruction must be muzzled instruction, was the burden of Sir J. MCKENNA, Major O'BELANE, Messrs. SULLIVAN, O'CONNOR, POWER, MITCHELL-HENRY, and BIGGAR, Colonel COLTHURST, and Dr. O'LEARY.

Sir W. HARcourt said that as Government sanctioned and supported Denominational Education here, it could not consistently refuse it to Ireland.

But how if Ireland won't swallow her education "mixed," and England will insist on pouring it down her throat in that form and no other? Last night revealed no road out of that *impasse*.

Friday (Lords).—In a question of Lord THURLOW's about the composition of the Court of Inquiry into the Isandula disaster, Lord LONGFORD saw an insinuation against Lord CHELMSFORD. Between him and Lord TRURO, Lord STANLEY of Alderley, Lord BURY, and the questioner, the serene atmosphere of their Lordships' Olympus was quite tempestuous for a brief space; and the gods actually quarrelled over Lord THURLOW and his question for more than an hour!

(*Commons.*)—Mr. JENKINS stirred a more serious storm out of his question whether the Government meant to remove Lord CHELMSFORD. On being answered, "No, not as at present advised," the pertinacious Member for Dundee moved the adjournment of the House, for the purpose of forcing the Government into explanations. Persisting in this, against a storm of "Order!" "Orders!" Ginx's Baby braved unshrinking, and impavid, the howling of the House, the snubbing of the SPEAKER, and—worse still—the interposition on his behalf of Sir R. PEEL, and Mr. BIGGAR.

The serene wisdom of the House, without adding by "Order" to disorder, protested against usurpation by Parliament of the functions of the Executive, by sitting in judgment on a Commander-in-Chief. Then the militarism of Col. MURE, the cockiness of Mr. CHAPLIN, the weak-kneedness of Sir STAFFORD, the high-and-dryness of Lord HARTINGTON, joined in rebuke of Mr. JENKINS. But if Ginx's baby showed bad taste, the rowdy element of the House showed still worse.

Col. ABBUTHNOT defeated the Government by 69 to 68, on Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the effects of the Abolition of Purchase on the Scientific Corps, and the alterations that the change has made necessary, in the promotion, pay, and conditions of service and retirement of those corps.

Such an Inquiry no doubt will have to be made, and the sooner it is made the better.

Mr. CROSS's Bill for creating a Public Prosecutor got into Committee.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Prince of Wales's—A Protest—Caste—Comedy classification—Aquarium—She Stoops.

SIR.—*Caste* was produced about eleven or twelve years ago, and has, since then, been once revived. I did not see it on its revival, and was delighted at meeting my old friend as vigorous as ever.

Caste is the best play the late Mr. TOM ROBERTSON ever wrote. The story, though old, plain, and simple, is most interesting, and abounds in those real touches of nature, which, as Sam Gerridge observes, "brings the water into your meter," and makes the audience blow a sympathetic nose, and, like the Soldier who leant upon his sword, "wipe away a tear."

The play is a study for its well preserved balance between the pathetic and the comic. Its Acts are so many April days, passed in fitful showers and bright gleams of sunlight. The characters are consistent throughout, and the only blots on the dialogue are when the Author has laboured at producing a gem, and has merely succeeded in manufacturing a glittering theatrical "property." As long as he wrote naturally—*currente calamo*—he was epigrammatic, directly he paused to polish an epigram he ceased to be natural. The pathos in *Caste* is never forced, and the fun, except in the instance of some few farcical things Sam Gerridge has to say, is all the funnier by being artistically brought in. You can note this throughout the piece, but especially in the situation when George D'Alroy has returned and embraces his wife. Scarcely are the handkerchiefs out—surreptitiously, of course, for few like to own to the luxury of *enjoying* a good cry—than they are rendered needless by the fun of the two comic characters, Polly Eccles and Sam Gerridge.

The playwright's art is sometimes too apparent in *Caste*, as for instance, in the marked contrast between *Captain Hawtree* and *Sam the Gasman*, which is forced on the audience unnaturally, but taken as a whole, with the acting at the Prince of Wales's, past and present—for here present company must not be excepted,—no more complete play of its kind has been seen within the last twenty-five years. I say “of its kind,” advisedly, for though not belonging to the First Class of comedy, it takes a high place in the Upper Division of the Second.

The *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* are the best examples in the First Class, and *Caste*, with its thoroughly dramatic story, its sharply drawn characters,—all, with the exception perhaps of the Marquise, true to the life,—its nicely-adjusted balance of alternating pathos and humour, is a model of the style of piece entitled to a deserving place in the Upper Division of the Second Class; while, in the Lower Division, though it may appear the most audacious heresy to say it—I should rank GOLDSMITH's *She Stoops to Conquer*, with its utterly farcical, flimsy, and improbable story, its broadly farcical scenes, though its admirably devised characters are creations worthy of a better dramatic world than that in which the author of their being has seen fit to place them.

What does Mrs. BANCROFT mean by telling us in her playbill that this is the last run of revivals she is going to play in? Dare she, as *Polly Eccles*, look us in the face, and utter such a thing? Isn't she as bright, as merry, as impudent, as *Polly Ecclesian*, as ever? Yes, yes! Put to the vote! carried by acclamation! Who can do that imitation of the Circus Scene in *Caste* like Mrs. BANCROFT? Who can do the Ballet Scene in the Third Act like Mrs. BANCROFT? No one. There is but one *Polly Eccles*, and *Caste* is her profit, and ought to be for ever so long to come; so that if she seriously contemplates—fancy *Polly Eccles* “seriously contemplating”—retiring after the run of this revival, then, though

Men may come and men may go,
Let *Caste* run on for ever;

for no one will ever be tired of seeing Mrs. BANCROFT as the younger daughter of the irreproachable *Mrs. Eccles*, who, with all his faults, is such a clever man, if he had but scope. No, Mrs. BANCROFT, Ma'm, don't you never go for to do such a thing, as to give up this character; for when you give it up, when you refuse to give it life, *Polly Eccles*, on the Stage, will have ceased to exist.

Has *Old Eccles* (Mr. GEORGE HONEY) become a greater black-guard than he was years ago, or have I become a wiser and a better man? I hope, sincerely, the latter. I trust there is improvement where it was needed, and not deterioration where it most certainly was not needed. Never was there such a drunken old vagabond, such an old beast, such a brute, such a mand林 old scoundrel, who has beaten his eldest daughter, and would throttle her baby if he had the pluck, as this abominable *Old Eccles*. True to the life, in Mr. TOM ROBERTSON's conception, somewhat over-coloured, in Mr. HONEY's effective but offensive picture.

Mr. CLAYTON is a good representative of the honest, impulsive young soldier, *George D'Alroy*, who apologises for himself as a fool, and owns that appearances are against him because “his tongue is too big for his mouth.” He is a sort of good-looking young *Dobbin*, from THACKERAY's *Vanity Fair*, without that excellent officer's *gaucherie*, and quite bears out SAM GERRIDGE's description of him as “a lolling overgrown dragon,” if I remember right.

The two best bits of acting in Mr. CECIL's *Sam Gerridge* are when he shakes hands with *Major Hawtree*, and where he sits by the piano following, in his intense excitement, every action of *Polly Eccles*, in the Ballet of *The Soldier's Return*. Here Mr. CECIL is admirable.

Mr. BANCROFT's *Captain Hawtree*, is by this time as well known to play-goers as Mr. SOTHERN's *Lord Dundreary*. His conscientious “Yaaas,” and his well-considered and equally conscientious “No,” are as *basso profundo* and imperturbable as ever.

Miss ROSELLE plays with much delicacy and feeling, especially in the Second and Third Acts. In fact the acting is all good, and the Comedy is one that will bear being seen over and over again.

This is true also of GOLDSMITH's *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is now being performed every afternoon, at three o'clock, at the Aquarium Theatre. Taking it all round it is capitally acted, and a better *Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle* cannot well be imagined than Mr. JOHN RYDER and Mrs. STIRLING. In the well-known “Jewel” Scene, first with *Constance* and *Tony*, and then with *Tony* alone, Mrs. STIRLING is excellent; while Mr. RYDER, in his scene with young *Marlowe*, when he can no longer submit to the latter's impertinence, exhibited the fine old English Gentleman's hot temper breaking out almost beyond control, and yet restrained in time with such dignity, as to present the audience with a highly but most artistically-finished picture, worthy of a foremost place in the gallery of true comedy-portraiture.

Miss LITTON looks and acts charmingly. I am afraid on the day I saw her she was suffering from cold, as her voice wanted the clear ringing tone that should be a characteristic of the laughter-loving, mischievous young Lady. I suppose it would not be easy to find a

better *Tony Lumpkin* on the stage, just now, than Mr. LIONEL BROUKE. Some may find fault with it for being too noisy. But such a cub is noisy, is rough and unmannerly. Such a stupid, cunning, illiterate lout, such a self-indulgent, boozing, hoggish young Squire of the last century, who can barely write, and scarcely read anything beyond his own name, and who plays practical jokes on his own mother, would be a detestable character, were it not made utterly absurd by a clever low comedian. Mr. FAWN is a careful *Diggory*. Mr. FARREN is to be highly commended for insisting strongly on the one good point in the character of that otherwise irredeemably weak snob, young *Marlowe*.

The Scenery is exceptionally good: but I want to ask Mr. Stage Manager why—when there is a great big old-fashioned chimney-piece, a capital fire-lin in a dog-grate, a roomy hearth round which to stretch out the legs, and comfortable chairs to sit on,—why should *Mr. Hardcastle*, young *Marlowe*, and *Hastings*, deliberately place chairs at a distance of about twelve feet from this fireplace, and then sit in a row with their backs to the fire, and their faces to the audience—though, presumably, to a wall, if the fourth side of the room were completed—like a limited party of white Christy Minstrels? The same question applies to the position of young *Marlowe* and *Miss Hardcastle*.

The scene between the three men would have told infinitely better, and the business with the tankard would be less monotonous and far more amusing, had it been arranged before the fire, with an occasional natural variation of position. Old stage traditions often hamper instead of assisting the action, and these are instances in point. That GOLDSMITH's Comedy has lost none of its popularity is evident from the crowded houses, which, I am informed, are the rule every afternoon at the Aquarium Theatre. My readers are strongly advised to see both the modern and the old Comedy, and to weigh well the opinions here expressed by,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SMELFUNGUS ON FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

(In answer to an inquiring Friend.)



YES, Sir, I do think the House did well to fling out the Ladies' Bill.

No, Sir, I don't object to Female Suffrage at all. Quite the reverse. But I hate half measures. Mr. COURTYNE'S Bill was a half measure, Sir. It left out the married women; the better half of mankind.

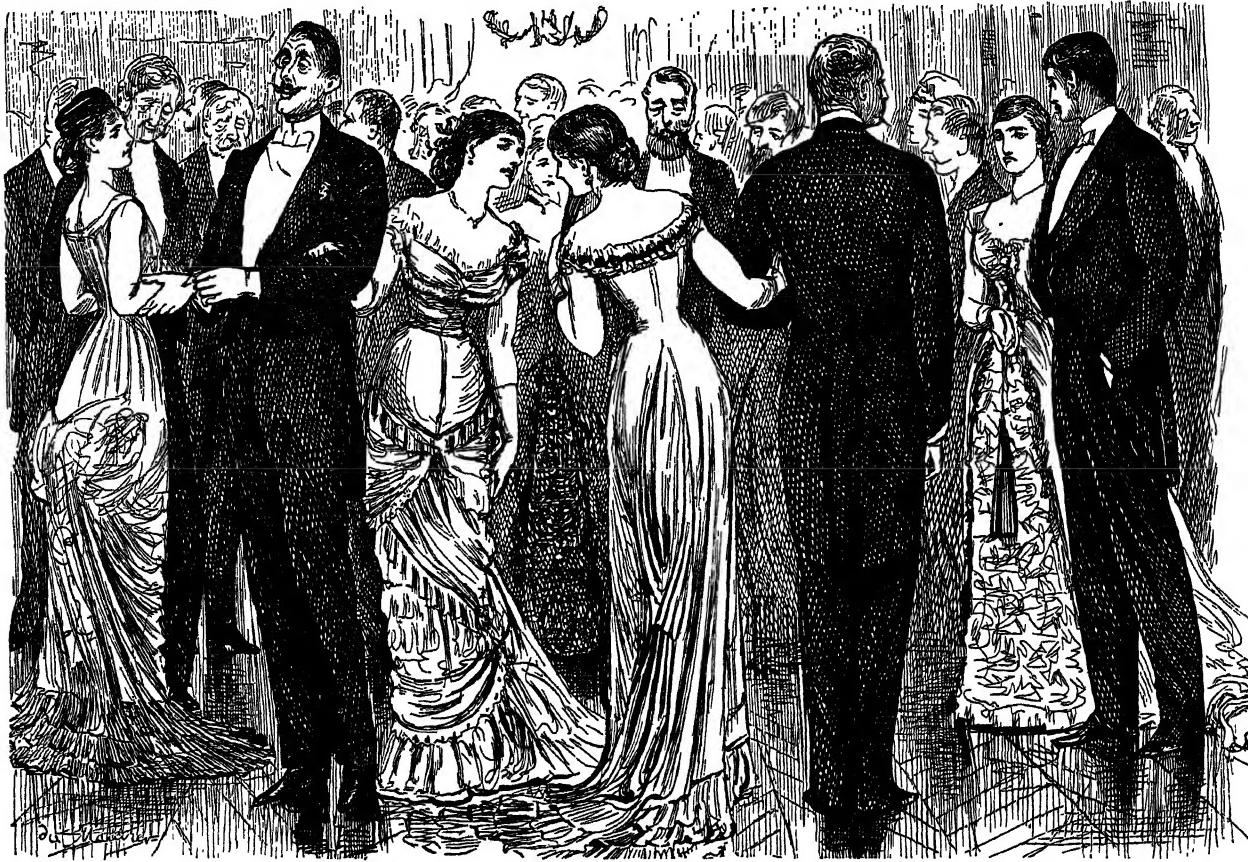
Yes, Sir; and the better half of womankind, too—I mean for electoral purposes.

No, Sir; not because married women are at all better qualified to vote than single by greater experience and knowledge of affairs—though they ought to be. But, Sir, because protected by the ballot, a great many of them would vote in contrariety to their husbands. Does not MR. CARLYLE, Sir, affirm that the people of this country are mostly fools? If, as such, the men generally vote for the wrong candidate, their wives, voting for the other side, would vote for the right one.

Yes, to be sure, Sir, although no wiser than their husbands.

No, Sir; Female Suffrage would not necessarily lead to Universal Suffrage. Legislation is seldom logical. But the enfranchisement of all women should be included in that of all men.

Yes, Sir; the reasons that hold for Female Suffrage hold for Universal Suffrage, too. If none had votes but those who had sense and knowledge enough to make a wise use of them, the constituencies would be small. You would have an oligarchy, Sir, composed of persons like you and myself. The next best thing to that would be the largest possible constituency, in which the majority, incapable of voting with intelligence, would be subdivided into the greatest possible number of parties and persons. Then, Sir, its numerous conflicting elements, their votes being dictated by their opposite passions and prejudices, could politically nullify one another. Sir, the Tories refrain from voting for Female Suffrage only because they are biding their time to dash the Liberals by conceding Universal Suffrage to Democracy. In the meanwhile, Sir, hooray for Female Political Emancipation!



HYPERCRITISM.

Grace (whispering). "WHAT LOVELY BOOTS YOUR PARTNER'S GOT, MARY!"
Mary (ditto). "YES, UNFORTUNATELY HE SHINES AT THE WRONG END."

ENGLAND'S THANKS.

'Tis not success that sends
Blood to the heart, and water to the eye,
That stirs all England to accordant cry,
"How shall we make amends
To them that nobly win or nobly lose?"
Not by deed's issue, but by deed we choose.

There is death in defeat,
That shows far nobler than victorious life.
Honour to those who weave their crowns of strife
In Peace's garland sweet,
But honour, too, to those whose crowns are clenched
In death-stark hands, with high hearts' life-blood drenched.

Take England's praise and thanks,
You, brave young Officers, brave Rank and File,
Who beat back Zulu strength, foiled Zulu guile,
On Buffalo's bare banks,
A handful 'gainst a host, through a long night
Of desperate leaguer and unequal fight.

Take thanks and honour too,
You that, o'er-swept by sudden-surging waves
Of savage foes, in their slain heaps found graves;
And of them chiefly, you,
Young pair of Paladins, who clave your way,
Bearing the colours from that fatal fray.

COGHILL and MELVILLE—names
That need no stone, in English hearts writ deep;
Upon the Buffalo's scorched bank they sleep,—
Two boys—immortal names!
One heart flag-folded, one as brave, I wis,
That in its last beat knew no pang but this,

'Twas his friend's prouder fate,
To wrap those Colours round his bleeding breast,
Hie, knee to knee to strive and strike his best,

O'er sand and thorough spate,
Ready whene'er from selle his comrade reeled,
To snatch that charge, which but dead hands would yield.

Through storm of shot and spear,
Red with their own and their pursuers' blood,
On, on, o'er steep and stone, on to the flood,
That rolls, storm-swollen, near—
A lift, a leap, their horses breast the tide!
Strike shot, rain spear! with charmed lives they ride!

Alas, 'twas not to be.
Life's spark but lit them to the bank to die;
There scarred with shot and assegay, they lie,
Side by side, peacefully.
The red flag round one heart of two that vowed
To save it—take it, both, for common shroud.

This homage paid the dead.—
Who could no more save life than honour lose—
Take England's thanks and praise, their well-earned dues
Who held that leaguered shed,
Setting Rorke's Drift, till now unhonoured name,
By Plassy and Assaye, and fights of fame.

Compunctionous Charity.

It is gratifying to learn that the Barristers' Benevolent Society, which held its sixth annual meeting in Lincoln's-Inn Hall the other day, has prospered during the past year. Let us hope that among the objects of this excellent charity are included the too numerous persons who have been reduced to ruin by involuntary litigation.

SHAKESPEARE ADAPTED FOR CLEWER.
 "Blow Law! Come wrack!
At least we've got MACKARNESS at our back!"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 22, 1879.



A VOTE OF THANKS.

F.M. PUNCH. "LIEUTENANTS CHARD AND BROMHEAD, IN THE NAME OF YOUR COUNTRY I THANK YOU AND ALL THE DEFENDERS OF RORKE'S DRIFT. YOU HAVE SAVED NOT ONLY A COLONY, BUT THE CREDIT OF OLD ENGLAND!"

A FEW OF THE WEDDING-PRESENTS.

(The Only "Correct Card.")

* * Our strictly Private and Confidential Correspondent, Lord Baxstair's, informs us that, in consequence of the general depression of trade, and things having been so bad in the City, the following, without gloss of any kind, is the correct list of the family Presents really received by the newly-married couple. Of course the papers have embellished the Articles in their published lists.



6. From Princess LOUISE and the Marquis of LORENE. Two old (Nickel) Silver flat Candlesticks. Complete all but one pair of Snuffers and one Extinguisher. Valuable on account of having been for a long time in the Argyll family.

7. From the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE. Six solid serviceable metal Tea-Spoons, marked with curious indentations, and two quaintly twisted.

8. From H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. A Box of Patent Matches, warranted to strike only on the box, and not always then.

9. From the Hereditary Grand Duke of MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ. A Bottle of '16 Claret. A curious wine, very round in the mouth, and remarkably fine at the price.

10. From the Grand Duchess of MECKLENBURG. A Set of Fish-Knives, almost complete, and only requiring a rivet or two to be very useful.

From Count GLEICHEN—a Box for Stamps (Tunbridge ware); from Lord NEWRY, an old Mug, supposed to belong to somebody else; from Lord BEACONSFIELD, a secondhand copy of *Coningsby* (cheap edition); from Lord HERTFORD, a collection of Photographs of the Beauties of the Ballet and the Characters in *Pink Dominos*: and from Mr. and Mrs. THEODORE MARTIN, a complete Set of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide* for 1860, in the original covers.

The above, if our Correspondent is to be trusted, are among the most important items which did not appear, or appeared in disguise, in the published reports.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVI.

Still at Mosthyn Dickie's—Quotation—Grumble—Acuteness—Violence—Pins—Mrs. Pound—Reply—Hermit—Cell—Manor.

"Ah!" he exclaims, standing stock still in the doorway, thrusting his hands into his pockets, rattling some keys, and sternly eyeing first Mrs. POUND, then myself, as though he suspected some conspiracy on our part. "Ah! Well—" here he relaxes for a moment and scrutinises the fire—then he turns to the Housekeeper, "Are you giving him a good fire, Mrs. POUND? Plenty of coals, eh? Are you quite sure it doesn't smoke?"

This last inquiry is given with terrible earnestness, and again

impresses me with the idea of my having heard the line before somewhere in SHAKESPEARE, probably *Hamlet*.

Mrs. POUND replies, smilingly, that she is perfectly happy in her mind on all these points. Such an assurance would be to any one more than satisfactory, coming from Mrs. POUND, who, in herself, is an embodiment of the spirit of tidiness and comfort, and whose voice and manner are those of one of the kindest, motherliest, and most considerate of women.

But MOSTHYN DICKIE will have his grumble. It's quite enough for him to be the best and warmest-hearted friend, and most indulgent master without showing it. He likes to look upon himself as a tyrant, as a man who will "know the reason why," though he never succeeds in obtaining it. His hobby is, that nothing escapes his notice; "Do what they will," he says, as though everyone all round were trying to deceive him from morning to night, "I see it all, though they don't think I do."

For instance, he walks up to my dressing-table where every article has been most carefully laid out, and turning on Mrs. POUND, exclaims, as though he were doing an injury to himself by suppressing the violence of the emotion with which the reckless and ungrateful conduct of his Housekeeper has inspired him,—"Now, Mrs. POUND—there are no pins!"

Unaccustomed as yet to MOSTHYN DICKIE, and anxious for Mrs. POUND's position (I am not aware at this moment that she has been in the family for twenty-five years), I hasten to point out at least a dozen pins in the cushion, and to add, that were they not there, it would be no loss to me, as I really do not absolutely rely on pins, either for dressing or washing.

MOSTHYN DICKIE turns a deaf ear to my plea for Mrs. POUND.

"No!" he exclaims, haranguing me, in a powerful oratorical manner, with his left hand in his pocket, and his right pointing at her, "No? She will not put any pins in the pin-cushions. She won't do it. I beg and pray of her to do it, and she won't."

"Oh, Sir!" remonstrates Mrs. POUND, quite cheerfully.

"She won't!" he continues emphatically; "she won't do anything she's told. She forgets it all. She forgets everything." Then he turns to her: "You've got no head—you know you haven't—except to put a cap on, and trim it with finery"—here Mrs. POUND smiles complacently; for she really has the very neatest and quietest cap: and her Master winks aside at me, as though intimating that he had touched her on her weak point, now, at all events.

"Ah, well, Sir!" replies Mrs. POUND, with perfect good temper, as she goes towards the door, "if I'm no use, Sir, you'd better get rid of me."

"Get rid of you!" he exclaims, in utter surprise at such an extravagant proposition—"get rid of her!" he repeats, turning to me; "why I couldn't get rid of her, if I tried! She wouldn't go!"

Mrs. POUND shakes her head, smiles, hopes I'm quite comfortable now, and quits the room, not, however, without reminding her master that the dressing-bell has rung, and that he will probably be late for dinner, adding, that Miss CLAUDINE is not at all well to-day, and oughtn't to be kept waiting. With this advice, she disappears.

"Ah!" repeats DICKIE to himself, "True! She's not well. No. Mrs. POUND's right." Then to me, "I don't think you know my daughter CLAUDINE. Madame de BRESLIN is her married name, but that stupid old idiot, Mrs. POUND, always will call her Miss CLAUDINE. She was her nurse, and brought her up. And so" (he finishes in a tone implying utter despairing hopelessness in dealing with Mrs. POUND's denseness on this point) "there it is! I can't get it out of her head—if she's got a head. Well, well—they're all alike. There it is, and so it is!" And he throws up his hands, as though he were getting rid of everything left and right, and making up his mind to have nothing more to do with the cares and burdens of life, but to go off straight, by the next train to the nearest desert, there to set up for himself as a Hermit in a Cell. At present, however, he only goes down to look after the Hermitage in the Cellar. And a marvellous bottle of that wine we subsequently enjoy.

So the grumbling is only the way of the Master of Meadowsweet Manor. In fact—*Happy Thought*—his Manner.

CONFINEMENT IN CHURCH.

COMPLAINT has been made of the extraordinary practice in many London Churches, of keeping their doors locked and barred during service time. This practice is to be accounted for only by the supposition that it is intended to impede the egress of the congregation. What would be the consequence in case of an alarm of fire or any other panic in a crowded building—the rather that the doors of most of our churches open inwards? Surely none but an idiot would think of shutting the church doors to prevent Ritualists, or others disposed to dissent, from leaving the Church. Some steps to abate this nuisance might with especial propriety be taken by a Society which held its usual monthly meeting the other Wednesday, and which calls itself "The Free and Open Church Association."



"A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Female Epicure. "OH, MISTER, I'M SURE THAT WAS A BAD ONE!"
Oyster Salesman (indignantly). "WHAT D'YER MEAN? THEN YOU SHOULDN'T 'A' SWALLERED IT, MUM! I'VE BEEN IN THIS TRADE A MATTER O' TEN YEARS, AND NEVER—"
Lady. "WELL, IT CERTAINLY LEFT A NASTY TASTE—"
Salesman (mollified). "WELL, THERE'S NO DENYIN' THAT SOME ON 'EM IS 'IGHER IN FLAVOUR THAN OTHERS!"

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Now that the Budget is closely impending, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is no doubt on the look-out for ways and means of increasing the revenue. *Mr. Punch*, always ready to lend a helping hand to the Government, begs to suggest the following licences and taxes, as likely to be not only very productive, but—what few licences or taxes are—distinctly beneficial to the community.

A LICENCE

To Amateur Tenors, to sing not more than two songs a night, £20 a month. For songs of a patriotic or ultra-sentimental character, £5 a month extra. The National Anthem to be free.

To Amateur Actors, to play one part a week, £30 a month. Imitations of Mr. Toore, £5 a week extra.

To Professional Diners-out, to tell the same stories at three dinners a week, £10 a month. Before the renewal of licence, a new batch of stories to be submitted to the Commissioners. Stories in the Irish or other brogue, £5 a week extra.

To Bachelors, under five-and-thirty, to carry a black crutch-handled stick to the theatres, sixpence a quarter. - To bachelors visiting music-halls, a halfpenny a week extra.

To Bachelors, over thirty-five, wishing to dance one round and four square dances a night, £10 a month. "Sir Roger de Coverley," or one other country-dance to be endorsed on the licence, free.

To Spinsters, to be "girls" for life, after five-and-thirty, 15s. 6d. To use rouge, hair-dye, and pearl-powder, £5 a week extra.

To Married Men, to flirt for ten minutes once a day, £20 a month. Married Men, above thirteen stone in weight, and under five feet six in height, to flirt as much as they please, 2d. a fortnight.

A TAX

Upon Wedding Presents, according to value, to be paid by Bride-groom.

Upon Members of Clubs, to be assessed by a Committee of young Wives, and middle-aged Spinsters.

Upon Photographs, Visiting Cards, *Menus*, high-art Furniture, and Three-volume Novels, to be paid by idlers in general, and Lady-twaddlers, in particular.

Upon Voluntary Contributions, sent to *Punch*, to be paid by the would-be Contributors, of whom a list shall be sent to the Central Criminal Court, accompanied by the contents of the waste-paper basket. This, if fairly assessed, should bring in at least as much as the Income Tax. Convicts, under sentence of penal servitude, might be employed to verify these contents, and make up the list of their authors.

An Apropos in Advance.

WORDS, like wine, may acquire flavour by some years' keeping. We dig up this sentence, written by Miss EDGEWORTH, *circ. 1800.* (*Belinda*, chap. iii.) :—

"They say the Torpedo, the coldest of cold creatures, sometimes gives out a spark."

We should just think it did!

Wisdom in a Walnut Shell.

(To MM. Louis Blanc, Floquet, Madier de Montjau, et Compagnie.)

Don't rub up old sores.

Do rub out old scores.

A WORD TO SIR WILFRED.—The Best Temperance Resolution—Resolution to abstain.



PUNCH'S MYSTERY.

FIND THE PORTRAIT IN THE BOWER,

MADE BY BANNER, STAFF, AND FLOWER.

PREACHERS IN PARLIAMENT.

Is it likely that any removal of clerical disabilities would have the effect of inducing more than a few exceptional Clergymen to enter Parliament? Would not the habit of holding forth to a congregation tend to incapacitate a Parliamentary ex-parson for addressing Mr. Speaker? A pulpit orator is not accustomed to be interrupted with ironical laughter and cries of "Question!" and "Oh! oh!" Such interruptions would be very likely to disconcert an honourable and no longer reverend gentleman on his legs out of the pulpit. The Bishops, it is true, get on tolerably well in the Lords, in spite of having been accustomed to preach; but then the Bishops are select Senators as well as selected Parsons, and, besides, the Upper House of Parliament is not the Lower.

THE ONLY "ROUND SUM."—A cipher.

QUERY—ACCORDING TO SOME INDIAN AUTHORITIES.

CONSIDERING what things were in India under John Company, and what they are under the rule that he has made room for, can JOHN BULL honestly say, that his Room is better than his Company?

COALING AND CALLING OVER THE COALS.

"FRANCE, Spain, and Egypt," we are told by Eastern telegraph, "are still coaling." Should it not have been "Egypt is being called over the coals"?

SPECIALY SEASONABLE.

BEST stock for our *soupe maigre*, among seasonably sent ills. Of all Man's blessings given there's none that equals Lent-ills.



EPISODES IN HIGH LIFE.

(From Jeames's Sketch-book.)

Sir Charles. "I OUGHT TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO DINNER, DUCHESS; BUT THE STAIRCASES OF THESE LONDON HOUSES ARE SO ABSURDLY NARROW, YOU KNOW!"

HORATIUS, AND LONDON BRIDGE.

A Lay made about the Year of the City, 1879.

THE Common Council sitting,
Props of the City's State,
How London Bridge to widen,
Held long and deep debate.
The Fathers of the City
Had told, in solemn tones,
Of carriage, cab, and wagon block,—
Then called HORATIUS JONES.

Then out spake brave HORATIUS,
The City Architect.
He simply said—"Good gracious!"—
And but said what you'd expect—
"Widen the Bridge, O Council,
With all the speed ye may.
I, with some more to help me,
Will find you plan and way."

Then out spake STREET, and FERGUSON,
H. CARR, and RENNIE too,
The Times, the Daily Telegraph,
And Saturday Review:
"O Fathers of the City,
We humbly beg you won't!"
And Punch in solemn tone repeats
His golden warning—"Don't!"

"HORATIUS," quoth the Council,
"As thou sayest let it be.
Go, order bricks and mortar,
Nor spare the £ s. d.
Some asses may oppose us,
Some Artists may be vexed;
But if we once can win the bridge,
What shan't we go at next!"

Punch smiled upon HORATIUS
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Councillors,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The Bridge's beauty
Think ye ye will enhance,
With modern brickwork, fitting not
The style of Rennie-sauce?"

"The Bridge gives scope for movement
To cab and cart and coach.
No! If you want improvement,
But widen each approach.
In future City chronicles,
Oh, let it not be told
How brave HORATIUS spoilt the Bridge,
In the dark days of old."

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR AFRICA.—General Cap(e)ability.

THE MILITIA IN THE MILL.

The commanding Officers of Militia Regiments are obliged to keep a Diary, corresponding—*mutatis mutandis*—to the log of a ship at sea. In this record appear all the principal events of the day. Now that Colonel-Secretary STANLEY has reduced the annual training to twenty days, the record will be more than usually interesting. *Mr. Punch* keeps a prophet on his premises at 85, Fleet Street, and by his aid is enabled to give a specimen of one of these Diaries *in futuro*. It will be seen that the regiment of which this is the record will be materially benefited by the economy of the Government:—

FIRST WEEK.

Monday.—Regiment assembled by twos and threes. The guardroom full of "drunk and disorderly" by a quarter to four o'clock. No work done.

Tuesday.—Gave the men their clothing, and took their rags into store.

Wednesday.—Fitting on uniforms. Very hard at work all day with the regimental tailors.

Thursday.—First parade in uniform. Distributed arms, and read the Mutiny Act. Thought of drill, but it rained heavily, so dismissed the battalion.

Friday.—Squad-drill of an elementary character. Officers lounged about doing nothing.

Saturday.—Inspection of clothing, and Saturday half-holiday.

Sunday.—Church parade in the morning, and dismiss.

SECOND WEEK.

Monday.—By order of the SECRETARY OF STATE commenced musketry course. Men drilled in aiming at nothing in particular.

Tuesday.—Men still being drilled (by numbers) to aim at nothing in particular.

Wednesday.—Wet day. Nothing doing. Battalion dismissed at 10:15 A.M.

Thursday.—Musketry course continued. Blank-cartridge firing. Excellent joke for the men—rather slow for the officers. Doctor has little or nothing to do now that ramrods are abolished.

Friday.—Target practice. Target hit once in every fifty shots. Capital result. End of musketry course.

Saturday.—Inspection of clothing, half-holiday, and dismiss.

Sunday.—Church. Holiday for the rest of the day.

THIRD WEEK.

Monday.—Drill in earnest. The whole regiment employed in the last stage, having had to miss the first, second, and third. Not very well grounded in consequence.

Tuesday.—Making up for lost time. Everybody working at high pressure. Battalion drill attempted before anyone has learned his A B C. Result—general confusion and a great deal of shouting.

Wednesday.—Preparing for the inspection. Busy with pay-lists, companies' ledgers, &c., &c.

Thursday.—Inspection. Eccentric manoeuvres. Inspecting officer using language not to be found in the Queen's Regulations or the Field Exercises of the Army. Great loss of temper on all sides.

Friday.—Uniforms taken into store, and rags returned to their owners.

Saturday.—The battalion disbanded, having rushed in four days through a musketry course requiring six weeks, and learned the whole duty of a soldier in rather less than fifteen hours. Result—to be discovered hereafter!

Sir Wilfrid's Prophecy.

THEY may say my Hobby's floundered,
And that I, his rider, silly am;
But Permissive Bill, now founded,
Will be yet the People's William!

William on the Burials Bill.

(Over a Nonconformist.)

"Give him a little earth for charity."

Henry the Eighth, Act iv. sc. 2.

MONODY ON THE DECEASED "MERMAID."



GONE from her close tank's infection,
Passed from dulness to dissection,
Under Science's inspection—
Poor Manatee!

From Trinidad's broad, tepid waters,
To the Aquarium's cramping quarters,
Last-born of cetacean martyrs—
Poor Manatee!

Uglier thing could hardly meet your
Gaze, alike, in form and feature;
Lumpish, heavy, lumbering creature:
Poor Manatee!

Leaden were her eyes and tiny,
Dull and dead instead of shiny;
Slug-like sluggard of the briny:
Poor Manatee!

Hair she'd none, in glass to comb her
Like old Ocean's fish-tailed roamer;
Mermaid was a strange misnomer!
Poor Manatee!

But bad looks, by those that own 'em,
Can't be helped, though they bemoan 'em;
Nil de mortuis nisi bonum:
Poor Manatee!

PHARISEES OUT-PHARISEED.

HERE is about as bad a piece of local news as any which has lately appeared in the papers:—

"SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.—An adjourned debate in the Town Council of Leicester on the Sunday opening of the Free Public Library was resumed yesterday, when the motion for Sunday opening was defeated by twenty-eight votes against twenty."

To call the Public Library which the Sabbatarian majority in the Leicester Town Council insist on keeping closed on Sundays "free" is irony. The ordinary public-houses in Leicester are free to be open during part of the Sunday, but the Public Library is not free at all. Even the *bond fide* traveller in the field of knowledge is forbidden to quench his thirst at that Public-house. Those Leicester Sabbatarians, in regard to their Sabbath, on which they prohibit meat and drink for the mind, reverse a certain authoritative declaration respecting the original *Dies non*. In their estimation, however, apparently the Sunday was not made for Man, but Man for the Sunday.

A DISTINCTION.—When, and wherever, the United States troops halted in the American Civil War, we are told, they threw up entrenchments. Our troops throw them over.

NOTHING LIKE UNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER.

PEOPLE are constantly complaining to *Punch* of the "airs" of servants in these days. The following genuine letter has been sent him as a choice example of the sort of thing "Missusses" have now to put up with:—

"MADAM,

"IN answer to your letter which I received this morning, I cannot find out any thing in your letter I Object to, neither do I feel doubtfull but what I might give Satisfaction. My wages is £16, all found, including beer. I want to know, Madam, how many sits to late dinner, and what is the third girl, as I should like to feel I could settle after coming so far. Do you have a laid lunch, and all lunch together? Is the House large—as taking House and Parlourwork together, it makes a difference. My Height is pretty fair. I shall wait answer to this. Then I will give you, the address for my references. If there is anything beside you would like to state to me, I shall be much Obliged to you to do so.

"I remain, your Humble Servant.

"P.S.—If I take your situation, I shall expect my expenses paid."

"The audacious hussy!" nineteen Missusses in twenty will after reading this letter burst out.

But is it more than a business-like attempt on the part of one party to a contract to ascertain its conditions, clearly and exactly, before concluding the bargain? For *Punch*'s part, he—being a "Master," and not a "Missus"—would be inclined to augur very favourably of the writer's clear-headedness; would, in fact, call her decidedly a "business-like woman," though her letter, no doubt, reads rather "cool"—not to put too fine a point on it—to the Lady to whom it is addressed. But the sooner Ladies who want servants make up their minds to lay aside the old-fashioned feudal notion that they are a superior order of beings to those who undertake domestic duties in their establishments, and are content to treat with them *de pouvoir en pouvoir*, the better. "To this complexion," as *Hamlet* says, "they must come." *Punch* can't hope to "make them laugh at that," unless it be on the "grin, and bear it" principle. But let them ask themselves if it isn't the fact—pleasant or not.

(*Punch* would like to know, how a Mistress as capable in her upper or drawing-room sphere, as the writer in her lower or kitchen range, would answer this letter?)

Only Natural.

"It was proposed to send a regiment of Irish Guards, officered by Home-Rule Members, to Zululand. If it went there, it might fight on the wrong side."—Mr. PARNELL at Glasgow.

SURE, PARNELL's up to snuff, if he choose,
And his Home-Rule boys ne'er will prove laggards;
But what would be the odds 'twixt Zulus
And out-and-out *rââl* Irish blackguards?

COMMON FORM OF AN ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT ACT.—Painting a replica of your own picture.

THE RORKE'S DRIFT ROLL-CALL.

"AN Officer" writes to *Punch*—

"In your Cartoon, of March 22, you, as worthy head of the Army, thank Lieutenants CHARD and BROMHEAD for their heroic defence of Rorke's Drift. In the background are seen some men of the 24th Regiment, and scattered about are quantities of Commissariat Supplies. Cannot you find some corner for a memorial to the only officer who was killed that night while gallantly doing his duty, Assistant-Commissary BYRNE? Should you ignore the only officer severely wounded, to whom all were indebted for his advice and skill in turning his supplies of flour and biscuits into parapets—Assistant-Commissary DALTON? Or the young officer who gained the admiration of all by erecting the last defence under a heavy fire, Assistant-Commissary DUNNE? Or Surgeon REYNOLDS, who only laid on one side his rifle to attend to the wounded?"

Punch only wishes his Cartoon was as large as his gratitude, in which case he would certainly have found room not only for these gallant officers—combatant or non-combatant, who assisted in the defence of Rorke's Drift—but for every man who piled a biscuit-box, fisted a mealie-bag, levelled a rifle, or plied a bayonet on that memorable night. But pages have their limits, though gratitude has none, and so *Punch* and his artist have been fain to lump under the names and presents of the most prominent leaders of that noble defence all the officers and men who contributed to it, in their several ranks and capacities. He rejoices that "An Officer's" letter, in mentioning many of these names, secures a record of them in his immortal pages.

A BACKER FOR BLACKIE.

IN these anti-slavery days all are bound to hail BLACKIE as a man and a brother. The Professor, most strenuous of "poor scholars" with the begging-box (that time-honoured article of the scholar's equipment) has raised an annual £300 to remove the opprobrium of Scotland—with its four Universities and never a Professor of the Celtic family of speech, the tongue which, if Erse erudition and enthusiasm may be trusted, Adam spoke in Paradise, and which has now been mysteriously relegated to what some will consider the other earthly extreme—the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Highlands, Man, and Brittany. Even taken together, these rugged regions can hardly be considered a fair equivalent for the Garden of Eden, with its apple and its pair.

The Professor now asks the Treasury to supplement the annual £300, raised by his earnest and energetic appeals, with another hundred, to complete a decent stuffing and lining for a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh. Not even the most enthusiastic and modest of Celtic scholars can be expected to sit comfortably on less than £400 a-year.

It is a reasonable request, and should and will, we hope, be granted. Lord BEACONSFIELD is bound to feel for BLACKIE. Both are the prophets and poets of a decried and down-trodden race, and BLACKIE's Celtic *protégés* have quite as much a right to their Professor as BEACONSFIELD'S Semitic ones.

THE KHEDIVE'S LITTLE GAME.—Spoiling the Egyptians.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HAT a *reductio ad absurdum* of our high scientific system of Naval armament! when—

Monday, March 17 (Lords)—the Duke of SOMERSET showed what, with his usual coolness and clearness, the wholesale destruction of life on board the *Thunderer* has shown quite as clearly, if

not quite as coolly, already, that with our complicated and costly gigantic guns, hydraulic loading, electric firing, and turret-mounting arrangements, nothing is more likely than that the tell-tales may not tell their tales, the recording apparatus may not act, the electric-firing machinery may miss fire, the hydraulic rammers may not ram, and the hydraulic washers may not wash, with the result of blowing ship and crew to smithereens. To prevent this upshot of scientific progress, we have to depend on the perfect working of a great variety of most elaborate and intricate appliances of steam, electricity, and mechanism, under a complicated system of signals, worked by three sets of men, out of sight and hearing of each other. The wonder would seem to be, not that accidents *do* happen in the best regulated turret-ships, but that they don't.

LORD ELPHINSTONE was eminently candid and clear in his account of how we load and fire now, and the way in which the accident had probably come about, according to the unanimous conclusion of a pre-eminently scientific Committee. The only difficulty of the Committee would seem to have been to choose, among the vast variety of ways in which the accident *might* have happened, the way in which it most likely *did* happen—at least according to the best of their judgments—viz. because a second charge was rammed down before the first was fired off. Henceforth, it is satisfactory to be assured that we are going to "search" the gun after firing, to see that it has been fired, and before loading, to see that we are out with the old charge, before we are in with the new. Are we going to trust scientific tell-tales, again, for the intelligence, or is a wretched powder-monkey to be told off, to creep up the gigantic tube reeking



PERMISSIVE SLAUGHTER.

(Five Thousand Shunting Accidents in Five Years!)

First Shunter (with coupling-link, awaiting Engine backing). "I SAW POOR JACK'S WIFE AND KIDS LAST NIGHT, AFTER THE FUNERAL. POOR THINGS, WHAT WILL BE DONE FOR 'EM ! ?"

Second Shunter (at Points). "OH, THE USUAL THING, I S'POSE—COMPANY'S BLESSIN', AND A CHARITY MANGLE!—LOOK OUT, MATE ! SHE'S BACKIN' ! "

with pestilential gases ? A tremendous bore it will be for him, poor little beggar !

"Suppose," BRITANNIA (always disposed to kick at Science) will be apt to whisper to JOHN BULL, "we came back to our honest old hearts of oak, with their plain and primitive broadsides, that never harmed any but an enemy ! "

It really looks rather like it.

If not, as no doubt this unscientific suggestion is not to be listened to for a moment, we shall want another sweet little cherub to sit down below, as well as the one already told off to sit up aloft, "to keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK."

(Commons.)—Mr. CROSS having satisfied himself as to the corroboration of PEACE's confession of the murder of Cock the Manchester Policeman, has released WILLIAM HARRON. He is even going to compensate the Convict, and do what, so far as we know, no Secretary of State ever ventured to do before, compensate as far as money can, for an innocent man's physical, moral, and mental sufferings during two years and eight months; first through accusation, trial, and sentence of death for murder, and afterwards under the commuted mercies of penal servitude. Lucky for the Treasury that WILLIAM HARRON's gauge of compensation is a lower-class one. *Punch* congratulates him on his release, and Mr. Cross on the courage of his admission that in such cases compensation is the *least* atonement that can be made.

An Irish free fight over the Army Estimates.

Sir P. O'BRIEN and Mr. O'DONNELL exchanged several rounds. Sir PATEICK suggests a Regiment of Irish Guards. *Punch* hails the idea. Is there not the Major to the fore—ready made? For the Colonels, why should not all the eligible candidates take the sod for it, in the good old Milesian fashion? The great difficulty would not be about officers—that would be an *embarras de richesses*—but about the rank and file. Of course if Messrs. PARNELL and BISGAR are to have anything to do with it, the Regiment will be disciplined

on Home-Rule principles, and "treading on the tail of me coat," will be a leading manoeuvre.

In the meantime, the Irish Guard on Monday confined itself to protecting the British purse in the interests of Ireland, and wasted as much of the night as was devoted to Supply in resisting the demand. However, for once, PARNELL spoke to the purpose, and practically rebuked that irrepressible obstructor, Mr. O'DONNELL.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD administered a sharp rebuke to Lord TRURO for asking whether the Government had duly considered the transmission of the Queen's message of sympathy with, and confidence in, Lord CHELMSFORD and his troops, and whether they concurred in it. The message, Lord BEACONSFIELD said, was *not* an expression of unlimited confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, but of sympathy first, and then of confidence in the South African Commander and his men to maintain Her Majesty's name and honour. This message, like any other public act of the Sovereign, had been sent on the responsibility of Her Majesty's Ministers. To delay it would have been to deprive Her Majesty's act of the spontaneous grace of consolation.

Lord TRURO was thankful for the explanation, even at the cost of his wigging.

(Commons.)—But to show how differently the game of question and answer is played in Lords and Commons, Sir R. FEEL, on asking the same question as Lord TRURO, was informed by Colonel STANLEY that he alone was solely responsible for transmission of Her Majesty's message, which he had forwarded without consulting his colleagues.

We leave our readers to reconcile these answers. No doubt the Queen's message was the spontaneous result of Her Majesty's kindly and natural desire to comfort a General under defeat, and troops under disaster; and was neither meant to express any opinion of the General's merits, nor to forestall the conclusions nor impede the action of the Government in relation to him and his command.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT may be congratulated on having wrung from the Government their slow leave for a Select Committee to inquire into the Wine Duties. An alcoholic test on the twenty-six degree scale, argued the able Member for Oxfordshire, was untenable—did not keep out brandied wines, and stood in the way of natural ones. Spain had good ground of complaint. We had handicapped her sherry, and high differential duties on British goods were a natural retort.

Mr. BOURKE gave, at great length, all the reasons against any change in the mode of levying the Wine Duties or any expectations of benefit from such change, and concluded, with odd official logic, by granting the Select Committee.

Mr. M'IVER tried to extract a little Protectionist capital out of the concession.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER would not allow any such inference, and hoped the inquiry would be into the Wine Duties, and those only.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER repudiated any intention of initiating any change in our established commercial policy. If we were about to take a leaf out of the book of Spanish policy, it would be only for the purpose of tearing it up.

Mr. DELAHUNTY gallantly charged the House on his currency-hobby, and just cleared a Count-Out to find that he was to be allowed a "walk over." The House accepted his Motion, "That a free circulation of specie currency, with a free and adequate circulation of paper currency convertible into specie on demand, is necessary for the promotion and development of manufacture, commerce, and trade;" all which, though the House most potently believes, yet holds it not necessary to have it so set down, seeing that nobody doubts or disputes Mr. DELAHUNTY's pompous platitude.

Still-born.—Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH moved his County Boards Bill, which, framed with the laudable desire of pleasing everybody, of course pleases nobody. *Punch* need not discuss it, as it has not the remotest chance of ever becoming law. A real County Representation Bill is too big a birth for a dying Parliament.

Wednesday.—Another Ministerial concession: Scotch Hypothec—the aggravated form of English Distraint—doomed at last. The Government, with an eye to Scotch Elections in general, and Midlothian in particular, not only allows, but supports the Second Reading of Mr. VANS AGNEW's Bill.

Lord ELCRO attempted to rally the English landlords to the rescue, on the plea that if Hypothec goes, Distraint will follow. He tries to make out, by some mysterious process of reasoning, that Hypothec is for the good of Scotch small tenants. As, however, all Scotch tenants, small and big, are against it, no wonder Lord ELCRO talked to empty air as well as empty benches.

Thursday (Lords).—Vivisection of Medical Acts by Medical Corporations. They have forced in a provision that even after a student has passed examination application for a diploma must precede registration—though if the application be refused, registration must be granted. A most ridiculous concession to the Medical Corporations, but introduced, as the Duke of RICHMOND explained to the Marquis of IRVING, at their demand, and *Punch* is forced to infer mainly from jealousy of feminine practitioners.

(Commons).—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pleaded to Honourable Members in *misericordiam* to postpone their Motions for this night only, or really the Government and the Treasury would have to stop the supplies or antedate the Appropriation Act.

Of course Honourable Members were compliant, there being, happily, no Irish notice on the list.

In answer to Mr. BRIGHT's questions, Sir STAFFORD had to own that Canada was about to pass from the dominion of Free Trade and common-sense to that of Protection; and that poor old Mother-Country can do nothing—however much she might have to say—to stop her headstrong child. You'll have to take down the old sword again, JOHN. *Punch* gives you his blessing in this week's Cartoon.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved his little Bill to meet the great evil of Corrupt Practices at Elections. He goes on the happy principle of meddling with nothing that can be staved off, of existing evils choosing the least, and to them applying the least drastic remedies.

Among one of the most objectionable electioneering manœuvres is the conveyance of electors to the poll, as to which the law is uncertain. This the Bill leaves untouched.

Sir C. DILKE, Mr. GORST, Sir H. JAMES, and a host of less conspicuous Members, urged settlement of the law on this ambiguous question, and Sir CHARLES even moved a Resolution, which was defeated by 138 to 89. Second Reading was ultimately carried by 118 to 6, in utter indifference of all who take any active interest in the matter, and therefore little or none in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's poor little Bill.

Friday (Lords).—One of those pleasant pictures, *en noir*, which the Duke of SOMERSET has such a gift in painting. This time the subject was Famagosta—the old port of Cyprus.

Lord SALISBURY tried to throw in a few light touches by way of relief, but without much effect. Plague and Pestilence seem the present representatives of the island, vice Venus vanished.

(Commons).—A talk of the barristers over Sir HENRY JAMES'S scheme for strengthening our judicial system, by utilising the Judges on the one-horse principle, and by improving Provincial arrangements. Sir HENRY suggests Local Bars and Permanent Sittings at four of our principal country centres. As a rule, Lawyers don't like this.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL jaunty and *dégradé* as usual—

Reform's a jest, and all things show it;
I always thought so, now I know it.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.



CENE.—*The Interior of a School Room under the London School Board. Enthusiastic Teacher discovered with newly assembled Pupils.*

Teacher. Now that this handsome and commodious school-house, with its very complete and costly school apparatus, is at last completed, I am glad to meet my classes. We will lose no time in getting to work. Our first lesson will be in English History. We will waive the Prehistoric early British and Saxon periods for the present, and commence our studies with the Norman Conquest. Who can tell me anything about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

First Pupil. Please, Teacher, here's a cove at the door as says he wants to see you.

Teacher. "Person," not "cove," and "who" not "as." (Pupil stands corrected.) Let him come in. (Enter Upholsterer's Foreman with Assistants.) Well—what do you want, my man?

First Man. There's something wrong about the money for these here benches and black-boards and things. The Guvn'or says I'm to take 'em back—so look alive, mates.

[With the aid of his men removes all the seats, and the complete and costly apparatus, and exit.]

Teacher (cheerfully). Annoying, but we must make the best of it! Happily we can sit upon the desks, and for a black-board I must make shift with the back of a door. And now to resume our historical studies. What can any boy tell me about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

Second Pupil. Please, Teacher, it's so jolly cold, we can't tell you nothink about nobody. We're a-starving. Please mayn't we have a fire?

Teacher. Fire? Certainly. Why haven't they lighted it, I wonder? In the heat of my enthusiasm I had not noticed the omission. What ho! within there! (Enter Charwoman.) Woman, why is not the fire lighted?

Charwoman. Please, Sir, there ain't no coals and no wood. Somebody's been round and stopped 'em. The party said as how the Board was ever so much short with the coal merchant, and as how he wasn't a-going to stand another sack till he got his money.

Teacher. Cool on his part, and on ours. Boys that have overcoats put 'em on. The rest can run about outside, in detachments of ten, for a quarter of an hour in succession.

Pupils. Hooray!

[Exit first detachment, joyously.] *Teacher* (cheerfully). Meanwhile, our work and our great-coats together must keep us warm. So, once more, what can any boy tell me about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

Third Pupil. Please, Teacher, here's another lot of eoves wants to speak with you.

Enter Second Upholsterer's Man with Assistants.

Second Man. Very sorry to trouble you, Mister, but Master says that we didn't ought to have left these here desks without the money.

Teacher. That's not my business. Your Master should have sent in his account to the School-Board.

Second Man. He have done that a lot of times. But, bless you! it ain't no manner o' use. He says that there School-Board ain't no better than the "Long Firm," a-gettin' goods on false pretences; and he ain't agoin' to put up with it no longer. So I was to be sure and stand no 'umbug, but if the money wasn't forked out at once, I was to take the goods back again. [Removes the desks, and exit.]

Teacher (with resignation). It is even so! The classes can stand.

(Cheerfully.) But the inconvenience is only for the moment! (Aside.) The School-Board, at any rate, treats its officers with proper consideration. Whatever else may be in arrears, my salary is safe (*joyously*). And to-day is Saturday. Now, for the fourth time, what can any boy tell me about WILLIAM THE CONQUERO?

Fourth Pupil. A telegram for you, Sir.

[Hands in dispatch to Teacher. Teacher (tearing open envelope). What's this? From Assistant-Secretary of the London School-Board! (Reads.) "Very sorry. No money. Salaries unavoidably deferred." Shameful! disgraceful! scandalous!

First Pupil. WILLIAM THE CONQUERO began to reign—

Teacher. Bother WILLIAM THE CONQUERO! We will postpone him and his reign till a future occasion. (Aside.) I must see to this at once. I suppose the Committee of the Teachers' Association will be taking immediate action. I must see the Secretary. (To Pupils.) The School is dismissed—till further notice!

[Pupils cheer, and exit tumultuously. Scene closes in.

A BRITISH FARMER'S THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS.

I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred,"
Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head.
I live quiet and snug, on a sizable farm;
And to never a neighbour I wish any harm.

Time was when, from sunrise till close of the day,
My spirits were good, as I paced the old way.
But nowadays things are unlike what they were.
If they rose from their graves, how our fathers would stare!

I once loved the life of a Farmer, but now
I'd as lief be a bullock, or horse at the plough;
Yes, as well be a turnip, kohlrabi, or swede,
As go on a leading the life that I lead.

I remember the time when tight breeches and boots
Was a good enough dress for a grower of roots:
My father afore me, and his afore him,
Would have scorned to have put pantaloons on a limb.
But my Missus, says she, on one Sunday last year,
"You can't go to Church in those garments, my dear.
No, JOHN, I insist, to your room you'll go back,
And put on a suit of respectable black."

So now every Sunday I walk by her side,
As black as a Bishop, to humour her pride.
My feelings, of course, I endeavour to smother;
For when Madam says one thing, who dare to say t'other?

My daughters, Miss EMILY, SUSIE, and FANNY,
Have all been to school, and have learnt the Piany;
And what with their music, fine dresses, and learning,
Won't tuck up their sleeves to do washing or churning.

My boys, TOM and DICK, ride in patent top-boots,
And no bacey will touch but cigars and cheroots;
At a glass of good beer they turn up their nose,
For French stuff as sour as 'twere brewed out of sloes!

In long Ulster coats, like the men in the ark,
They run up to town on the "spree," and the "lark:"
The money they spend on their pleasure, I'm sure,
Had better be spent on the farm in manure.

Then the taxes and rates! Win, or lose, all the same,
There's the Income-Tax Paper—I call it a shame:
Nay, it's worse than a shame, darned if 'tisn't a sin,
To take Income-Tax out, when there's nought coming in!

Two guineas a quarter's the price of good wheat;
The market is full of American meat:
Says my landlord, "If barley and wheat doesn't pay,
Turn ploughland to grassland, and cultivate hay."

But I think of the days which won't come back again,
When a farmer could get a good price for good grain;
When taxes and rates were what folk could afford,
And we didn't build schools just to please the School-Board.

I know what I'll do, I'll just pack up my kit,
Sell my stock to my landlord, give notice to quit,
And take children and wife—(though perhaps they won't come)—
Across the Atlantic to seek a new home.

Yes, I'm off, bag and baggage! I'm tired o' taxation,
Free-trade, strikes, and unions, and co-operation.

So I'll start for New York by the very next mail,
And good-bye to Old England, roast beef, and good ale!

* * * * *

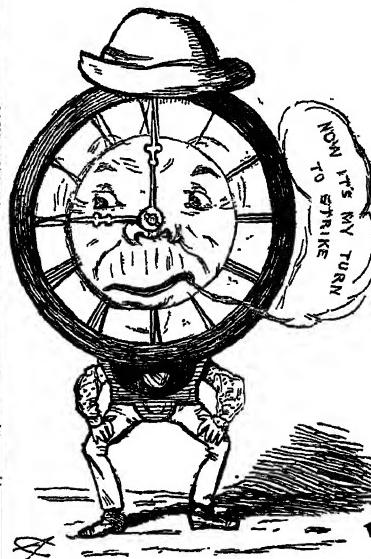
Wait a bit! Like a farmer, my growl I have had,
About all I see going, or gone, to the bad,
But now my growl's over, to own I am free,
Though things may be bad, that still worse they might be.

We've had three hard years; but how do I know
But next year may be good, and pay all the three owe?
I don't like high rates and School-Board education;
But I daresay it's all for the good o' the Nation.

My Landlord's a tramp, and my Missus she suits,
Though she hasn't good taste in the matter o' boots.
My children, no doubt, are too fine for their Dad,
But young 'uns are young 'uns, and ours ain't so bad.

Old England has faults; but, from all that I hear,
There are things in America wonderful queer:
So I'll sing "*Rule, Britannia!*" and drink "*Speed the Plough!*"
And stick to the Farm, as we've stuck to till now.

PRESS REGULATIONS FOR OFFICERS COMMANDING ARMIES IN THE FIELD.



1. The General shall on no account fight a battle without first giving the representatives of the Press fair notice, with a sketch of his plan of attack, so that Correspondents may have reasonable time to telegraph the details to their respective papers.

2. The General shall invariably consult Special Correspondents in camp on the time most convenient to them for opening action. It will be obvious that, unless this be done, a great deal of expense and trouble may be caused in the London newspaper offices.

3. No telegram shall be sent by the General to the Government without being first submitted to Special Correspondents.

4. The General should see that Special Correspondents are treated with

the utmost consideration, and that no invidious distinction is made between them and combatant Officers. Guards should turn out to them, and they should have the first choice of quarters.

5. Any Officer venturing to cut or cold-shoulder a Special Correspondent, shall be immediately tried by drum-head court-martial.

6. The preparation of despatches shall remain in the hands of the General, subject to the control of the Special.

7. The General should be very cautious in allowing persons of military training to act as Special Correspondents, as they are apt to be biased by professional prejudices and prepossessions. Civilians are likely to bring the freshest eye and mind to manoeuvres and other matters of a technical character.

Railway and Social Synonyms.

'Traction Engines.—Too many Girls of the Period.
Truck-Trains.—Most Marriage Processions at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Continuous Brakes.—Average Lodging-house Attendance.
Changing Lines.—What often we see after the Honey-moon.
Shunted on to a Siding.—Paterfamilias when Baby appears.

The Statue of Livingstone.

Unveiled in St. George's Square, Glasgow.

Will the dead marble make him wider known;
Or can it longer live than LIVINGSTONE?



ÆSTHETIC DISENCHANTMENTS.

LUCY HAS POSED THE LITTLE RUSTIC MODEL, AND MARY, MAUD, AND MADELINE SIT, PENCIL IN HAND, READY TO CATCH AND TRANSFER TO PAPER THE CHILD'S EXPRESSION OF WONDERMENT AND DELIGHT AS IT LISTENS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS LIFE, TO THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

Lucy. "Now, DARLING, PUT THE PRETTY SHELL TO YOUR EAR, AND HARK TO WHAT IT SAYS!"
Rustic Model. "LOR! IS THAT ALL! WHY, A BEER-JUG CAN DO THAT!"

THE OLD SWORD.

I LITTLE thought to take you down, old Sword, from well-earned rest,
Under the brave old banner, beside the old "back and breast"—
Weapons at once and trophies of well-fought fields of old,
When hair was dark, and blood was hot, that now are grey and cold.

There's your armour, my old Captain and comrade brave and true,
With the dints of fight upon it, bidding old days live anew,
When side by side, and sword by sword, we smote their men of war,
And drove Protection's serried ranks before us fast and far.

The Free Trade flag above our heads, our good blades strong of sway,
That through the foemen's fence and force sheared on their forth-right way,
Bore down their facts and figures, and their fallacies clave through,
And o'er the strong set up the weak, and o'er the false the true.

Till their Captains called a parley, and their garrisons gave in,
And through the land there seemed for us no victory left to win;
And when the great Chief, that had led their battles long, came round,
And was proud to wear our colours, and took up our fighting ground—

And when not only England through, but far across the sea,
All used our watchwords, flew our flag, and swore our men to be,
No wonder that we deemed our cause was won, our warfare o'er,
And no need to buckle breast-plate, or handle broadsword more!

But lo, now the malignants lift up their heads again,
I always said the serpents were only scotched not slain.
Hark! far and near their hiss I hear, their rattle sounds afar;
They have hoarded up their venom, and their cry again is war.

And he is gone, my Captain, my comrade true and tried,
That with me bore the burden of those battles side by side,

And he, too, the great Chieftain, that to our cause came in,
While still was many a stroke to strike, and many a hold to win.

And I am left alone, and old, and my blood keeps no more
The hot and heady current that it kept in days of yore;
The sword is sharp as ever, but the arm is not the same,
That through the foemen's thickest cloud let daylight where it came.

But old or young, and strong or weak, for the fight I still am fain;
And my sharp sword, clear of rust and dust, in front shall gleam
again,
While there are lies to level and fallacies to floor,—
Up, fair old flag! out, brave old blade!—our warfare was not o'er.

The Ends of Cremation.

THE deputation of the Council of the Cremation Society that bespoke the HOME SECRETARY, the other day, on behalf of the process which they propose to substitute for interment, informed the Right Honourable Gentleman that their objects were purely sanitary, social, and scientific. A suitable legend, therefore, for the Cremationists would be the "Three S's."

Tempora Mutantur.

WITH tilt and tourney Kings of old
Graced cities on their journeys;
But now see Belgium's king enrolled
In Turners' ranks—not tourneys'!

WUT FOR SCOTCH WAGS.

SOME call the Law of Hypothec the Scottish Lien. Should it not rather be called the Scottish Bore?



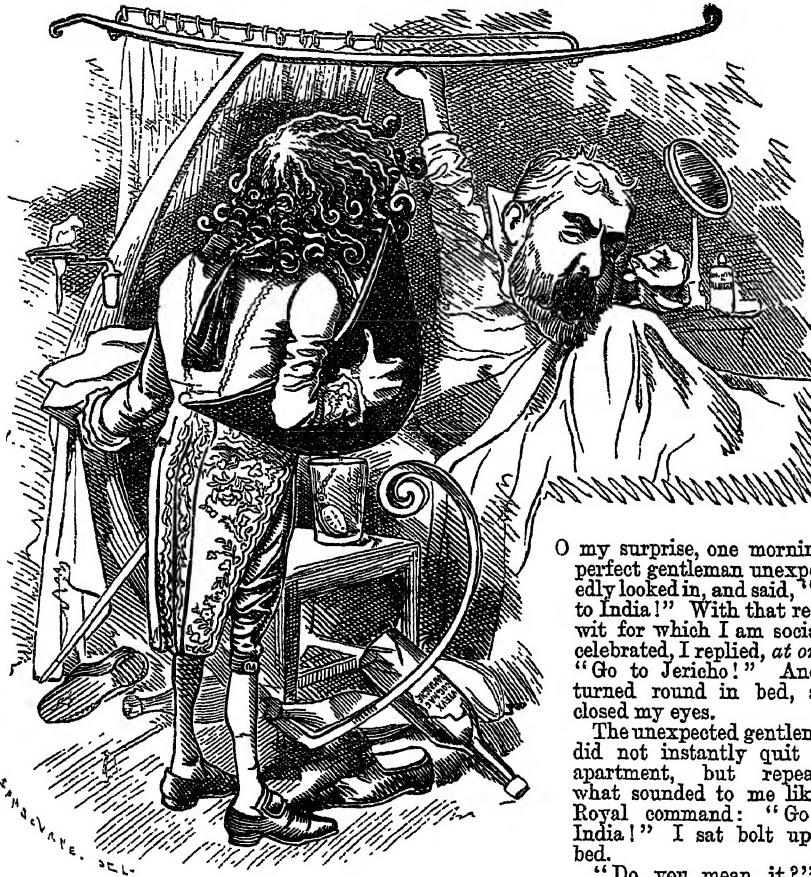
THE OLD SWORD.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory. How the Artist-Author was summoned to the great work.

O my surprise, one morning a perfect gentleman unexpectedly looked in, and said, "Go to India!" With that ready wit for which I am socially celebrated, I replied, at once, "Go to Jericho!" And I turned round in bed, and closed my eyes.

The unexpected gentleman did not instantly quit my apartment, but repeated what sounded to me like a Royal command: "Go to India!" I sat bolt up in bed.

"Do you mean it?" I asked, just giving a sidelong glance to see what was handy

to throw at him, in the way of a bootjack or slippers, should he reply in the negative.

"Mean it!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless you, I come from—" Here he lowered his voice, and pronounced a name that I never hear without taking off my hat (if on) and bowing profoundly. When my hat is not on, I act as the inspiration of the moment may suggest. In this instance I had *not* got my hat on—a statement which, without going into details, will not surprise the majority of my readers.

"Go to India," he repeated, "and paint everybody."

"What colour?" I asked, gradually awaking to a sense of the reality of the situation, and attempting to evince the liveliest interest in his communication.

"Any colour you like," he returned, "provided you show they are not so black as they've been hitherto painted."

"Yours to command!" I replied.

But here I pulled myself together, for I was very nearly dropping off to sleep again—and, indeed, I had been up late at the Rumpsteak Club the night before, and wasn't quite myself, though very little of anybody else. However, as I've said, I pulled myself together, and asked,

"Why to India?"

"Because," answered the Envoy Extraordinary, "you'll find plenty of subjects there."

"Yes," I returned, my ready wit as bright and bubbling as ever, though only 10:30 A.M., and I had been sparkling up to five.—"Yes. I shall find loyal and Imperial subjects. But they cannot be *my* subjects. There must not be an *Imperium in Imperio*."

I felt sure of this quotation, and made it boldly. It awed him, although his name—

Prefatia Note by Editor.—The Editor has great pleasure in announcing to the Public that he has secured the sole right of publishing, under the above admirable title, a series of most deeply interesting papers, illustrated by sketches, taken on the spot, by a gentleman most eminent in the Literary and Artistic world, who, under another *non de plume*, did India during the Prince's visit, and "went for" STANLEY across the Keep-it-Dark Continent. The Editor has the Author's assurance—which ought to go for a good deal, as he has never met anyone with a greater amount of that quality—that these papers are perfectly independent of a book recently published in one imperial quart-o, entitled *Imperial India*, by Mr. VAL PRINSEPS. The Editor took great pains to ascertain this, having been struck by the similarity of the title and the name of the Author, which he is positively informed is the merest coincidence.

which I mustn't mention here in full—did begin with a big big B.

"You will have a number of Commissions," he went on.

"Ah!" I cried, overjoyed with the prospect, for the Army had always been the dream of my youth, and my one regret in life, quite lately, has been, that, somehow or other, I have unconsciously allowed the age of admission to pass unnoticed. Great carelessness on my part. Unpardonable oversight. But now, when the Unexpected Envoy was dazzling me with the prospect of Commissions—not one, but several—so that I might be in the Light Horse, Dark Horse, Mounted Rifles, Infantry, Artillery—anything—all at once, and deeply attached to every staff—then, my heart bounded within me, and holding the bed-clothes tight up to my throat, so as not to catch cold, I inquired, "And to how many uniforms shall I be entitled?"

"As to that," answered the Envoy, blandly, "you can please yourself."

"Hear! hear!" I replied from under the bed-clothes, for I began to find sitting up rather cold to the back.

"And when will you go?" he asked.

"As soon as possible," I replied, "if you'll have the goodness to clear out."

"Good!" he said. Then partially re-opening the door, to put in his head, he inquired—

"You will go to India?"

"Not till I've been to Bath," I returned; as, suiting the action to the word, I bounded from the spring mattress, and took one magnificent header into the plunge—twelve feet deep by eighteen broad—which I have lately had fitted up at the end of the bedroom in my new house.

And there I splashed about with a "three-man beetle" power. For with my treble qualifications—Painting, Literature, and the Drama—and my bass voice, I am as good as three single gentlemen rolled into one. I am big-hearted and broad-shouldered. I am a jolly companion every bit of me; and so I sing out, as I roll about my marble bath, and dive under the marble arch, and come up again like a Triton—

Rub a dub dub!

Three men in a tub!

The Dramatist, Painter, and Jolly Bookmaker! And if I could make a book on the Derby, why not on the Durbar? So, with another splash and a dash, out I come like Phœbus, the Sun-god, beaming after the thunders of a raging tempest.*

Then I turned to with my towels; while one of my valets, who is always on the alert for this particular moment, brought me my coffee and buttered muffins; after which, in due course, my other fellow—both equally well trained—followed with my pipe—the "judicious Hooker," as I always say to any appreciative friend who has never heard the joke before.

"Yes," I murmured to myself as I sat on my divan—I always sit on my *divan* after my *dive-in*—(this sets a table in a roar—warranted side-splitter)—"Yes, my boy" (to myself) "you will go to India; for what's to 'inder yer from going?" (I've tried this side-splitter fifty times in fifty different places, and it has never once missed fire. *Never!*)

When I was dressed in my velvet morning lounging-suit, I found the Envoy Extraordinary in my studio. He did not expect me so soon, and having got my box

* *Note to Editor.*—No extra charge for classical allusions.

Editor (to F. P.).—All right. Like 'em. Not too many.—Yours, Eb.



DIVERSION OF DRILL.

Jack Dragoon (who has made a miss). "I SAY, BILL, THAT LAST SHOT OF MINE IS LIKE DEFERRED PAY—'GONE INTO THE BANK, AND 'DIVEL ONLY KNOWS WHEN IT 'LL COME OUT AGAIN!"

of paints, was amusing himself on a blank canvas by sketching what I saw was intended for a head of a great political opponent.

"That," I said, laughingly, absolutely chucking him one of my brightest gems of wit, "is a deep satire."

He stared. He wished to be informed "in what way a satire?"

"Why," I answered, "you should call the picture "*The Coming Election*." And I added, pointing to the outline of W. E. G.'s cranium, "There you have your adversary's poll—and a blank *canvass*!"

The Envoy was staggered. He grasped my hand warmly; tears were in his eyes. "May I," he exclaimed in a voice broken by the deepest emotion—"May I—use—that—*bon-mot*?"

Terms were soon arranged—limited, of course, by time. He was to use it in England, till I returned from India; so if anyone has heard it before, this will explain.

"And now," said he, "to business!"

"Volontiers!" said I, with that fluent command of the French language which is at once the surprise and delight of my friends, and the charm of my personal intercourse.

Whereupon he took his seat, and pulled out his note-book.

Here endeth the First Chapter.

DEVELOPMENT.

(*Being University Intelligence of the Future. See Recommendations of Cambridge Board of Classical Studies.*)

THE Layard Professor will commence his Summer Course of Lectures on Babylonian Bricks among the Mounds of Kouyunjik on the first day of the October term. Members of the University wishing to attend are requested to call with their portmanteaus, tents, Cook's coupons, and doctors' certificates on the Professor at Downing College, not later than the first of April.

The subject for the Panathenaic Prize is "The Nursery Rhymes of the Early Runic Races." Candidates will be expected to have written not less than two works of European reputation on the Archaeology of the Prehistoric Period, and must not have exceeded their seventeenth term of residence.

The Regius Professor of Practical Mythology will continue his course of Lectures on "The Domestic Arrangements of the Demi-

gods," immediately after the commencement of the approaching term.

The Vice-Chancellor's Prize for a Poem in Tamil, subject "Twixt Weeds and Woe; or the Seductive Suttee," open to Heads of Houses, has been awarded to himself.

At the Congregation on Thursday next, a Grace will be offered for the appointment of a Syndicate to consider the advisability of making a six months' residence in the immediate neighbourhood of Stonehenge, and a thorough familiarity with the administrative system and ceremonial of the Druidic Church compulsory on all candidates for Honours in the History Tripos.

The Examination for the ancient Egyptian light-literature Tripos will commence on the Fifth of November next. Mummies, Sarcophaguses, Papyri, Sepulchral images, and other illustrative material, to be left at the Senate House not later than the commencement of the Dog-days.

QUEEN'S PARDON.

(To WILLIAM HABRON, March 17, 1879.)

True Justice. "Queen's Pardon!" What do these words signify? *Legal Justice.* Mere form,—a pardon from the QUEEN. *True Justice.* Indeed!

HABRON lay What signifies a pardon from the QUEEN

To one who's innocent?

Legal Justice (in explanation). 'Tis her prerogative To temper justice with the balm of mercy.

True Justice (indignantly). Nay! here's no "tempering justice."

HABRON lay

Condemned unjustly,—what you call "Queen's Pardon"

Is simply Reparation for Injustice.

Queen, Witnesses, Judge, Jury—all alike,

Need "HABRON's Pardon" for this fearful wrong!

COLONISTS AND CAFFRES.

A PANIC appears to have been excited at Natal by the prospect of a possible Zulu invasion. It is to be wished that the people of Natal had the proper spirit and ability to defend their *natale solum*.



DESCENDING FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

Young Lady (who has never travelled by this Line before). "Do you go to Kew Gardens?"

Booking-Clerk. "SOMETIMES ON A SUNDAY, MISS, ON A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON!"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVII.

Madame—Guests—Boy—Conversation—Dinner—Grumble Again—Pleasure.

MADAME de BRESLIN is a quiet, elegant lady, above the middle height. Perhaps the idea arises in my mind from Mrs. POUND's story, but I fancy I remark a shadow of melancholy that rests, from time to time, on her handsome features until it is chased away by one of the sweetest and brightest smiles it has ever been my lot to see on the face of woman.

Our company to-night consists of MOSTHYN DICKIE, our host, Madame de BRESLIN and her daughter FLORENCE, Mr. MCANISTER, a Scotch gentleman evidently retired from some business with money—his own, of course—and not intending to go “book agen”—and a Mr. DENSON, a man about fifty, with his son HORACE, a hand-some lad, dark as a Spaniard, with a half shy, half sulky, dissatisfied air, as though he had been brought down to MeadowSweet Manor much against his will, and would at that moment give a trifle to be

miles away. These two last have arrived only a few hours before myself, and they are leaving to-morrow. MOSTHYN DICKIE possesses, I have always heard, immense influence somewhere—where, I do not know; but within the first few minutes of our meeting in the drawing-room Mr. DENSON has informed me, more or less confidentially, that he is looking out for something for his boy,—I find he is always “looking out for something for his boy,”—and that MOSTHYN DICKIE has promised to do all he can for him; “And,” he adds mysteriously, as though I were, of course, in the secret, “you know he can do *something* in a certain quarter.” Here he waggles his hands, and nods his head at me like one of the German figures on the top of a bon-bon box. Being evidently supposed to know all about it, I nod and waggle back again, completing the resemblance, on my part, to the bon-bon box figure by observing a discreet silence.

Mr. DENSON goes on to inform me, quite gratuitously, that his boy has had an excellent education, and I catch myself replying, “Indeed!” in a surprised tone, which implies that I should not have gathered the fact from the youth's manner and bearing.

“He was at Eton,” says his father, proudly.

“Near Eton,” interposes his son, sullenly, and with marked emphasis.

“Well,” his father resumes, a trifle abashed, but maintaining a smiling countenance, “at a most excellent school near Eton, where they pursue the Eton system, and have matches like the Eton boys, and go on the Eton grounds, and so one really may say he was at Eton.”

Of course I am ready to admit he may *say* anything, but I merely bow politely, and observe, “Yes, naturally,” which seems to chime in quite pleasantly with Mr. DENSON's notions.

“Then,” he continues, finding he has got a listener, “he went to a private tutor's, and then he went abroad—”

“Only Boulogne,” interposes the lad, surly.

“Well,” returns his father, deprecating the interruption, “that is abroad—”

“I don't call it so,” mutters the boy, sulkily, “it's regular English.”

“But it's in France,” answers his father, triumphantly, which statement even his son, whose mission is clearly to gainsay and contradict his parent on every possible occasion, is compelled to allow as being geographically true.

“He has studied for several examinations, but I have come to the conclusion that business is the best thing for him,” says Mr. DENSON, Senior, winding up the subject somewhat abruptly, it having possibly occurred to him that I am about the last person likely to be able to forward his views as to his son's career in this particular line.

The lad is evidently favourable to any scheme not involving an examination. He seems to be scanning me furtively, as though suspicious of my being an Examiner, in disguise, ready to tackle him with a poser at a moment's notice. On being introduced to me, formally, he shakes hands, as though he had not forgotten the time when he used to hold out his palm for the cane, and, after withdrawing it as rapidly as possible, he stands swaying about, scrutinising the carpet, as if to discover some means of slipping suddenly through a hole in the pattern, and so escaping all chance of being tackled with posers. Mrs. BRESLIN comes to our relief. She apologises for being so late, and wonders if Papa is aware of the second bell having been rung.

At this moment Papa himself—MOSTHYN DICKIE—enters in a fuss and a flurry.

“They never told me,” (he stands at the door declaring indignantly)—“they never told me. Not a soul ever came to tell me. My dear fellow,” (this to Mr. DENSON, but addressed to us all as we stand in a semicircle), “I keep a houseful of servants, and not one of them can come and tell me that the dinner is ready!” Then he adds, despairingly, “I don't know what to do! They're all alike!” And, as usual, he throws up his hands, as if life were no longer worth living, and that, all things considered, the best thing to be done is to go to bed and have no dinner.

Mrs. BRESLIN reminds him that the bells rang as usual; but as he replies to this that he didn't hear them as usual, no one ventures to make any further observation.

The waiting staff consists of a butler and two servants. The table is arranged perfectly. But, somehow or another, with MOSTHYN DICKIE nothing is right.

After grace he criticises the *menu*. That's all wrong.

“I told that stupid woman”—he is speaking of the cook—“I told her not to give us a *fricandeau*, and she does! I don't know what to do. I can't get what I want! Ah, well, well!” and he tucks his napkin under his chin and takes a spoonful of soup, then pauses, looks round the table, and asks Mr. MCANISTER if he doesn't taste anything curious about the soup?

“No,” Mr. MCANISTER just finds time to gasp, as he is working hard with his spoon. If there is anything seriously wrong with the soup, it's too late for Mr. MCANISTER now; his doom is sealed.

We all pronounce it excellent. Upon which MOSTHYN DICKIE—who is really highly pleased with our verdict, and who would

back his Cook against any in England—assumes an air of astonishment and pity, and says, "Well, I don't know. I hope it's all right. But sometimes it's too hot, and sometimes it's too cold; and one evening it's flavoured with this, and then with that—I can never depend on her. That's where it is," he concludes, with sad and solemn emphasis; "*I can never depend on her.*" With which melancholy confession he sets himself steadily to his soup, with the air of a man nobly determined to fulfil an unpleasant duty; and drain the cup of misery, so to speak, to the last dreg,—which in fact he does, not leaving a drop in the plate, which he pushes violently away from him, with an air of almost utter abhorrence of the thing before him, and giving vent to an "Ah!" expressive of the deepest disgust, he drinks off a glass of sherry in a twinkling, as though to take a nasty taste out of his mouth as soon as possible, throws himself back in his chair, and looks round in a defiant manner, as though saying, "Come what come may, I'm ready for it, whatever it is!"

THE LORDS ON—NOT IN—LIQUOR.



BEEF as a Lord" should now take the place of "Drunk as a Lord," to judge by the Report of their Lordships' Committee on Intemperance, which is as temperate as Temperance orators and Temperance plans, projects, and proposals are apt to be the reverse. If all the friends of sobriety were as sober in their utterances—if they marshalled their evidence as fully and fairly, and considered their recommendations as carefully as the Lords' Committee seem to have done—Permissive Bills would be nearer passing into Acts, Sir WILFRID's Millennium would be more within reach, and Bands of Hope nearer the heaven of that still deferred hope—a sober community—than they are now.

Among other recommendations of their Lordships' Committee, the most noticeable is a very decided one of the Swedish system, as modified by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Municipalities are to be empowered to acquire

"In the manner prescribed by the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Acts, 1871, the freehold of all licensed premises within their respective districts; and, to purchase by agreement, the existing interest of present licence-holders in leases, goodwill, stock, and fixtures; to carry on the trade for the convenience and on behalf of the inhabitants, but so that no individual shall have any pecuniary interest in, or derive any profit from, the sale of intoxicating liquors; to borrow for this purpose on the security of the rates, and to carry all profits, after providing for interest and sinking fund, to the credit of the education-rate and the poor-rate in equal proportions. The powers of licensing justices to grant licences to cease on the adoption of the scheme by the town council."

The Birmingham Town Council has shown its willingness to adopt this scheme by 40 to 10. It has been unanimously approved by the Board of Guardians—120 gentlemen in all, representing a population of 400,000. The advantages claimed for the plan are:—

- "1. The control of the local authority over the issue of licences.
- "2. A great diminution in the number of public-houses and an improvement in their convenience, healthiness, and management.
- "3. By the provisos that no individual should derive any profit from the sale of intoxicating drinks, and that the managers should keep a supply of food, tea, coffee, and other refreshments, it is hoped that the present drinking-houses might gradually assume the character of eating-houses and workmen's clubs—places of harmless resort.
- "4. That sound and seasoned spirits, and light, wholesome beer, would be substituted for the raw, deleterious spirits and heavy, unwholesome beer, strongly charged with alcohol, such as are now often supplied.
- "5. The elimination of the influence of the publicans from civic elections.
- "6. As the net results of the change, a diminution in intemperance, a reduction in crime and disorder, and a considerable balance of profit to be devoted to the relief of the local rates."

But even if only a tithe of these blessings followed, the experiment would be worth trying, by any Town Council with faith to make the attempt. Here is Birmingham, bold as the brass in which she works, ready for the adventure.

The old proverb says "one man can take a horse to the water, but

a hundred men can't make him drink." Here are a hundred and twenty men—Town Council and Guardians together—ready to take 400,000 men to the water, and to do their best to make them leave off drinking. This would be another sort of an achievement from making them drink—which has hitherto come but too easy all England over.

SCIENCE AT SEA.

(*A Dream after the Debate on the accident aboard the Thunderer.*) "What would probably occur in action? Is the safety of our sailors and the honour of our flag to be trusted to appliances and machinery that fail even when worked in a quiet and leisurely manner?"—*The Duke of Somerset in the House of Lords.*

SCENE—*An Iron Chamber in the interior of H.M.S. Incubus, prepared for action.* British Admiral discovered at a table covered with scientific instruments, trying to ascertain the position of the enemy by tell-tales with the help of a system of patent refracting and reflecting fifty-four foot binocular telescopes. Superior Officer and Assistants in the dark working automatic electrical combinations of loading, aiming, and firing apparatus.

British Admiral (rising). Yes, Gentlemen, it must be as I said. Something has evidently got in between a couple of the lenses—or a tarpaulin has, with culpable negligence, been left over some of the revolving object-glasses—for I can see nothing.

Superior Officer. Just what happened last Wednesday, Sir. I'm afraid the patent isn't of much use.

British Admiral. I'm afraid not. And just now I should have liked to have known where we are. However, we can't do any harm by opening fire. (*Touches an ivory button.* Several heavy pieces of ordnance go off simultaneously.) Ah! all right this morning! (*Cheerfully.*) Sounded as if every one of them spoke, didn't it?

Superior Officer. I think so, Sir.

British Admiral. What would not NELSON have given to have had such an armament as this under his orders! (*The action continues ten minutes.* A loud explosion is heard.) Dear me! What was that?

Superior Officer. I fancy, Sir, to judge by the concussion, the two eighty-ton guns must have both burst together.

British Admiral. Very likely. Perhaps you had better inquire. What does the automatic communicator say?

Superior Officer. Nothing. The dial hasn't indicated a word since the beginning of the action. It's always serving us just the same nasty trick at practice.

British Admiral. Very awkward—really; for if anything has gone wrong up-stairs, I should like to have sent them a word or two to cheer them a bit. Besides one ought to know what's going on. (*Another explosion occurs.*) There—that sounds like another! (*Nettled.*) But who can learn *anything* down here?

Superior Officer. Perhaps these Gentlemen will be able to give us some information.

The door is burst open. Enter a Foreign Admiral and attendant Officers.

Foreign Admiral. With pleasure! The complications in the machinery of this gallant ship, which I have had the honour of boarding, enable me to claim it as the prize of war, and, at the same time to demand the sword of its distinguished commander. [*Bows.*]

British Admiral (moved). Dear me! Who would have thought things had been going so badly! However, we have one gun left intact, and England never strikes her flag while she has a shot to send home, or a man to discharge it.

Foreign Admiral. The sentiment is creditable; but what are sentiments when your electrical mechanism is defective! It is true I have come in a little wooden gunboat, with one old-fashioned 32-pounder. Still, it can be fired. While your two-hundred pounders, with their automata and their hydraulics—

British Admiral. I see it all. The rammer refuses to work, the recoil is defective, and the sponge washes out insufficiently. There is nothing left but to strike our flag! Take her—she is yours!

[*Hands over his sword and what is left of H.M.S. "Incubus"* to the Foreign Admiral, as *Curtain falls.*]

Port v. Phylloxera.

The devastations of the *Phylloxera* in the vineyards of Portugal are said to threaten to put an end altogether to the production of port wine. Whatever they do, they won't do that, you may be sworn. The *Phylloxera* may destroy all the Portuguese vines, but *Punch* will take odds there is still as much port supplied in England as there is a demand for.

TOAST WITH TEA (for Total Abstainers).—"The *Phylloxera* vastatrix!"

'ARRY ON THE 'IGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.



DEAR CHARLIE,

I'm down in the doldrums;
bin landed, my boy, and no kid.
Never thought to be bowled out so clean
by a petticoat, bled if I did.
Me as done the Don Juan permiskus, a
Ladies' Man down to the ground,
Who could boast of as many *bun four tunes*
as any big Swell knocking round!

You remember my mentioning Loo, 'er
as fadded on pictures and that?
Well, I wasn't much took with the
Lady at first, thought her rayther
a flat;
But, yer see, toddlin' round with a gal
always leads to the old sort o'
lunes,
And, by time she was ready for home,
I began to feel precious like
spoons.

Thinks I—"She has bees in 'er bonnet,
of that there is not the least
doubt,
But when she is once fairly spliced, all
that nonsense can soon be knocked
out.

She is pooty, her gaffer's got tin—mine's dead nuts on the notion. Here goes!"
Yus, that's jest 'ow I argued the matter, and that's 'ow I came to perpose.

I felt certain she'd jump at me, CHARLIE—pops only come once in a while—
But she opens her optics, and skewers her pink lips in a rum sort of smile.
"Why, 'ARRY," she sez, "I shan't suit you; a barmaid is more in your way;
I haven't a taste you can share, and can't understand half what you say."

I thought she was larking, in course, and so tipping my knowingest wink,
Tried a kiss—but it didn't come off; s'helpe me, CHARLIE, the gal seemed to shrink,
Jest as if I was something unpleasant,—me, CHARLIE, the pet o' the fair,
With my handkercher smothered in musk, and fresh lemon-pommade on my 'air!

Yus, she give me the mitten; and why? Jest becos—so I learnt from my dad—
I was not educated enough, but too much of the loud Cockney Cad;
Hadn't neither good sense nor good feeling, was spoilt by cheap scorn and low
slang.

And—but there, that's enough of 'er rot. I 'ave done with 'er—let 'er go 'ang!

Redikulus, my boy, ain't it? And no doubt you'll be tempted to larf;
But I tell you, dear boy, these 'ere women is getting too uppish by arf.
Education's the curse o' these times; real smartness gits shoved to the wall;
And if gals is to go in for learning, we soon shan't be in it at all.

Education? Yahbah! What the doose do we want with yer Science and Art?
The right thing to do with a kid is to bring him up leary and smart.
If a chap knows his way about town, and can balance his betting-book well,
Mathematticks and Jography's rot he may leave to the Sap and the Swell.

As for gals, too much knowledge jest spiles 'em. You teach a mere moke Park—
'ack paces,

And then put the brute in a barrer; it's bound to kick over the traces.

And so, if we men let the women go stuffin' their brain-pans, you'll see
They'll round on us, CHARLIE, they'll round on us, jest as that Loo did on me.

I see it a comin', my pippin, yer Girtons, and Art Schools, and such,
Teach the women to take the men's measure, and that's jest a trifle too much.
Education has spiled all our servants, and now if our sisters and wives
Gets too fine for the fireside and fagggin' we shan't have no peace of our lives.

I don't want a wife as can paint, or pick 'oles in my grammar; no fear!
But one as can bile a pertater and keep in her own proper spheer.
A gal as 'll larf at my jokes and look up to me. Yes, if I marry,
It shan't be a Loo by a long way—confound her!

Yours shirtily, 'ARRY.

A Smasher.

THE Cobden Club is said to be going to publish a letter written by Sir LOUIS MALLETT to Mr. T. B. POTTER, M.P., on "Reciprocity"—of course in confirmation of that economical heresy. If this letter prove worthy of the writer's name, it will be a regular smasher for the Reciprocitarians, and Sir LOUIS MALLETT will have made himself a name as a *malleus haereticorum*.

Reciprocity might almost be said to be synonymous with pugilism; but reciprocating nations counter with commodities instead of blows, and the Protection involved in it is, at worst, an erroneous theory of the noble art of self-defence.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

To draw the attention of the Theatre-going Public to what is going to happen at the Haymarket Theatre on the afternoon of April 9th.

I've not got anything to say about theatres this week, except to recommend the performance of *The Hunchback* at the Adelphi, where, on Saturdays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, when Mr. HENRY NEVILLE plays *Master Walter*, Mr. VEZIN plays *Sir Thomas Clifford*, and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, when Mr. NEVILLE plays *Sir Thomas Clifford*, Mr. VEZIN plays *Master Walter*. Like *Box and Cox*, Mr. VEZIN (*Box*) is always going up stairs when Mr. NEVILLE (*Cox*) is coming down, or coming down when Mr. NEVILLE (*Cox*) is going up. It is a pity that this variety has not been extended to the remainder of the cast, Mr. FLOCKTON playing *Modus* when Mr. HARCOURT played *Lord Tinsel*, and Miss LYDIA FOOTE exchanging her *Helen* for Miss NEILSON's *Julia*, three days a week.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES's stucco-Shakespearian play is thoroughly popular, not on account of its theatrical "scenes and characters," or its imitation poetry, which never has the ring of the true metal, but by reason of its natural comedy touches in the scenes between *Modus* and *Helen*. Both parts require very delicate handling, or the scenes become coarse: but—how the Adelphi audience, crammed to the ceiling, roared again at these scenes,—how the pit writhed and the gallery laughed. "Gods! how they laughed!" And there is more life in the old *Hunchback* yet than there is in many a better play.

But my special object in writing at all this week is to ask every one who has ever taken any pleasure in the Drury Lane "Annuals" to assist at a special morning performance to be given at the Haymarket, Wednesday, April 9th—notice the date—by way of testimonial to Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, who, besides furnishing Drury Lane with a pantomime for the last—well, I am afraid to say how many years—has been writing about plays, play-writers, and play-actors for nearly half a century, and who, as a critic—

"Compelled by love of Art to damn a play,
Has ever damned it in the kindest way."

He has always detested the sin, but loved the sinner; and while, most undeservedly, suffering pecuniary loss, he has rather chosen to argue hopefully from the certainties of the past to the probabilities of the future, than to dwell on the want of common consideration which he has met with where he should have received substantial expressions of gratitude.

Mr. J. S. CLARK gives the Haymarket Theatre for the occasion. Lord LYTON'S *Money* will be the play, with a very strong cast, and in the Club scene the Club members will be represented by literary and dramatic celebrities. Mr. SANTLEY and Miss POOLE are to sing, and Miss NEILSON is to recite.

Ah, Mr. BLANCHARD, will not "a meeting like this make amends"? I hope so. The good old fashion of "Author's Nights" is exploded—three of them brought GOLDSMITH £500 for *She Stoops to Conquer*, and £400 for *The Good-natured Man*—a custom, to my mind, *not* more honoured in the breach than in the observance, but one which might advantageously (for the Authors) be revived. Let this at the Haymarket be the thin end of the wedge. Instead of "Author's Nights" let us have "Author's Mornings" or "Author's Afternoons"; and then, instead of its being, as some might have thought, "a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance," it would be "his (the Author's) custom always of an afternoon"—and so, with thanks to the Divine WILLIAMS for both quotations, I am, Sir,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

AN EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTIONIST.

A CERTAIN Mr. ARCEULUS, Conservative, summoned the Mayor of Birmingham for having had him turned out of the Town Hall because he persisted in interrupting a Liberal meeting there. What is Mr. ARCEULUS? Judging by his name, a little bow with a Conservative bent.

COSTUMED FOR THE COLD WEATHER.—JOHN BULL, with his Cape on his back!

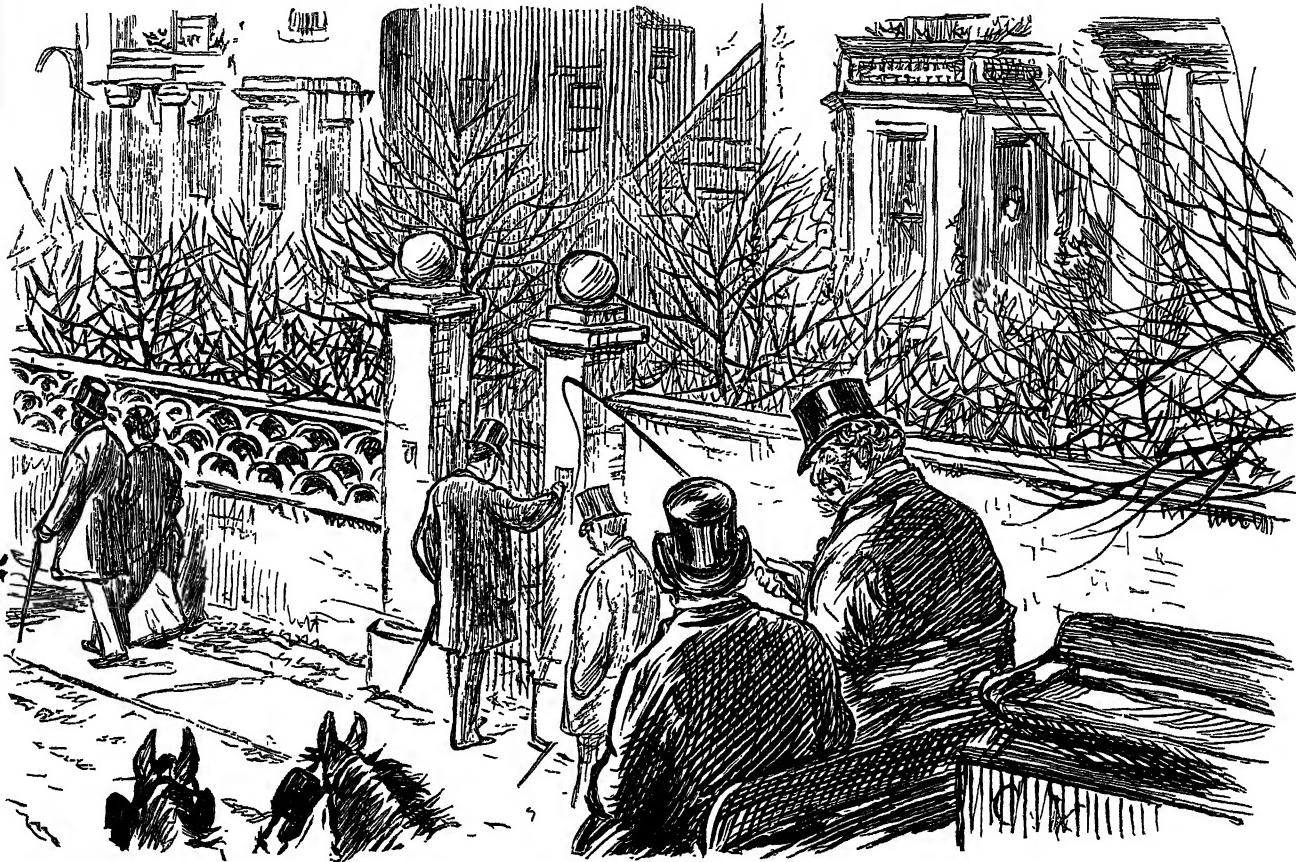
PUNCH'S ACCOUNT OF THE BOAT-RACE—WARRANTED.



A NUMBER of *Punch* published during the Boat-Race week would manifestly be incomplete without some description of the aquatic contest of the Rival Blues. Unfortunately, however, from circumstances over which even the Sage of Sages has no control the account has to be anticipatory. *Mr. Punch* is, therefore, forced to content himself and his readers with a mere sketch of the "event," which can be filled in according to fancy. Perhaps when the race is rowed, the report emanating from 85, Fleet Street, will be found about as novel, as vivid, and as instructive as the records published by most of *Mr. P.*'s illustrious contemporaries.

FULL DESCRIPTIVE, &c., &c., ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT, &c., &c.
(By *Mr. Punch's Own Special, &c., &c.*)

At an early hour London woke in a fever of excitement, &c., &c., to welcome the day sacred to, &c., &c. The Blue Riband of the



THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

Old 'Bus-Driver. "Now, THERE'S A LOT O' NICE GIRLS IN THIS 'OUSE 'ERE O' THE OFF SIDE, SIR. THEIR 'MA DRESSES 'EM OUT, THEIR 'PA DRIVES 'EM OUT, AND I BRINGS 'EM DOWN YOUNG MEN OF A SUNDAY, YOU SEE, AND YET THEY DON'T SEEM TO GO OFF, SOMEHOW!"

Thames has always been the pride, &c., &c. No better proof could be found of the inherent manhood of the English aristocracy than that afforded by the fact that sixteen young *athletes* of her great old Sister Universities should, &c., &c. It has been said that the midnight lamp is neglected for the midday tubbing, &c., &c. On the other hand, statistics prove, &c., &c. Because a man can be the Stroke Oar of his University Eight, or the Captain of his College Eleven, that is no reason why he should not, &c., &c. So the captious critics who cry down muscle as the natural antagonist of brain may yet, &c., &c. OLIVER CROMWELL, &c., &c. Sir WALTER RALEIGH, &c., &c. So the bookish cynic may, &c., &c. Old England is proud of the thews and sinews of Young England, &c., &c.

At any rate London had no scruples, &c., as the morning broke and the early toilers, &c., &c. Those who could snatch a holiday in this busy life of ours, &c., &c. Of course the Ladies mustered, &c., &c. Blonde sisters with brothers up at Oxford, or brunettes with cousins at Cambridge, may have regretted, &c., &c. But for all this, &c., &c., and their eyes, &c., &c., merry laughter, &c., &c. Even the Houses of the Legislature, &c., &c. Here was one who, &c., &c. Near him his great rival, &c., &c. Happy for a day, the thought-worn, &c., &c., who can, &c., &c. Happily the patriotic contests of St. Stephen's do not clash with the strife at, &c., &c. The intelligent foreigner may have lifted up his hands in astonishment as he noticed, &c., &c., honour and strength, &c., &c., manhood and muscle, &c., &c., playing-fields of Eton, &c., &c., Waterloo, British Empire, &c., &c. The river itself was, &c., &c. Boats of all sizes, &c., &c. The barges, of course, &c., &c. But the police are never so popular as when, &c., &c. Before the hour appointed for, &c., &c., a clear course was, &c., &c. It was not a little instructive to watch, &c., &c. Law-loving people. Yes, pessimists may say, &c., &c., but, &c., &c., the Home of Civilisation and the Wonder of the World!

The critical moment now, &c., &c. A boat had been moored, &c., &c. The usual question was, &c., &c. Then, in the solemn hush of, &c., &c., the oars, &c., &c. The enthusiasm, &c., &c. The scene was, &c., &c. Old Blue *athletes*, &c., &c. Young Blue beauties, &c., &c. There was but one opinion, &c., &c.

Off the Soap Works, &c., &c. At Hammersmith Bridge, &c., &c. Before the leading eight arrived at Chiswick, &c., &c. Here a small boat, &c., &c. In vain, &c., &c. But they soon, &c., &c. Under Barnes Bridge they, &c., &c. Here the stroke of the, &c., &c. made one, &c., &c. Up Mortlake Reach, &c., &c. It was very generally remarked, &c., &c. A veteran, &c., &c. Then, as the leading boat dashed past the "Ship," &c., &c., and the all-absorbing event of the day was decided, &c., &c. The banks of the river, so crowded an hour ago, &c., &c.

There was nothing left to remind, &c., &c. Blue flag waving, &c., &c. University Boat-Race of 1879 was a feature of the past, &c., &c., had added another leaf to her laurels!

PROJECTS SUBMITTED TO PUNCH.

(Political, Protectional, Philanthropic, and Pedagogic.)

1. Project for giving popular novelists gratuitous instruction in French and Music.
2. Project for the extermination of all the savage tribes bordering upon the outlying portions of the British Empire, and their subsequent civilisation by the introduction of Christianity and clothing.
3. Project for a universal method by which teachers may be taught to teach, as soon as an agreement can be arrived at by the projectors, whether the capital to be raised for the method shall be invested,
 - (a) In assorted canes and birches, or,
 - (b) In moral influence tracts.
4. Project for compelling railway companies to invent a system of perpetual motion at an incalculable velocity, capable of being at once checked by means of an infallible brake, and to abolish human liability to fatigue or oversight, carelessness, or stupidity.
5. Project to maintain the balance of wealth by filling the pockets of fools who hope to make money with their eyes shut, from the pockets of fools who have no objection to lose money with their eyes open, to be realised by the formation of a Commercial Failure Lottery Company. Capital, eighteen millions, with a carefully devised legal machinery for making away with assets and destroying dividends.

6. Project for clothing the Negro races out of their own wool, and at the same time creating a new branch of manufacture. The Negroes to be driven down to the coast, and sheared at the hatches of the vessels. The wool to be brought to England, woven, made up into dress-suits, returned to Africa, and sold to the Negroes.

Economies.—(1) In cost of raw material; (2) in cost of transport from the interior to the seaboard; (3) in cost of dye, as the raw material is of a natural, agreeable, and fast colour.

Results.—(a) Advance of civilisation by the dissemination of the garments, which are its highest expression in Europe; (b) revival of woollen trade and manufacture.

7. Project for a company to do everybody else's business.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR,

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY

FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER II.

How the Specially-Commissioned received Instructions and went off, and how every one heard the Report—Arrival in India—First Adventure.



"You understand your mission?" said the Envoy Extraordinary, closely scrutinising my jovial and intelligent countenance.

"Perfectly," I replied, slowly puffing my fragrant Khutti. By a mere coincidence I was smoking an Indian pipe.

"The Empire is to be proclaimed," he resumed.

"And with the means at your disposal" (here he pointed to my sketch-book and box of paints) "you will have admirable opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of the populace generally."

"You wish me to draw the natives," I remarked, quietly. This sent him into convulsions.

On his recovery, I continued—

"I cheerfully accept the mission. In the service of my Imperial Sovereign toil is a pleasure. Hitherto I have only taken the beards of 'natives,' henceforth I will take their heads."

And once more he was seized with such writhings of laughter that I thought there wouldn't have been a single button left on his Court suit.

In brief, I arranged terms, to which, as a matter of delicacy, I make no further allusion here, except to say that there was no "promotion money," and that if I am consoled with a baronetey, it will be nothing more than is absolutely due to me; and if I

am not, I shall be compelled to make the whole affair public, and ask whether I have been justly treated. If it's to be an Indian title, I should choose to be Sir RÂL JAM JHOLLYBHOY, of Pum pore. Motto "Sikh Transit."

But to return—or rather to proceed. The terms were arranged—so much down on starting, and so much a head afterwards. I was not to be limited as to heads. Of course, not for one moment did I expect that any difficulty would ever be raised on a point involving my character for honesty and veracity, or I should never have gone.

However, I had been summoned, and when a brave man, and a man, whose word is his bond, is called out,—noblesse oblige,—he must go!

Suffice it, that I went.

The day of my departure from London will always be remembered in the annals of English history, whenever they come to be written by some competent person.

I stepped on the platform, previous to entering the train, and made a few short speeches to the guards and porters, who crowded round to bid me farewell. Then the bells rang out merrily, the signal was given, there was one despairing shriek—whether from the engine, or from someone in the crowd who had fainted—(poor girl!)—I could not stop to inquire. I was away!

"India's mine oyster," I said to myself—not a bad audience for a quotation)—"and I'll astonish the Native in his little bed."

If, in the course of this personal narrative, I am occasionally obliged to speak of myself, the reader will kindly forgive what is almost a necessity laid on me by the nature of the case. I determined to keep a journal, but finding I couldn't keep it, I sent it away, week by week, to a friend in town, from whom I expected to receive it entire on my return. Ah! that friend! First, when I came back, he denied ever having received it at all! But on being informed that a reward would be given for its discovery, he found it himself in a secret drawer, and consented to deliver it to my agent, on condition—first, of my paying the postage, which he declared I had invariably omitted; secondly, of my reimbursing him for his trouble in reading and correcting it; thirdly, for its house-room; fourthly, the wages of an extra man and a boy kept in his house for nearly a year, who had to take it by turns to sit up all night, so as not to miss a post from India; and fifthly, something for himself.

My agent agreed to these terms, and my own MS. once more came into my possession.

The reader will find here no thrilling adventures of the chase—though I was more run after than any Englishman who ever set foot on Indian soil—and but few camel's-hairbreadth escapes by flood and field; though, let me say, in all humility, that what the reader will find here, of this kind of thing, is far more exciting than the narratives of the most daring travellers, and—need I add?—infinitely more trustworthy. PENN went to America—PENCIL went to India. The first was a Quaker; the latter never quaked in his life. I am a jolly fellow, a good fellow, a kind, noble, generous, lion-hearted boy! I have been trained like the hardy Norseman, whose house of yore was on the stormy sea; and there are few things I cannot do thoroughly well, though I must apologise for mentioning these apparently unimportant details. Yet, if I don't, who will?

Not to dwell on personal matters, needlessly, I will simply say that I have seen more of India than any one man ever yet saw who was unable to be in more than two places at once, or who could not avail himself of such opportunities as were offered to me of seeing double.

Quod scribiles, scribiles;—and the terse, emphatic, hearty, impressive, familiar, idiomatic English of my jovial Journal in *Injyable Injia*, the reader will find, as it leaves me at present, unimpaired by time, unpolished by touching-up, unpretentious, unpretending. If, in telling tales out of school—in my time we were whipped for telling tales in school, when we should have been at our lessons—if, I say, in doing this I have unwittingly offended anybody, no matter who She be or He be—(a cup of nectar, Hebe, and forgive yours truly)—I humbly apologise, and hope, as somebody says in some play or other, that "no offence will be taken where none was ever intended."

If I have told how the Rajah of Hellebore poisoned two of his wives, his kind uncle, and a few relations one morning at breakfast, and how, subsequently, he himself nearly died of laughing at the effect of the practical joke on your humble servant (who was unwell for a week afterwards), I have merely repeated what came under my own observation, and what was freely talked about in the society I frequented. Such things as these are not of rare occurrence, and are scarcely considered a secret. However, should this Journal reach the Rajah's eyes—bless 'em!—I hereby apologise and hope he won't mind. He has a strong sense of humour, and no one ever enjoyed my jokes more than the Rajah of Hellebore. In the meantime, when he finds that some of his practical jokes have been made public, he may be encouraged to attempt a more daring flight of humorous fancy, which may bring him under the notice of the Imperial Government.

I have hesitated to print some of these funny stories, of which the above is a specimen, as many of them—such as roasting the Nizam's Grandmother, getting up a match between a Begum and a Bengal Tiger, to amuse me as a visitor, and so forth—were done with the best possible intentions, and my mentioning them again might be considered a breach of hospitality. If it is, I beg pardon; but I am not going back again to India, and I don't care!

As to my spelling, I choose what pleases me, and that's enough. They wanted me to remain in India and be their Draughtsman. But I said "No; I do not want to interfere with native talent; and if you have a draughtsman among you, he ought to be a Black Draughtsman." This was a side-splitter that sent twenty Begums into convulsions, and made two Rajahs roar.

But ring the bell. Up goes the curtain, and discovers Cousin Dick's Diary.

First Day in India.—Hot. Hired a servant. His name is RUMMI. He calls me *Jholi Sahib*. I understand enough Hindostanee, though



having done something wrong, RUMMI disappeared. Epigram on this occasion—

RUMMI cook'd it,
Ate it, hook'd it.

After breakfast, walked about India looking for RUMMI. Sketched a *rajpoot*. Here it is:

This is a mere sketch, but, as I do not profess to be an animal painter, I fancy it would be difficult to find anything by RIVIERE or ANSELL to touch it.

Nearly killed by natives, in consequence of RUMMI's having gone about, everywhere pointing me out as "the man who shot the *rajpoot*," which it seems is the Sacred Bird of a peculiar, but powerful, sect in India. Explained matters to them, but did not dare tell them that RUMMI had eaten it. Raised RUMMI's wages, and he pacified the furious populace by telling them (as he afterwards informed me) that I was a lunatic, and he was my keeper.

In this part of India they hold Lunatics in superstitious reverence, so that it was as much as I could do to escape from the fanatical zeal of the people, who wanted to shut me up in a sort of cage until they had built a temple in my honour—Heaven knows my honour's large enough for the structure—and wished to institute a new form of worship. RUMMI promised he would bring me back at some future date.

Afternoon.—Life unbearable here at present, owing to all the little Indian boys going about crying out, "Who shot the *rajpoot*?" Made friends with RUMMI, and at midnight, having, at an enor-

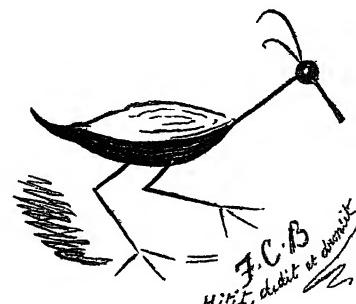
mous expense, secured a *growlah* (a vehicle with four wheels and a horse), we left the town, and took our way towards Pikkah-Deli.

At the last moment, I was very nearly betrayed, for the night-watchman, at the gate, insisted on seeing what was in the *growlah*, besides boxes and packages.

At a wink from RUMMI, I put out my hand with a handsome *tippoo* (or small gift of money) in it, and looking over the top of a box at me, he whispered,

"Who shot the *rajpoot*?"

And so we escaped, and I hope have heard the last of that.



First Day in India. Rough Sketch of a Narrow Escape on the Road to Pikkah-Deli.

"WHO SHOT THE RAJPPOOT?"

I intend to enlarge this for the Academy, or exhibit it somewhere at a shilling a head. There's money in it. Everyone says so. On to Pikkah-Deli!

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE FIRST.

RECRUITING commenced for the Royal Irish Brigade of Guards. Somebody started (voluntarily) for Cyprus.

SPELGRAVE IDLINGTON decided to publish his Novel (in three volumes), *The Witch Lady of Weirley*, at his own risk.

The Irish Obstructive M.P.'s held a meeting, and entered into a Solemn League and Covenant not to purchase any refreshments within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament until Home-Rule was conceded by the Government.

The Khedive of Egypt dreamed that he had negotiated a fresh loan for a considerable amount in England.

TOM CLOUDSLEY sent in his great picture—"The Apotheosis of Gold"—(16 feet by 10) to the Royal Academy.

Young HASTIMAN married on £160 a year.

McSTOPPLES's Bills for the total and immediate suppression of Co-operative Societies, were submitted to both Houses of Parliament.

WALKINGSHAW, the unrivalled pedestrian, commenced his great task of hopping twice round London, the second time backwards.

SIMPLEMORE asked his butcher (Old BRISKET) to give him his unprejudiced opinion about American beef.

Holders of gas shares strengthened each other in the comforting belief that electric lighting was an impossibility; at least, in this generation.

DICK WHEATEAR took a farm—poor soil, insufficient capital, indifferent landlord, and ground game in swarms.

Little FIRS had his hair (thin at the top) cut, and was induced to buy a bottle of Electric Gold Balsam (5s. 6d.).

Applications were made for shares in several new Companies, including Cyprus Coffee-Taverns, Fiji Saw-Mills, and Metropolitan and Suburban Water (Lavender) Carts.

Old LAWURY instituted an action for the balance of a disputed account amounting to \$11 odd.

NINA, NONA, BRENDA, and a good many more foolish girls and women, painted—their own faces.

Numberless people, as usual, gave to beggars, became security, bought great bargains (which they did not want), lent umbrellas, made promises, ate and drank too much, read polemical Divinity, wrote grievance-letters to the papers, arranged for the publication of their Poems, and contributed to Mr. Punch's waste-paper basket.



INFORMAL INTRODUCTIONS.

Apple-Coster. "HERE YOU ARE, GENTS! ALL FOUR OF 'EM SWEET AND FRESH AS CAN BE!"

SHALL SIR BARTLE HAVE A TESTIMONIAL?

As *Mr. Punch* can hardly doubt that the return to the bosom of his country of Her Majesty's enterprising High Commissioner in South Africa (if it can only be brought about), deserves and will receive, whether spontaneously, or at the small end of the wedge, prompt and conspicuous commemoration at the hands of a relieved World, a comforted Cabinet, and a grateful British Tax-payer, he would suggest an inscribed monolith on Wormwood Scrubs, the Thames Embankment, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall Place, Clerkenwell Green, or some other equally favourite national site.

The following sketch of an inscription has been submitted to *Mr. Punch* by his Sixth Form Correspondent. If a little on the lines of a well-known classic model in the Abbey, it may, he hopes, be worth the consideration of any Committee who may take the matter up:—

BARTLEI FRERE,
PHILOSOPI, PHILANTHROPI, PEECULSORIS,
AUSTR.-AFRICANORUM GENTEM
QUI NULLAM FERI NON TETIGIT,
NULLAM QUAM TETIGIT NON TURBAVIT,
SIVE FINES ESSENT MOVENDI,
SIVE LEGES,
PACTORUM
CALLIDI ATQUE AUDACIS ENUCLEATORIS,
INGENIO, IMPIGRI, IRACUNDO, INEXORABILI,
ORATIONE, CONCITATÀ, TORRENTI, ORNATÀ,
DOMUM REDITUM,
EUROPA, ASIA, AFRICA, REQUIESCENTES,
REMPUBLICAM GERENTIUM REMISSI,
VECTIGALENTES BRITANNICI JUBILANTES,
HOC MONUMENTO
CONCELEBRAVERUNT.

A NEW LIGHT GUN.

GENTLEMEN of the Gun Club, it may perhaps interest you to know that a French Captain, M. VASSEL, has proposed, in *La Nature*, an idea, said to have been originally conceived by M. MARBY, of a "photographic gun." As you may suppose, this invention is so named from being designed "for fixing birds in their flight."

"This gun, which is fitted with BERTSCH's automatic camera obscura, is actuated by means of a trigger, but this trigger, instead of the usual action, releases a rectangular sliding screen, which has a round aperture in the centre to let the light pass, whilst it intercepts its two extremities. Should it be desired to produce at one operation a series of successive attitudes, the construction of a 'photographic revolver' would offer no greater difficulty than the gun described."

There, Gentlemen and Sportsmen, is a kind of gun by which you may be enabled to shoot live birds on the wing without hurting them. You bring down their photographs, and not themselves, but of course it must require at least as steady and skilful an aim to photograph them as it does to shoot them, so that the sport is all the same; and as for the fair damsels who countenance your exploits by their charming presence, they would surely derive additional enjoyment from seeing you hit off the pretty pigeons without killing them.

"What's in a Name?" indeed!

If a Gentleman is unlucky enough to bear the name of "BAKEWELL," he should really *not* write letters to the newspapers in advocacy of Cremation, or see the consequence! *Punch's* obvious punsters will be set a-going, and the three extra waste-paper baskets will have to be put into requisition!

Do, Mr. BAKEWELL, have a little consideration, and recognise the obligations your name imposes upon you!



“ HOT PIES ! ”

MASTER BENJAMIN. “ THANK YOU, NO MORE AT PRESENT ! WE ’VE QUITE AS MUCH AS WE CAN MANAGE, THANK YOU !! ”

COX TO CREW.



Heads aloft, caps all doffed, pull yourselves together, men!
With a flash, on we dash! Even with your feather, men!
Well done, Stroke! Bravo, Stroke! Call upon 'em cheerily!
One good spurt won't much hurt, though backs and arms ache wearily.
Water rough? Sure enough! What's a little wetting, though?
Stiffish breeze? Better ease. If she gets upsetting though?
Let her go! Better go to Davy's locker pluckily!
Never funk! If she's sunk, we can all swim, luckily!

Nearer now, clearer now looms the goal in front of us!
Hear 'em there, cheering there! Show 'em pluck's the wont of us!
Where's our foe? There they go—creeping up with steady stroke.
Cut 'em out! Shut 'em out! For a spurt be ready, Stroke!
One good spin, and we win! Ours the hard-fought victory!
The pistol-crack is wafting back message valedictory!
Ended race! Splendid race! Hardly half a length to spare—
Stem and stem—us and them—fairly matched in strength, the pair!

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

LORD CHELMSFORD, before entering on the Zulu "campaign," published a handy little pamphlet for the information of his officers and men, in which he gave rules for conducting hostilities in Africa. From the desponding and doleful tone of some of his recent despatches, his Lordship's retirement from his command seems not an impossible contingency. It would be a pity if his Lordship should carry out this intention till he has appended an additional chapter to his instructive and (when followed) no doubt useful brochure: something to this effect:—

CHAPTER LAST.—How to insure a Defeat, and how to behave under it.

HAVING carefully perused and mastered the above rules for successfully engaging the Zulus, all that now remains will be deliberately to march in their teeth.

Knowing that a strongly-fortified camp is the key and nucleus of defence against this vigilant and active enemy, the commanding officer should quietly move off with the bulk of his force, leaving the tents unentrenched, and the waggons unparked "in laager." He may, at the same time, send verbal orders that the camp is to be defended.

If the enemy presents himself, he cannot do wrong to follow him up. It will be time enough when the enemy proves himself a Will-o'-the-Wisp, whose object has been to mislead and draw away the opposing force, to treat him accordingly.

While advancing, he had better not weaken his force by detaching scouting or reconnaissance parties, and should turn a deaf ear to all such disquieting reports as that firing is going on in the direction of the camp he has left behind him.

There will be no harm if, in order to show his sense of the responsibility of his position, he, later in the day, order one of his Staff to go to the top of a hill with a telescope, and look towards the camp.

EADY now! Steady now! All in with sweeping stroke!
Dash away! Flash away! Eightgood oars keeping stroke.
Ding-dong! Swing along! Eightblue blades below the waves!
Hissing back, kissing back, gurgling, laughing go the waves!
Gliding on, sliding on, see the willows fitting by!
On the banks, in crowded ranks, see the dear girls sitting by!
Duty calls! Beauty calls! Make the good ship leap along!
With forward spring and backward swing at sixteen-arm-power, sweep along!

WEAPONS OF WAR.

FROM some recent controversy in some of the newspapers respecting the swords supplied to the British Cavalry, it appears that the steel scabbards of those weapons are so ill made that the edge of any good sword would very soon get blunted by one of them through the mere act of drawing the weapon and sheathing it. But this, if, as further appears, the British Cavalry sword will not cut, of course does not signify. For that sword a steel scabbard is as good as any other could be. In the meanwhile, the sword of the British Cavalry soldier seems to be of about as much use to him in action as if it were a cudgel or a shillelagh. Improved swords and scabbards as well seem to be needed in order that our bold troopers may smite their enemies with the edge of the sword more effectually than they could with the back of it.

EGYPTIAN BONDS AND BONDSTHROWERS.

THE peasantry of the land of Egypt appear to be in a state of destitution perfectly disgraceful to their Misruler. Extortion, leaving them scarcely the means of subsistence, threatens to reduce the "Nile Population" to *nil*—at least, *Ex Nilo nihil fit*. Such Nihilism is even worse than that of the Russians. Talk of the flesh-pots of Egypt, when these poor Egyptian Fellahs have scarcely bread to eat, much less flesh! The peasantry of Egypt are in suffering, in more senses than one, under Egyptian bondage. The modern Egyptians may envy their forefathers beneath whose Pharaohs it was the Jews, and not the Egyptians themselves, who groaned under Egyptian bondage. The Egyptians of to-day, *for the interest of the Jews*, who rule the money-market, are in bitter bondage to their own Pharaoh.

A Close Shaver.

FROM a North Country paper we extract the following advertisement, from one who evidently knows how to move with the age, and is determined to cut his chins according to his times:—

Notice.—Important REDUCTION of 50 per cent. in SHAVING. TO all who are suffering through the present Depression of Trade, and are wishful to shave twice where they only shaved once, the above reduction will be made by —, Hairdresser, Todmorden.

He will, of course, be satisfied by the assurance of the Staff officer "that he thinks it's all right."

If late in the evening he sees reasons to suspect that the enemy have been playing him a trick, as savages will, his best course will probably be to fall back on his camp, and should he find the camp destroyed, the stores plundered, and its defenders slaughtered to a man, it will be his duty to put up with this extremely disagreeable state of things with all the equanimity he can command.

Now is the time for extreme caution. Should there be reason to conclude that the enemy is moving off, and that he must be encumbered with spoil, the best plan will be to let him pass unmolested.

On the other hand, should he come across a handful of men who have held a position of the utmost importance against overwhelming odds for a long winter's night, he may safely "thank them very much."

After this, he should lose no time in instituting a strict Official Inquiry how the mischief has come about. Should it be proved by "supplementary testimony," (furnished by officers of his personal staff,) that the Commander-in-Chief is not responsible, and that somebody else has been to blame, all the better for the Commander-in-Chief, and all the worse for somebody else.

Having brought matters to this point, he will stand aside and wait for events.

Should the Colonists chafe, and the indignant British Lion growl, he may suggest that an officer of rank should be sent out immediately to assist him, and, if need be, to take his place. He may at the same time remember that for a very long time he has not been at all well. Lastly, should the growl of the British Lion get so loud as to be annoying, if he feels that more responsibility is being thrown upon him than he can bear, there will be nothing for it but to pack up his cocked hat and writing-desk and come home!



OBVIOUS.

Stingy Uncle (to *impecunious Nephew*). "PAY AS YOU GO, MY BOY!—PAY AS YOU GO!"
Nephew (suggestively). "BUT SUPPOSE I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO PAY WITH,
UNCLE—" *Uncle*. "EH?—WELL, THEN, DON'T GO, YOU KNOW—DON'T GO!" [Exit hastily.]

CAPE SMOKE.

WHAT if we were to condense all the South-African Blue-books and all the South-African Debates into this?—

Her Majesty Queen Victoria (per Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner, &c.) to *Cetewayo, King of Zululand*.

I DEMAND that you alter the law of your kingdom which prohibits your Majesty's military subjects from marrying, and that within three weeks from the date hereof you permit the whole of your forty thousand celibate man-slaying gladiators to marry freely, otherwise my troops will be ordered to advance and kill as many as possible of your soldiers (who must want to be married), in order to obtain this most desirable and moral privilege for them.

His Majesty King Cetewayo to Victoria, Queen of England, &c.

I HAVE received your Majesty's demand, per High Commissioner Sir BARTLE FREER. When I am assured that the men of your Majesty's own Army are permitted to marry freely, I shall be happy to accede to your Majesty's request.

Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner, &c., to Sir M. H. Beach, Her Majesty's Secretary of State, &c.—(Extract).

* * * * "As a result of the foregoing indirect communication, our troops advanced into the territory of King CETEWAYO, and on the 22nd January, at a position named Isandlana, eight hundred British and Colonial soldiers (married and unmarried) after killing three thousand Zulu soldiers (unmarried), were themselves slaughtered, leaving some hundreds of widows and children, the burden of whose maintenance will, no doubt, be readily borne by a grateful country."

"As the inhabitants of Zululand still decline acceptance to my conciliatory proposals, I must urgently request the despatch of

AN ALIAS FOR BUTTER.

FROM a Marylebone Police Report it appears that the Slang Dictionary has been enriched if not with a new word yet with an old word bearing a new sense. A person was pulled up for selling as Butter, a mixture of that material with 40 per cent. of animal fat not Butter. This composition, sold under the name of Butter, "was said to be what was known as 'Bosh,'" Known, of course, amongst Buttermen, and not to their customers; a term of the trade: *thieves' Latin*. Beware of Bosh, avoid and eschew Bosh of all kinds, but particularly Bosh the counterpart of Butter. As fine words butter no parsnips, so neither can Bosh; and just now, when salt fish is in season, persons fasting on that luxury should take special care that Bosh is not made to do duty for Butter in their egg-sauce.

Experience and Wisdom.

HERE is a suggestive little cutting from a contemporary:—

"The *Daily News* correspondent at Rangoon telegraphs that it is not intended to send any ultimatum to the King of BURMAH. The policy is to wait for the movement of Burmese troops."

Just the opposite policy to that pursued by Sir BARTLE FREER in South Africa. *Experientia docet.*

"Arms and the Man."

IT is suggested by Mr. MITCHELL HENRY that the SECRETARY OF STATE should give HABRON a landed estate. If so, he had better give him a Coat of Arms with it. May we suggest for a crest a Death's head, with HABRON on a label issuing out of the mouth, Cross-bones, and motto, *Requiescat in Pace*.

A SAW FOR THE SEASON (see recent *Weather Reports*).—March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a *Nottingham lamb*.

CYPRESS FOR 'ARRY (definition à la DILKE).—A place of more 'arms than 'elps.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.—The Duke and Duchess on their travels.

reinforcements of English soldiers to take the place of their slaughtered comrades, in what will, I fear, be a most bloody and prolonged struggle.

"I regret that my views should be, as you inform me they are, in direct opposition to those of Her Majesty's Government. But I trust Her Majesty's Government will not interfere with my work, either of civilisation or of defence, in this highly interesting country.

I have the honour to be, &c.

P.S.—It would be better, if possible, to send out only unmarried men. I find there is something to be said for a force of celibate man-slaying gladiators, after all.

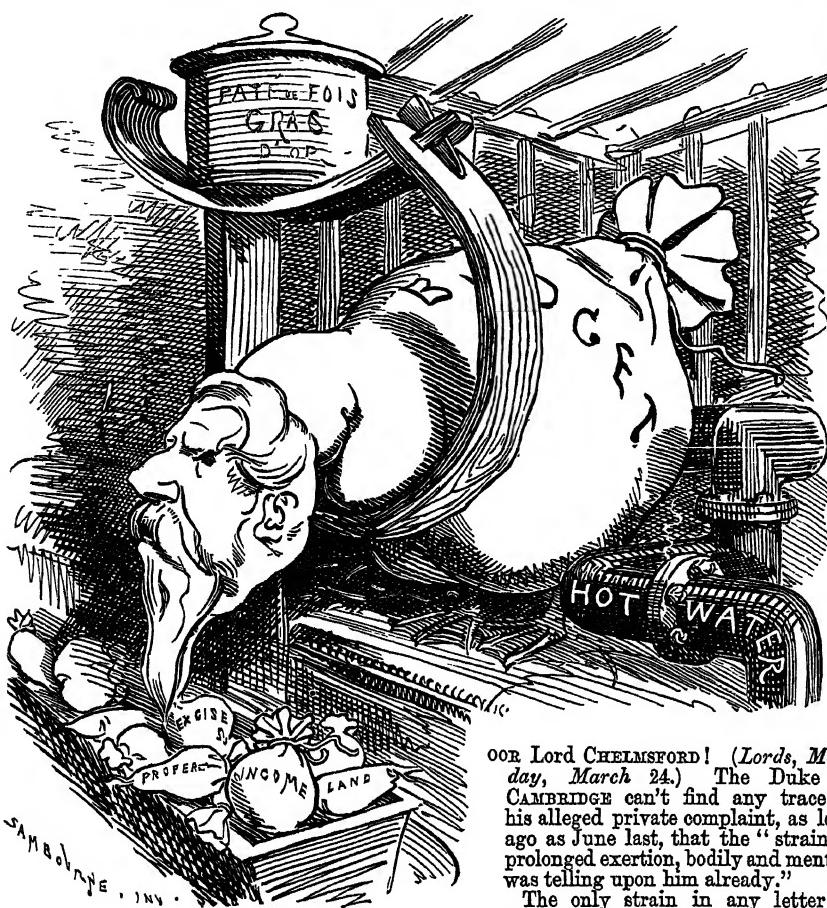
DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!

HERE is an advertisement to which it is the duty of *Punch*, as a "friend of humanity," to give all the aid of his publicity. But the *embarras de choix* this amiable advertiser is preparing for himself! Unless, indeed, his object is merely to gauge the heights and depths of human folly. If we could only give him the run of our waste-paper basket, he would find there are fools in the world not unlikely to take him *au sérieux*:

COUNTRY BOARD and RESIDENCE OFFERED, thirty miles from London. A small, quiet, wealthy family, possessed of a fine, comfortable mansion, situate high and dry. The park and pleasure grounds beautifully wooded, twenty-five acres. Fine ranges of hothouses, plenty of servants, horses, carriages, cows, poultry, billiards, croquet, and other games every day. No humbug. Good suitable society the desideratum.

AWAKENED CONSCIENCE-MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of five shillings from 'ARRY, as a fine for having cut his name on a national monument.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OUR Lord CHELMSFORD! (*Lords, Monday, March 24.*) The Duke of CAMBRIDGE can't find any trace of his alleged private complaint, as long ago as June last, that the "strain of prolonged exertion, bodily and mental, was telling upon him already."

The only strain in any letter of

Lord CHELMSFORD's about that date was a strain of triumph at the happy termination of the War then just concluded, and of gratitude to the Duke for giving him such a command. Has the letter gone astray, or is the Duke oblivious, or Lord CHELMSFORD obfuscated? This point, like other points in South-African prospects and retrospects, political and strategical, still wants clearing up. At all events, as Lord CHELMSFORD had asked for a Major-General, the Duke had sent him four. What will he do with them?

Our Fleet has retired from the Sea of Marmora (as Lord SALISBURY explained to sedulously watchful Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL) because it had no longer any excuse for staying there, now that Russia's troops have retired beyond Adrianople. Russia has treaty engagements, and so have we; and there is no reason to anticipate that either mean to break them. This would seem, as ARTEMUS WARD used to say, to be "meant sarcastic" in Lord SALISBURY's mouth.

(Commons.)—An arrangement in black and white: Subject—Cyprus. Artists—in black, Sir CHARLES DILKE; in white, Mr. BOURKE; with extra shadows put in by Sir J. GOLDSMID, Mr. W. E. FORSTER, Mr. SAMUELSON, Sir G. BALFOUR, and Sir W. HAROURT; lights heightened by Sir E. LECHMORE, Sir G. ELLIOT, Sir J. HAY, and Mr. MCIVER; neutral tints by Messrs. BRASSEY and DODSON.

The difficulty is to say which is the true, which the fancy picture—the one *en noir*, or the one *en blanc*? Probably Mr. BRASSEY's, in which the light and shade is the most distributed, is the safest study to be guided by. Coming to the Isle of Venus without prejudice, and making the best of a good judgment, he had arrived at the conclusion that in our hands the island would certainly be prosperous: that as a place of arms it would be useless for many reasons, strategical and sanitary; that as a coaling station it might be valuable. He heartily wished we had never gone there; but being there, he supposed we meant to stay. If so, the sooner we revise our loose and hasty bargain with the Turk the better. We must resist unjust and mischievous taxation, buy out the SULTAN, spend surplus revenue in much needed improvements, make the island a free port, lay down roads, drain towns and marshes, supply public works, and plant forests—in short, work in the spirit thus condensed by Colonel WARREN:

"You may not approve of our being here; but we have to labour to make England's name respected and beloved. Do not believe that our mission is a small and humble one. We in Cyprus have already commenced to show what a beneficent and just rule means. Syrians, inhabitants from the neighbouring countries, men from Beyrouth, Alexandria, and the Lebanon are here, and have revisited their homes, which still lie under Turkish Government. These speak out their minds; and soon the clamour of the people will necessitate a change in the manner of ruling in Asia Minor. When people demand what the whole world knows that they deserve they will assuredly get it. The holding of Cyprus will be the leaven in the mass of dough. Do not let your politics stop the good work." Colonel WARREN then proceeded to speak of the foundation of schools, and concluded by saying,—"We have a pier now; our market is finished; we have planted trees, widened roads, and are working as Englishmen ought. Give us words of encouragement now and then."

So *Punch* does. He says ditto to Mr. BRASSEY and Colonel WARREN. But forced labour has an ugly look. It is un-English, because, as a rule, it is unjust and unequal in its pressure: so the less Sir GARNET WOLSELEY trusts to it, even for so good a purpose as road-making, the better. There can be no worse road even to the best end than by *corvée*.

In the spicy little professional "pitch-in" with the gloves between Sir W. V. HAROURT and Sir JOHN HOLKER, on the legal mess we have got ourselves into, by consenting to hold the island as the SULTAN's *locum-tenentes*, till between English and Turkish law we find ourselves hung up, like Mahomet's Coffin—Sir WILLIAM got home heavily in several rounds, but Sir JOHN came up smiling under punishment.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER didn't see the practical good of the night's discussion. Nor does *Mr. Punch*. But that is no reason why the Isle of Venus should not find the House in a few hours of the froth from which she sprang. But why doesn't Collective Wisdom avail itself of Individual? Why don't Honourable Members engage Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON to give them a lecture on the island he has taken under his pen, and so set matters to-rights as between Britannia and Aphrodite and their respective islands, for good and all.

Tuesday.—A field-night in the Lords. Royal personages as tight as preserved peas in a cannister, Peeresses in the Gallery as close set as flowers at a Horticultural Show.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, in a logical, incisive, searching, and unexaggerated speech, supported the indictment against Sir BARTLE FRERE, first, for declaring war against the Zulus without imperative necessity, adequate preparation, or proper authority; and, secondly, against Her Majesty's Government, for censuring without recalling him.

This was the opening of the case which, in both Lords and Commons, has occupied for the whole week the time of Parliament and the attention of the country.

Both the wisdom of Sir BARTLE FRERE's policy, and the propriety of his official conduct, are at issue. He has made war on his own hook, and has made it, the Government think, unnecessarily, or, at least, unseasonably, and, worse still, as we all know, unsuccessfully. The Cabinet had a very good case for making a Jonah of him, and they have chosen *not* to throw him over.

Lord CRANBROOK is just the man to defend a policy which looks high-minded as well as high-couraged. The Motion was a Vote of Censure, and it must be met with a negative. Sir BARTLE FRERE should have submitted his *ultimatum* before sending it to CETEWAXO, but the policy of war was defensible. Attack might be the best defence. The Colony regarded it in that light, though the Government didn't. They were for avoiding war, and abstaining from annexation. But even if Sir BARTLE had made a mistake, his antecedents entitled him to condonation, not condemnation.

Lord BLAUFORD said the Government had blown the right note, but had not blown it loud enough.

So Lord BLAUFORD imitated the Government, and was "inaudible in the Gallery."

Lord CARNARVON supported Sir BARTLE FRERE. That capable and long-tried servant was FRERE by name and FRERE by nature—altogether disposed to look on blackie as a man and a brother. Lord CARNARVON hoped he would not throw up



SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

Brown. "WHAT SORT OF LOOKING MAN IS ROBINSON? TALL MAN?"
 Jones (drawing himself up). "WELL—A—NO! NEITHER TALL NOR SHORT.
 JUST SOMEWHERE ABOUT MIDWAY BETWIXT YOUR HEIGHT AND MINE, YOU KNOW!"

his high commission for all the Government snub. He had acted on his own responsibility, because the emergency demanded it, and he deserved credit for his courage. Let Government, after the war was over, be as firm as their High-Commissioner; take a policy, and stick to it, and not trust to "drift" ("Rorke's Drift" having, perhaps, disposed us all to put too much faith in that style of frontier-defence.)

Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY pitched into Sir BARTLE, his policy, and his proceedings. Lord CADOGAN defended him.

Lord KIMBERLEY said the annexation of the Transvaal was the root of the mischief, though, when it was carried out, it seemed to most people the least of two evils. But Sir BARTLE had taken the law into his own hands, in an issue of peace or war, and should have been recalled. He didn't see how he could hold office ten minutes after reading the Colonial Office despatch.

Lord SALISBURY said the criminal now in the dock was not Sir BARTLE FRERE, but Her Majesty's Government. They were to be censured for not recalling him. He had earned a wigging, and they had given him one—but nothing to hurt him. He wouldn't resign, bless you! He knew better.

The Duke of SOMERSET with an extra dose of his comical gravity, said it seemed a queer thing the Government should be keeping a man to carry out a policy different from their own—about savage marriages, and all sorts of things.

Lord BEACONSFIELD dittoed Lord SALISBURY. If the Government had thrown over Sir BARTLE FRERE the world would have been delighted, as it always was to find a victim. They didn't mean to gratify the world, and had determined to keep him where he was, because they felt it was to the public interest to do so.

Lord GRANVILLE congratulated their Lordships on having elicited a disclaimer of the annexation policy. They should have supported their High Commissioner, or thrown him over. By censuring him and keeping him where he was they put him between two stools, and sat beside him.

On division, the Contents were 61 to the Non-contents 156, and the majority laughed the minority to scorn, as audibly as so well-bred an assembly could.

(Commons.)—Is the Agricultural Holdings Act a dead letter, or is it not? Mr. SAMUELSON thinks it is, to judge by answers to his inquiries, and asks for a Select Committee to verify the matter. Everybody—except the Government—backed his request, from Northern Farmer BARCLAY to Southern Farmer READ; from Protectionist Squire CHAPLIN, to philosophic Sir T. ACLAND; from rabid and rampant O'DONNELL, to most correct and countryfied Col. RUGGLES BRICE;

from MITCHELL HENRY, the extra-Hibernian Galway boy, to BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, the wag of Warwickshire.

But Lord SANDON was against pulling up the plant to see how the root was getting on. The Act was only three years old. Bad times had been upon the farmers for four years. There may be a good time coming—for the farmers, only let them "wait a little longer."

Lord HARTINGTON was for inquiry. The agricultural shoe did pinch, woundily, and the Committee might find where the pinch was. The Act was a dead letter, and the Committee might bury it, with all the honours of a blue-book. He hoped the farmers would take a wider view of their political responsibilities and see their way to throw over their *soi-disant* friends, the Conservatives, and go in for support of the Liberals and overhauling of the whole Landlord and Tenant question.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER,—

"A jeer,
 To his jeering gave him back."

Government couldn't be responsible for bad harvests and low prices: and there was quite enough in that way to explain the farmers' distresses, without lugging in the poor Agricultural Holdings Act.

Motion negatived by 166 to 115, and debate adjourned on Mr. O'DONNELL's Amendment, which ingeniously hitched Irish tenant's grievances on to the tail of English farmers' waggon-load of woe.

Wednesday.—SIR J. MCKENNA wants to get rid of an old relic of the dark times of 1793—the "Irish Convention Act"—which was framed, it seems, to make penal all public meetings pretending to be "Parliaments," and taking in a great many more public meetings than it was aimed at.

The Government agrees to support a Bill for confining this old *remnant* of penal laws and revolutionary times to its ostensible limits; and Sir J. MCKENNA, content with this concession, withdraws his Bill.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord BELMORE brings in a Bill to transfer the Irish Synod of Divinity from Trinity College, Dublin, which has cast its sectarian slough, to the representative body of the Church of Ireland; and nobody seems able to give any very good reason why not.

(Commons.)—The battle of Sir Bartle, already fought in the Lords, fought over again in the Commons on exactly the same lines, and with the same weapons. Sir CHARLES DILKE opponent, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH respondent. Why should *Punch* go over the well-beaten ground—particularly as the debate was adjourned?

Mr. E. STANHOPE was blocked, by Messrs. FORSTER and GOSCHEN, in a rather cool attempt to smuggle, in the small hours, a very big little Bill for enabling the Indian Government to borrow ten millions in this country, and thereby intensify every financial ailment from which India is suffering.

Friday (Lords).—The Marquis of HUNTER moving for a Select Committee on agricultural distress, Lord BEACONSFIELD gave all the reasons why it wasn't likely to do them any good, and explained, much as Lord SANDON did on Tuesday, how Free Trade, by keeping down prices, may have aggravated in the same proportion the farmers' suffering from bad harvests as it has averted the suffering of the farmers' customers.

(Commons.)—The South-African Debate continued. Fierce assault on Sir BARTLE FRERE and Lord CHELMISFIELD by Sir ROBERT PEEL. Sir HENRY HOLLAND, a friend and office-holder under the Government, obliged to go against them. Debate again adjourned. It is plain that though Government will of course have their majority, the Debate has damaged them, and perplexed not a few of their supporters. It is becoming clearer and clearer that we have made a miserable mull altogether of South-African matters, civil and military.

A Pious Wish.

(By a Modest Baronet, in his Cups—of Tea.)

"The Government are planting gum-trees in Cyprus."

The gum-tree, rich in leaf and blossom,
 Forms the home of the Opossum;
 The Government soon may I see
 In Cyprus safely up that tree!

W. L.

THE FARMER'S FORTUNES.

(A Fancy Picture, after reading a great deal of Correspondence on Agricultural Prospects, from the Landlord's point of view.)



HERE he sat—“Farmer” DE GYLES—for in spite of the aristocratic prefix to his name, so he was still called by the country people round about the old farm—in a luxurious arm-chair in his aesthetically-furnished sanctum, gloomily pondering over his accounts. He had torn himself away from the luncheon-table, around which were gathered his elegantly-dressed wife, and daughters, and a few morning visitors.

“How can I drink sherry, and eat caviare, or *pâté de foie gras*, with such a weight of care on my conscience?” he murmured gloomily. “No! it will not come right! The total is less than that of last year.”

“Was hast du, Papa?” asked a silvery voice, in the purest Hanoverian German. “Du hast das Zimmer sehr bald verlassen.”

“*Fi done, Papa, que tu es méchant!*” continued a voice, even more silvery than the first, in French that would have satisfied the most *exigeant* of Parisians.

“Speak to me in English,” returned the Farmer, with a frown; “I am tired of your foreign tricks and graces.”

“In English!” indignantly echoed Mrs. DE GYLES, who had followed her two charming daughters to their father’s retreat. “What do you mean? In English, indeed! when the darlings have been taught for years by their Governess, the Fräulein, all the accomplishments necessary to their station.”

“Oh, Mamma!” cried the second young Lady, “you really must get rid of *FIFINE*; her French is so *drôle*. From her accent I really believe she must be a Belgian.”

“Nonsense, *IRENE!*” interrupted her elder sister; “*FIFINE* dresses hair à merveille! *Ich bin ganz entzückt mit ihr!*”

“You ought to be proud of them,” said Mrs. DE GYLES, with a fond smile. “Yes, *FITZ-RICHARD*.”

“*FITZ-RICHARD!*” grumbled the Farmer, “until you changed my name, my neighbours called me *DICK*.”

“What is the cause of your ill-temper?” asked his wife, calmly arranging the lace that fringed the jewelled neck-band of black velvet around her white and shapely throat. “Why did you leave us to entertain our guests? Fortunately they were pressed for time. So I ordered out the carriage to take them to the station.”

“*A propos, Papa,*” cried *IRENE*, “the coachman tells me that the chestnut on the near side is—”

“Hang the chestnut on the near side!” exclaimed the Farmer, wrathfully.

“*FITZ-RICHARD*, I’m ashamed of you! Come, my darlings, your father is so strangely *révèche* this morning—” But before the indignant dame could finish her sentence, two elegantly-costumed young gentlemen rushed into the room, and embraced her.

“What, *STUART* and *PLANTAGENET*, back from Oxford and Cambridge so soon!” said Mrs. DE GYLES, fondly returning her sons’ affectionate greeting.

“Well, yes,” replied the elder youth, stroking his well-pomaded moustache, “the truth is, I found Christchurch rather slow, and wanted to get back to see how the hunters were getting on. How do, Guv’nor?”

“And I,” continued the second youngster, in his turn, “have asked a lot of Trinity men to put up here for a month or so. So mind, Mother, you organise a hop; the girls will help you. And, Guv’nor, suppose we overhaul your breechloaders.”

The whole family started as the angry old man rose from his chair, and pointed to two daubs of pictures representing a homely-looking farmer, with his equally homely wife.

“Do you see those portraits?” he shouted.

“Ya-as,” drawled *PLANTAGENET*. “They ought to have been banished to the garret years ago.”

“How dare you, Sir?” cried the thoroughly roused DE GYLES Senior. “That good old man was not ashamed to follow the plough, to feed the thrashing-machine, and attend to the various duties belonging to a farm. That good old lady knew how to make butter and cheese and home-brewed beer and ginger and gooseberry wine. How they would have laughed at the idea of keeping a German governess, or of moustached sons strutting about with breechloaders in their hands, or riding to hounds on expensive hunters. But they knew how to keep the wolf from the door, and to defy the competition of foreign farmers. You are looking at the pictures of your grandfather and grandmother—the makers of your fortune!”

“We have then a fortune?” said Mrs. DE GYLES, with a sigh of relief.

“No,” thundered the old man, “you haven’t! What with extravagance, show, and neglect, my account at my bankers has dwindled down to nothing. There now, the secret’s out, and I wish you joy of it!”

The members of the family were very pale—the Ladies sobbing—the boys decidedly ill at ease.

At last *PLANTAGENET* plucked up courage to ask a question, “What do you intend to do, Father?” There was a pause, and then came the words which filled the family with feelings of distress, dismay, despair.

“What do I intend to do? Why, give up this tomfoolery, and,” here the voice of the old man faltered as he announced his terrible but necessary resolution, “and, in point of fact, to return to business!”

Mrs. DE GYLES and the Misses DE GYLES threw up their arms, gave three piercing shrieks, and fainted!

PICTURES (NOT YET) ACCEPTED FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Asking for More. A silly boy who has broken all his tin soldiers, requests his elderly nurse to entrust him with a fresh supply. The picture contains portraits of an eminent warrior and a yet more eminent statesman. Artist, Sir R—B—RT P—L, Bart.

The Successful Charlton. Portrait of the Earl of B—D. Artist, the Right Hon. W. E. G—E.

The Garrulous Gossip. Portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. G—E. Artist, the Earl of B—D.

A Pair of Pumps. Portrait of Sir WILFRID L—N standing near the famous erection in Aldgate. Artist, Mr. B—ss, M.P.

The Honest Thief. Historical painting of His Highness the KH—D—VE OF EGYPT, sternly insisting upon paying the Coupons of the Unified Debt in full. Artist, Mr. R—v—RS WIL—S—N.

The Return of the Prodigal. Picture of the CHANCELLOR of the E—R making his Financial Statement. Artist, the Marquis of H—ET—NGT—N.

An April Fool. A picture representing Mr. JOHN B—LL contemplating a surplus. Artist, Sir STAFFORD N—RTHC—TE.

“Though Lost To Sight Memory Dear!” View of a Scientific Frontier. Artist, Lord S—L—SB—RY.

Diogenes Searching for an Honest Man. DIogenes, a portrait of the Artist. The other figures adaptations from life studies of Members of the Cabinet. Artist, Mr. P—h.

A Swap.

SIR BARTLE FRERE, *Roi des Zulus*,
And my Lord CHELMSFORD with his sword on,
We’ll throw o’er, my KHEDIVE, to you,
If you’ll throw us your Colonel GORDON.

A Test of Totality.

It is announced that Sir WILFRID LAWSON (assisted by some twenty Members of Parliament) is to lay the foundation-stone of a Temperance Hospital on the 8th of May. Let us drink success to the Temperance Hospital. If patients affected with *delirium tremens* are admitted, it will here be seen whether such cases can be successfully treated without a hair of the dog that bit them.

Right Hat on Right Head.

WISE Pope to give, and worthy Priest to take
The Hat, to wear which duly asks a true man;
We know the Old Man it will ne’er unmake,
Though there’s no need of it to make a NEWMAN.



KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Mrs. Ponsorey de Tonkyngs (*sotto voce* to her husband). "PONSOREY!"—"YES, MY LOVE."—"WHO IS THAT, SINGING SO DIVINELY?"—"SIGNOR JENKINS, MY LOVE, THE FAMOUS NEW TENOR."—"SIGNOR JENKINS, IS IT? THEN GET YOURSELF INTRODUCED TO SIGNOR JENKINS, AND SECURE HIM FOR MONDAY FORTINGAY."—"BUT, MY LOVE, SIGNOR JENKINS CHARGES FORTY GUINEAS!"—"TELL SIGNOR JENKINS THAT IT'S TO MEET THE DUCHESS OF STULLION, AND HE WON'T CHARGE ANYTHING AT ALL!"—"BUT, MY LOVE, THE DUCHESS OF STULLION WILL NEVER COME TO SEE THE LIKES OF US!"—"SHE'LL COME FAST ENOUGH TO HEAR SIGNOR JENKINS! DO AS I TELL YOU!"
[Ponsorey died as she told him, and everything happened as she had anticipated. The Duchess came, and a good many more smart people besides; and the Signor sang for nothing, but to the same *tw-fel hon-our* and glory of the House of Tonkyngs. Clever Arts. P. T.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Lord Lytton may be in the habit of making the country pay for "wiring" to Her Majesty; but if so, the messages are private and confidential, and Government has no official knowledge of them.

Zulu debate continued under pressure. Twenty-two Liberals, said Sir J. GOLDSMID, and twice as many on the other side, had something to say, and wanted to say it. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said they must cut their debate according to their time. As there wasn't another night to spare, they must get to division to-night.

Mr. COURTEY re-opened the fight. He claims the honours of a prophet of evil. All the ills—and more—which he foretold from annexation of the Transvaal have come. Encouraged by this distinct fulfilment of prophecy, Mr. COURTEY proceeded to prophesy other unpleasant things. When we were off with CETEWAYO and his Zulus, we should be on with SECOCOENI and his Caffres, and with JOURDAIN

MONDAY, March 31 (Lords).—It is a comfort to be assured that Colonel PEARSON's force, whatever it may be short of, has, at least, surgeons enough. As rumour has been asking "Where are Colonel PEARSON's doctors?" Ekowe answers by Lord BURY, "Here!"

Medical Corporations and Supreme Courts both polished off, by Third Reading of the Bills for their Amendment. Much good may they do them—and the public.

(Commons).—Government has no notion whether we are going to Cabul or not. "Where ignorance is bliss!"



"MELTING!"

Stout Chairman (who feels the fire close at his back rather oppressive). "WAITER, I ASKED YOU TO BRING ME A SCREEN."

Waiter. "MASTER'S VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT WE AIN'T GOT NO SCREEN!"

Stout Chairman. "THEN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, TELL THE COOK TO SEND UP THE DRIPPING-PAN, AND PUT IT UNDER ME, QUICK!"

and his Boers. In fact, it was a case of "Bad begins, but worse remains behind." The motto of the head of the Government was "adventures for the adventurous," and of Lord SALISBURY, "*De l'audace, et de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*" Sir BARTLE FRERE was a Colonial Governor after the same type. Our only course was to retrace our steps, and undo what we had misdone : give back the Transvaal to the Boers, drop Confederation, throw over Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, recall Sir BARTLE FRERE—in fact, sit down to the biggest humble pie ever baked in Blunderland.

"Not if we know it," said Lord SANDON. The annexation of the Transvaal had been approved on both sides the House by all but the Member for Liskeard and a handful of his own faithful band of crotcheteers. Sir CHARLES DILKE's able speech had been a speech for the prosecution. Sir BARTLE FRERE had not exaggerated the danger. His only fault was over-zeal. The letter that censured him conveyed a compliment in asking him to stay where he was. Sir BARTLE and Lord CHELMSFORD were the two leading spirits in South Africa. If one were recalled so must the other be, and who can say what that might lead to? Disasters had their good side. They stirred up our highest virtues. The House ought to rally round men who were honestly, ably, zealously, and truly doing their duty to their country and their Queen.

In short, Lord SANDON very gallantly took up the cudgels for Sir BARTLE, and argued that, on the whole, though he might have earned an official wigging for insubordination, the House ought to have treated him as a *Billy Taylor*, and "werry much applauded him for what he had done." And so said Sir G. BALFOUR and Colonel ALEXANDER in even plainer terms. The Resolution, if adopted, would drive out of the Service strong, self-reliant administrators, and fill it with pliant officials; and the Colonel was glad Government had resolved to meet it with an emphatic "No!"

That is not the view Mr. SYNAN took of the Government's policy. It had first been a policy of trickery, now it was one of baseness and degradation. They had thrown over their instruments when they found their little game a losing one.

Mr. AETHUR MILLS cannoned off Mr. COURTNEY on to Sir BARTLE. He admitted that the annexation of the Transvaal was a lamentable mistake, but Sir BARTLE was not to blame.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER took the wrongs of Zululand as text for a "discourse" on the wrongs of Ireland. He entered his protest against the combined cruelty and hypocrisy of English policy in South Africa.

Mr. GORST didn't see why Government should resign if the House carried the Resolution. The fact was, that the Government could always check the war-fever in a Colony. They wanted to make the best of a bad case. Sir BARTLE's was a very bad case. But if it hadn't been for the disaster at Isandlana, they would never have heard anything of a censure on Sir BARTLE. He should vote for the Resolution. It would get rid of Sir BARTLE FRERE, without doing any great harm to Her Majesty's Government. (Defection number three.)

Sir W. V. HARcourt said there was no fear of *that*. The Government had laid down the principle that public servants who had received the severest censure should stay at their posts. Sir WILLIAM proceeded to cut up Sir BARTLE and his Blue-Book, then to spit him on a sharp and well-pointed argument, and finally to roast him at a smart fire of effective epigram. The original mischief was not the annexation of the Transvaal, but that when we annexed it we did in Boerdom as the Boers did. Sir BARTLE's arbitration was like NATHAN's delivering an *ultimatum* to NABOTH. He said the Zulu lands must be given back, but that the wrongful occupiers must not be disturbed. He stood condemned by his own words and deeds as well as by the Government that employed him. His acts were just those a man of experience, ability, and judgment would not have committed. His despatches were alike devoid of logic, temper, and dignity—mere special pleadings, in overcharged language, in favour of foregone conclusions. The Government could no more guide Sir BARTLE FRERE than a small boy could prevent a four-year-old from rushing at his fences. He was their Phaeton. They had to look on while he set the world on fire in South Africa. The censure they had ventured to send him was praise in disguise, if actual encouragement had not accompanied official reprimand. The Opposition by this Resolution would discharge their consciences from the intolerable burden of a policy which had brought us sorrow, shame, and disaster, and which would lead to neither advantage nor honour.

Mr. O'DONNELL delivered his stone smartly, and with all his strength. The Government policy had been a copy of the worst policy of the most aggressive and annexative European colonists in South Africa. Our raids had been like the worst of the Bashi-Bazooks'. We were land-robbers, plunderers, village-burners. When we won a battle, we drove our savage foe from their lands, seized their property, and stole their cattle. If these things were allowed to go on, we should be turning South Africa into a Slave State.

Mr. CHAPLIN went the whole British Squire for Sir BARTLE, his policy, and his acts.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE summed up, *pro* and *con.* the Resolution, *con.* and *pro* Sir BARTLE FRERE—for the debate had long since strayed on to the ground of the High Commissioner's merits, not of the Government's in censuring him without removing him; and the House divided at ten minutes past two—246 for the Motion, 306 against. A majority of 60 is too narrow to be pleasant, in comparison with the other majorities on great party issues in this and last Session.

(Don't you think, my Lord B., taking this week's Divisions all together, that the barometer wants tapping? Punch ventures on a hint in this week's heading.)

Tuesday (*Lords*).—Lord COTTESLOE moves for returns to show how dead against us is the balance of American trade. If it were as easy to set balances to-rights as to state them!

(Commons).—Wellington College hauled over the coals on Mr. YORKE's Motion for inquiry how far the present administration of the College carries out the intention of its foundation as a place of education for officers' orphans and children. It was only a second thought to take in sons of civilians whose higher payments were to help out the lower ones of soldiers' orphans, and children.

The QUEEN laid the first stone in 1856. The college opened with eighty orphans, and the hope of 200.

The list of orphans still stands at the original number. There are besides 210 boys, not sons of officers, who

pay from £110 to £135, and seventy-five officers' sons who at £81 10s. are just kept with neither profit nor loss.

In short, Wellington College has in twenty-seven years from its establishment become as perverted from its original lines as Eton in four hundred. It has ceased to be what it was formed for, a military orphanage, and become a rather costly public school of the common type, with a certain number of officers' orphans on the foundation. The whole thing wants looking into.

Mr. PLUNKETT seconded the Motion. They didn't object to civilians' sons being admitted, but did not like the civilian element ousting the military, for whom the College had been founded.

Mr. PARKER, as one of the Public Schools' Commission, would advise the House to approach the subject in a judicial and judicious spirit.

Mr. GLADSTONE, whose son-in-law, Dr. BENSON, is Head Master, naturally defended the School, its charges, and its system.

It is a pity he spoke, under what must needs be so strong a bias against a dispassionate and impersonal view of the matter.

General SHUTE defended the School with an energy worthy of a British officer; and Mr. WALTER, as a Governor, maintained that the School was a good School, and that the Governors—bigwigs as they were—did their duty in looking after it. The fact was, that the extra profit out of the charge to civilians' sons paid for the military orphans. The admixture of civil and military element was good for the School.

Lord G. HAMILTON offered inquiry by a Board of Officers and Governors. An inquiry by Royal Commission might be the ruin of the College.

Mr. YORKE said he would risk it.

Sir T. ACLAIR thought the scale of living and expenditure at Wellington was too high for the class meant to be benefited. The House divided—67 against inquiry to 60 for it—a narrow squeak. Of course there must be inquiry, though not by a Royal Commission, and a change to more Spartan simplicity.

Then to Hypothec Abolition Bill, Mr. J. BARCLAY doing his best in the interest of tenants to make the Bill more stringent, but without effect; the landlords, who have been unable to defeat the Bill, being strong enough to defend its weaker points.

Mr. RONWELL moved his Bills for amending the law relating to Pauper Lunatics, and that which helps, *inter alia*, to make paupers and lunatics—Public House Licensing.

Wednesday.—Mr. MUNDELLA was defeated in the attempt to do away with property qualifications for Local Authorities. Whatever may be said against this opening of Municipal Office doors without money-tickets, it lies not in the mouth of the Government to say it, as they have already agreed to the principle, and only objected to Mr. MUNDELLA's former Bill for the purpose that it did not go far enough. Now it goes further, they let their supporters throw out the Bill, by 173 to 167. Stupid—as the change *must come*.

Three squeaks in a week—for the 60 majority on the Zulu War was no better. Is the thermometer tending to Change?

Thursday (Lords).—After the labours of a generation and the expenditure of millions, the upshot of Lord SUDELEY's questions, Lord ELPHINSTONE's answers, the Duke of SOMERSET's comments—pithily condensed into the sweeping conclusion that our Naval Guns are defective in metal, construction, boring, and rifling—and Lord CRANBROOK's undertaking, is, that our Heavy Ordnance Committee is to be reconstituted, and our whole system of Naval Ordnance to be overhauled from the foundation! Pleasant for the British Tar *en attendant*, and the British tax-payer *in futuro*.

Lord LANSDOWNE wants to know more than either the Marquis of SALISBURY or the Earl of BEACONSFIELD can tell him, about the negotiations for the rectification of the Greek Boundary, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Berlin-Treaty-makers.

At present, Lord BEACONSFIELD does not give us any reason to believe that he sees a "scientific frontier" in Thessaly and Epirus. At the same time, he thinks there are modes by which a fair adjustment can be made, by which Greece may obtain all that, under the circumstances, she is entitled to, without consenting to a settlement injurious to the interests of Turkey. Fair words—but as yet the parsnips have not been buttered—Greece notwithstanding.

(Commons).—A full but not crowded House for the Budget. Sum and substance: things are to be let slide; no new taxation; accumulated deficit to be paid off, half in £2,000,000 next year, and £2,750,000 the year after. The general election must be thought of.

Anything for an easy life. Of two evils Sir STAFFORD has chosen what all but the viciously virtuous will probably consider the least—postponement of payment rather than increase of taxation, with trust in what the chapter of accidents may bring forth to diminish distress at home and disturbance abroad.

Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHILDERS reserved their comments. So does *Punch*.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL re-introduced the Criminal Code Bill, with the latest improvements. Henceforth all criminals will be proceeded against under this code, or some statute not inconsistent

therewith, and not under Common Law! Think of that, O buried generations of British sages of Westminster Hall, and let your dry bones stir in their graves! Sir JOHN HOLKAR coolly pronouncing the *supersedas* of the Common Law in its application to Criminal Offences! No wonder the living lawyers are flustered, and talk of the House taking this tremendous dose of Reform in instalments! But they will have to swallow it; and the sooner the gulp is got over, and the fewer wry faces, the better.

Friday (Lords).—The Shaftesbury Estate is the whole wide world of suffering. The good Earl's survey to-night extended over the Indian Factory System, which is as unsatisfactory as our own was, till Short-time Acts corrected its horrors.

Lord CRANBROOK promises a Short-time Act in India.

(Commons).—More about Indian Factories. Manchester wants an immediate end put to Indian import duties on her products.

This can't be done summarily, but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER consents to a Resolution implying that the present diminution of import duties on British cloths shall be admitted to be a stage on the road to total abolition—with which large admission let Mr. BRIGGS be satisfied.

Mr. FAWCETT tried hard to tie Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE tighter than he will let himself be tied *in re Afghanistan*. But he pledges himself that the perfervid genius of Lord LYTTON is not to be allowed to hurry us into an advance on Cabul, without positive orders from home. That is something gained.

OWED TO THE SPRING.

Verse by a Victim.



AT, rain, and sleet-time!
To this flowerless Spring
What bard would sing?
It were too bitter,
too malign a joke,

That e'en a poetaster might provoke—
If any such ephemera contrive—
The late atrocious weather to survive—
But spell it *Owed*, and inspiration seizes
My soul, and I'm at once a fervent poet.
'Twould take some time to mention all I owe it;
The multitudinous coughs, the myriad sneezes,
(Born of its biting blasts and bitter breezes),
Innumerable shakes, uncounted shivers,
Perpetual feelings as of frozen rivers
Making my shrinking vertebrae their track,

And flowing down my back.

Item:—Six sharp attacks of influenza,
(Ai-ai-ai-aitchoo!—what a wild eadenzia!)
A red, red nose, which my love did not like,
Which made her young affections go on strike,
And lost me them and twenty thousand pounds;
Frightened by ruby tints and nasal sounds.

Item:—A speechless bout of laryngitis;

And several of bronchitis;
With chilblains and a hundred minor ills,
Capped by the bouncingest of Doctor's Bills.
These, these I owe to Spring. Then shall I go
And write an Ode upon her? Ode—dear, No!
I hate the minx, and should like nothing better
Than to escape from being her poor debtor,
And pay, in one accumulating blow,
All that to her I owe!



SATISFACTORY.

Bumptious Old Gent (in a Directorial tone). "AH, GUARD—WHAT ARE WE—AH—WAITING FOR?"
Guard (with unconcern). "WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO GO ON, SIR!"

[Old Gent retires.]

PITY A POOR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

If *should* have been better, yet *might* have been worse.
The man who of Ministers calls for most pity
Is hard-pressed Pill-Garlic, who carries the purse,
And has to conciliate the Court and the City.
Ah me! I have ne'er been allowed half a chance
To swell by one page the romance of finance!

On statistical wings it were pleasant to soar,
Make a Budget as thrilling as any new novel.
When GLADSTONE—but such sunny times are no more;
I must painfully potter and prosily grovel.
There is little to stir one to eloquence sweet
In the arduous effort to make both ends meet.

No sensation finance! Well, that's all very fine.
I appreciate safety and steady sobriety;
Fine phrases and fireworks are scarce in my line,
Yet a good bouncing Surplus *would* make a variety.
I could dream of a Budget that BOB LOWE bewilders,
And scrunches up GLADSTONE, and GOSCHEN, and CHILDERS.

That dream for the Beaconsfield *régime* reserves
Remission of taxes, and surplus and glitter:
But my course into Phœbus-like brilliance ne'er swerves;
My Lord may plan *coups*, I'm the hapless cash-fitter.
For his games with the Afghan, the Zulu, the Turk,
I've found the hard tin, and it's jolly hard work.

Your Imperial game is imposing, my Lord;
It imposes, at least, heavy loads on th' Exchequer:
But bad trade at home and big bounce all abroad
Would upset the plans of a GLADSTONE or NECKER.
What Budgets, though, *might* have been fashioned by me,
Had fate found me place under W. G.!

This time I *did* think I had made it all square;
I've had some strokes of luck in my favour. But, heigho!

My schemes have been spoilt by this Zulu affair,
And my balance upset by that beastly CETEWAYO.
Lord B. says 'twill be all serene, but as yet
All the credit seems his—I've to look to the debt.

Heroic finance I'm not free to essay;
The reverse would involve me in instant hot water
With Liberal critics, in hostile array,
Who're too watchful by half, and would give me no quarter.
By the Zulu—confound him!—of surplus bereft,
A safe *via media*'s all that seems left.

Ticklish treading! But bills will not look quite so large
If I spread 'em a little and put off their payment.
The Country might start at full sight of the charge
For Imperial airs, and the requisite raiment.

I leave them a handle my scheme to abuse:
If that does not content them, it ought to amuse.

'Tisn't easy to pay for Lord B.'s little wars,
And for giving the Afghan and Zulu hot toko,
By a trifle of twopence a pound on Cigars,
And a—a—ah, to be sure—a small duty on Cocoa.

As for raising the Income-tax, that might tell tales;
So there's only one method of trimming my scales.

I must play the Micawber, and deftly postpone,
I am free to admit it's a rôle I don't relish.
But I think it is safe, if they'll let me alone,

Though a deficit does not a Budget embellish.

'Tis not *couleur de rose*, but if things do look blue,

It is mainly the fault of that—something!—Zulu!

THE GAROTTER IN GAOL (*from Pleasure to Penalty*).—Photographed and flogged.

PROOF AND POSITIVISM.—Why are Positivist dogmas like absolute alcohol?—Because they are above proof.



UPSETTING HIS BALANCE.

MR. BULL. "BALANCE ALL RIGHT, I HOPE?"

BANK MANAGER. "IT WAS, SIR. BUT THERE'S THAT CHEQUE OF MR. KETCHWAYO'S, YOU KNOW—!!"

A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.

*Rowing Undergrad. loquitur.*

Of style and strength of limb and length,
Catch, feather, slide, and swing,
How much I've read, how much heard said,
All of the same old ring.
From morn till night, 'twixt Dark and Light,
I've steeped my brains in blue;
From one to eight—style, size, and weight,—
Have "reckoned" either crew.
Boat-race I've thought, boat-race I've fought,
'Twixt oars that are, and were;
Pondered each slip 'twixt cup and lip,
That odds might more than square.
Through talk and print, through work and stint,
The day has come at last!
A flash of oars, a crash of roars—
They're there—they're here—they're past!
That Light Blue scores a hollow win,
To style plus strength is due;
But a stout stern-race helps to thin
The shadow on Dark Blue!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVIII.

At *Mosthyn Dickie's*—After Dinner—His Difficulties—Denson, Junior—A Happy Father—The Real Facts—Conclusion for the Present.

AFTER dinner the conversation turns on the advantages of the Country over Town. Every one congratulates *Mosthyn Dickie* on his being in the Country, which is questionable as a compliment, as his visitors reside in Town.

Mr. DENSON—whose son occupies himself in demolishing the dessert in a quiet, but determined manner—observes—

"Well, you must find great benefit from your farm?"

"My farm!" exclaims *Mosthyn Dickie*, throwing up his hands, as if in utter astonishment at the existence of any person capable of venturing such a remark, "My farm! Why, my dear fellow, I get nothing from it—absolutely nothing!"

Not knowing much about agricultural matters generally, but being always ready to learn, I inquire, in a comparatively off-hand manner—

"But you keep cows, don't you?"

After saying cows, it occurs to me that I ought to have said "bullocks." Before I can move an amendment, that the words, "and bullocks" be inserted, *Mosthyn Dickie* retorts—

"Well, my dear fellow, and what am I to get from cows?"

I consider. To reply, "Milk," seems absurd; and yet, what is he to get from cows, if not milk? It can't be eggs; and it certainly isn't mutton. There's cream; but he must have the milk first.

Everyone is silent. *Mosthyn Dickie* has clearly put a poser. "What is he to get from cows?" Nobody seems to know. Or if everybody knows, no one likes to make the evident answer, "Milk."

Young DENSON Junior, who has just emptied a dish of almonds and raisins, says, sullenly, "Calves!"

His father stares at him, much as Balaam must have stared at his donkey when it gave him a bit of its mind; then he looks round with a supremely proud smile, as much as to say "There's a boy! Ain't he wonderful! He'll get on—he will! Only give him a chance!"

"Well," returns *Mosthyn Dickie*, as though not quite prepared to admit the entire truth of the proposition. "Well—yes—calves. And how many calves?"

"Depends on the cows," says DENSON Junior, taking a large bite out of an apple.

His father is immensely delighted with his boy. What a career is not before him? What obstacle is there that DENSON Junior will not overcome? It is of such stuff as this that Chancellors are made, for Chancellors have been boys once, eaten almonds, raisins, and apples, and been none the worse for it—intellectually.

Mosthyn Dickie surveys the youth through his spectacles. He is pleased—evidently pleased.

"He's right," he says, turning to DENSON, (who is immensely gratified, and at once assumes such an air of superiority as is intended to convey that "This is the style of son I bring up—it's all my doing—I'm his clever father—his good, kind, clever father, Gentlemen!")—"He's right," says *Mosthyn Dickie*—"there are calves—lots of 'em. But do I ever see any veal? No. Not a ha'porth! I have to buy my veal. Do I get anything by my calves? Not a penny!"

"But you sell them?" I suggest.

"Sell them! No, they sell me!" he retorts. Whereat we all laugh except the boy DENSON, who is now hard at work sucking viciously at an orange. Evidently, whatever young DENSON goes in for, he gives all his mind to. All his mind is now in the orange.

A shade passes over his father's countenance. In his system of education he has forgotten to instruct his son when to laugh, with whom to laugh, and at whom to laugh. If DENSON Senior could kick DENSON Junior under the table, I fancy, from DENSON Senior's expression of countenance, he would do it now—with a will.

When we have all recovered, *Mosthyn Dickie* continues,

"My good Sir"—this to us all collectively, as one man—"I have about fifty cows, and I never get any cream, except what I buy, and then I pay more than any one else for it—and I never get any milk. Somebody buys it and allows me for it—that's what I'm told—but what I'm allowed for it I'm hanged if I know. They tell me my butcher 'allows me' for the calves. All I can see is that he 'allows me' to sell them to him for something less than he'd get 'em elsewhere."

"But how about chickens?" I ask, having a vague idea on the subject of poultry generally. My knowledge is limited to the outside of a shilling book entitled *How to Make Poultry Pay*. Personally I can't conceive poultry paying anything, unless they are a very wealthy sort like Guinea Fowls. But this suggestion would be levity.

"Chickens!" replies *Mosthyn Dickie*, smiling with quiet contempt at the very idea. "Chickens! I never see a chicken. Never. I've about a hundred and fifty, and I never get any eggs. When I want a fresh egg I have to buy it, and each egg in the country costs me double what it used to in town. Why," he continues, "I never get a spring chicken till nearly Michaelmas day. That's not spring, eh?"

No, he is right, Michaelmas is not spring, and it is the time for geese—not chickens. But I remark at all events in the matter of vegetables the country does offer advantages—

He interrupts me at once. "What advantages?"

Well, on the spur of the moment, I don't know. But say "growing them and getting them fresh."

He shakes his head vehemently. Clearly I know nothing about it. Why of all the deceptive things in the country, growing fresh vegetables is about the most deceptive. "You can't," he says, "rely on vegetables." Soil, seasons, frost, blight, insects, birds—in fact, everything animate or inanimate is against the entire vegetable tribe. I am staggered. If this is so, then a potato is a priceless gem, and its successful growth almost a miracle. Clearly "there is more in Heaven (birds, storms, frost, &c.), and earth (slugs, insects, and soil), *Horatio*, than is dreamt of in my (Cockney) philosophy."

But I remonstrate. "You do grow them, and you don't get them



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Mamma. "Now, ARTHUR, BE A GOOD BOY, AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE, OR MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"

Arthur (after mature deliberation). "I WOULD RATHER MAMMA WAS VERY ANGRY!"

second-hand." It strikes me I never have heard of a second-hand cabbage, for example.

"I do grow them," he says; "but I can't get the gardener to give them me when I want them. My potatoes are all old before they're new. And as to cucumbers—it takes him half a year to grow one; and when all the asparagus is finished in London, then my gardener triumphantly produces a bundle as a treat."

This does not sound encouraging. But get MOSTHYN DICKIE alone and walking round his farm and about his grounds, and splendid wall-fruit and kitchen garden, where everything is admirably kept—"I don't want 'em *kept*," he says, "I want 'em for use,"—and then I hear quite another tale. Offer him so much down to leave the place, with another ready to go into. Would he accept? Not he. Offer any one of his servants from the bailiff downwards, double the wages to enter somebody else's service, would they accept? Not they.

I see baskets of eggs in the house, pans of cream in the dairy, sheep, cows, bullocks, enough to provide a garrison for six months. MOSTHYN DICKIE has his grumble—he thinks it does good; in fact, I believe that he—the kindest and most generous of masters—absolutely fancies himself a martinet who has his eye everywhere, and knows, to the fraction of a wine-glass or an egg, what goes on in the house or out of it.

But his plan with his *employés* is really Dr. ARNOLD's Rugby system with the Sixth Form. They are all on their honour, as it were. They have an excellent employer, and the youngest servant in the place has been with MOSTHYN DICKIE at least ten years. But MOSTHYN DICKIE was born to protest against everything. Fate had called him MOSTHYN DICKIE, when he ought to have been DICKY MOSTHYN—and there's an end of it.

It is the very perfection of a house to stop at—and this being the case—

Happy Thought.—Stop here for the present—and so winter having, I hope, passed away, I conclude this series of *Friends at a Distance*.

THE MARKED MAN.

(*A Song of the "Black Book," by a Gaol Bird.*)

'Im as is spoony on a gal,
Wot hacts of foolishness 'e'll do!
These here blue letters by a pal
Was done in wot they call "tatoo."

A fish, a hanker, and a 'art,
The hemblem of my hammerus flame;
And Cupig runnin' of 'is dart
Through MARY, which it wos her name.

It ain't no good, recourse to fiction;
Yer can't plead fust offence no more,
Wen many and many a past conviction
Agin yer name is hon the score.

Wasn't I hall-marked but too plain,
With two cock heyes and nose awry?
My skin for never thus to stain
O wot a blessed fool wos I!

'Ow could a prig be sitch a moke?
Them prints will last till my decease.
Once lagged, I am a spotted bloke—
A party known to the Perlice.

In quod the Sun you can't fight shy on,
And in your photo out you're drored:
No negative a chap can't try on,
When by 'is positive 'e's floored.

'Im as 'is photo at the Old Bailey 'as,
And, in the bargain, is tatooed,
Pris'n orthorities with a *halias*,
The more fool he, cannot delood !

Now penial servitude 's my potion,
My fare, wus luck, skilligolee!
Of witch I'd not the slightest notion
Wen "MARY" wos tatooed on me.

OUR PLANTS OF PREY.

THE *Contemporary Review* for April contains an article on "Carnivorous Plants." Jesters will remark that amongst these no mention whatever is made either of the Tiger Lily or the Dandelion.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER III.

Everything Jolly—Visits to Swells—Holkar, Polkar & Co.—Rummi on the Scoop—Khan—Can't—Difficulties—No Jolly Error—Umbrella and Hat—Whose—What Cheer—The Jolly Admiral—On we goes again.

Next Day.—Aurora, flushed and ruddy, prepares the way for glorious Phœbus Apollo, the heavenly alchemist, in his Eastern chariot of burnished gold.* He comes like a luminous orange, brilliant, magnificent, glorious, gorgeous, superb, jolly! Such a sunrise awaited me—I was a little late, but there it was—as I turned the corner of Hydeparrak, Pikkah-Delhi. In such language (as I have above written) I described the effect of colour, through my servant, RUMMI, to the Begum of Dorajah, who archly observed that I should be called in her own tongue *agushar*, i.e. a rhapsodical poet.

But though I have my gifts as a poet, painter, author, sportsman, rider, boxer, and so forth, I don't boast; I only reply "*Me voilà!* I am a real jolly good fellow, and so say all of us, with three Indian cheers, '*Hipp! Hippo! Hoorajah!*'"

Same Day.—Called on HOLKAR. He was delighted to see me, as * Note from F. P. to Editor.—Here's your real classic style, eh? Something extra for this.

Editor to F. P.—Very good. A little over the heads of the Public, which prefers plain unvarnished tale.

F. P. to Editor.—Right you are! The Sun is over the heads of the Public. I don't varnish tales; I varnish pictures. No matter: shall drop the classical. "Luminous orange" is effective, isn't it? Even PENNY WHISTLER might relish this.



"NON HABET LEGES."

Shooting-Man (and Owner of Covers, who has asked a Friend from London for the last day). "OH, I SAY, I WROTE TO THE MASTER. I TOLD HIM—"
Huntsman. "I DESS-SAY. BUT YOU DIDN'T WRITE TO THE FOX. YOU NEVER TOLD HIM NOTHINK!"

We had not met since the occasion of the Prince's visit, and now I came with an introduction from *The HOLKAR* in England. *HOLKAR* couldn't attend to me himself, but introduced me to *POLKAR*, who was sitting at *tiffin* with Sir JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG, the Chief of the Great Oriental Record Office, a most entertaining person, who, in his own inimitable way, was telling *POLKAR tuffuns* (*i.e.* tales of wonder and other marvellous stories), which kept *POLKAR* actually entranced, with a bit of muffin in one hand, and a fork, with a morsel of pickle on it, in the other, and his mouth and eyes wide open, with nothing in either. Sir JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG was in the meantime enjoying himself immensely, as he found no difficulty in telling a *tuffun* and taking in *tiffin* at the same time.

When His Excellency SALAR JUNG had retired (leaving very little behind him except dirty plates, six shrimps, and the cruets), *POLKAR*'s musicians, the *Pipas*, came in, for *POLKAR* is a great dancer, and always indulges in the poetry of motion after *tiffin*. They were all learning different airs on the bagpipes. I asked *POLKAR* if he would give me a sitting. He replied that he would not, as it would be beneath his dignity, but that one of his *Pipas* would oblige, who, thereupon, at a sign from *POLKAR*, handed me a seat.

I protested that this was not what I had meant by "giving me a sitting." Then he replied—he is a very stupid man—"There is English Church here, and Parson. *POLKAR* no Parson. *POLKAR* Parsee. Parsee give no sittings. Parson sell sittings. You go to Parson, buy sittings." Whereupon he walked out, in high dudgeon, accompanied by all his *Pipas*.

RUMMI might have smoothed matters for him, but somehow he wouldn't. Indeed I heard afterwards that he had infuriated *POLKAR* against me by telling him that "I wanted to catch his nose," which *POLKAR* resented as a personal insult. Indeed, had I stayed any longer, he would have had my head before I got his.

All this time RUMMI was pretending the utmost concern at the failure of my first endeavour. Raised RUMMI's wages conditionally.

[Entry in Private Diary.—Must get rid of RUMMI.]

Krammah—a small town not far from here. My friend Khan RALI SING's house is 1700 feet high, surrounded by a grove of *squirmms* (a sort of twisted fir) twenty feet deep at least; and

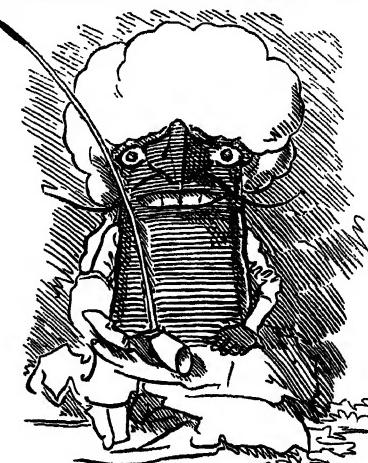
though there is a gulf-stream at the back which is very convenient, yet, on the whole, we are not well off for water. Geologists tell me that at some time of the world's history, the mountains,—inhabited by tribes owing allegiance to NAVYE KHAN, an impossible fellow,—were certainly higher than the plain. Now here, in India, the mountains are themselves quite plain. But I don't understand geology; though if there were a science of good fellowship called Jollygy, I should be head swell at it, and in the chair every night.

This morning (two days after) called on the Khan of Pawtah, a stout little chap, of rich brownish black colour, rather a frothy style, and with such a head! He belongs to a peculiar sect, and the public service is conducted by a set of Priestesses called *Beandesses*, who are very popular as ministering spirits in India.

The Khan of Pawtah is a dirty sort of fellow, but I began by using soft soap with him, and, as I gave him enough of it, he swallowed it, and liked it immensely.

Old PAWTAH refused flatly to be drawn. There was no help for it, and I retired.

I fancy RUMMI has been at work here. He swears he hasn't. Shall I raise his wages, if he'll tell me the truth? Think over it. Still, if I have come here to paint portraits of the Natives, I can't return without something. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall do them in black profiles, with a pair of



scissors. Made RUMMI a handsome present of a hat and umbrella,

which I had taken by accident out of the hall, after POLKAR's party. [N.B.—Must get rid of RUMMI.]

To-day.—Asked an intelligent Native his opinion of the Imperial Proclamation and the Durbar.

He replied, "Shamiāna, Sahib, shamiāna."

"I am very much of your opinion," I returned, politely, in excellent Hindostanee.

This morning crossed the Dawb country—very little of which is plain, and all the inhabitants coloured—in order to be introduced to the celebrated HEZAN ARAJAH VALHALLAH BEEGCHUM, who, years ago, had been an Englishman, but having been at an early age taken up by the Natives, had lived in tents, had accustomed himself to canvas, and become a naturalised Indian. Being naturally quick and clever, with a certain touch of genius, he at once dissented from the popular mode of worship as practised by the Hindoo and Mahomedan, and, taking a little from both, he proclaimed another prophet in opposition to MAHOMET, whom he styled EGOMET. The Egomedans hold illiberal opinions, but do not interfere with anybody as long as they are allowed to do exactly as they please. The sect has been of late years spreading widely; and it is now rare to visit any part of India without coming across some of the Egomedans, or worshippers of EGOMET. The temple is in the form of a gigantic Greek *iota*. How the Greek architecture came here I do not pretend to know—nor do I care. But whatever archaeologists may say to the contrary, here it undoubtedly is. The HEZAN ARAJAH, it is confidently hoped by his admirers, will soon be raised to the rank of full RA-JAH. It is said he paints. This may be so; but he has a wonderful complexion, his colour is striking, and, if he does paint, all must admit that he does it very well. *Ars est celare artem.* He has a taste for dramatic literature, and, in order to induce him to give me a sitting, I pretended great interest in a manuscript play of his, which he called *All Dicky: or, Cussing Richard*. This I promised him I would take with me to England, and show to some Manager. I have been as good as my word. I have shown it to several. Could I do more? Here is my portrait of the distinguished

HEZAN ARAJAH VALHALLAH BEEGCHUM. It is considered a wonderful likeness. The Valhallah Beegchum stands six feet ten, and my picture is life-size, so I do not think I shall enlarge it, unless for a travelling caravan. But that's a spec. *in futuro*: and whenever VALHALLAH BEEGCHUM may visit this country, I shall make the most of him.

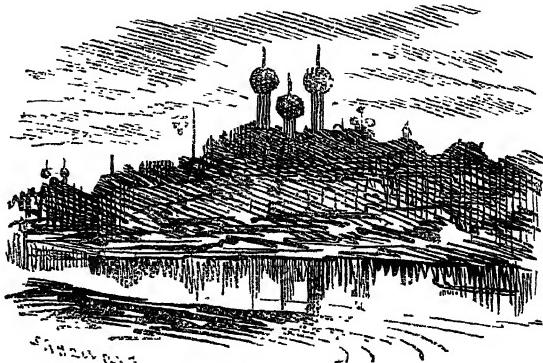
Next Day.—Called at the Admiralty. Saw Admiral Sir Flötahoy Brotahooy. He is the head ground swell of the Indian Navy, which will one day be of the greatest service to the Empire. His portrait was very difficult to make, as I had to entice the old Admiral out to sea in a boat, and induce him to spin yarns, while I sat in the stern sheets making a thumbnail sketch. Had he caught sight of me at work, he would have given orders to "Chuck the Painter overboard," and a few of his too faithful attendants would have

sent me head over heels to dive for pearls in the Indian Ocean. One good purl deserves another. And what reparation would the Imperial Government have demanded?

Simply, the Imperial Government would have been satisfied with the official explanation to the effect that—"The boatswain having misunderstood the Admiral's orders, applied the name of Painter to the person, and not the rope, and had chucked the former, and not the latter, into the sea. For a precedent the Imperial Government is referred to *Jogbhoy Millerhoy*, p. 102, edition 1540."

However, I sketched the Admiral, and the portrait is one of the finest likenesses I've ever made, though perhaps I say so who shouldn't.

Day after Yesterday.—Up early, sketching. Everything going on jolly. It's jolly hot. Here is my sketch of the town of Pawnpore, where my uncle, Sir



PORRIPHAU ABHOOMBHOY, is Political Resident, and is held in high respect by all classes. His house—the Spowht—is thronged from morning to night, and as for his receptions, there is such a rush for tickets, that I've known all sorts of meannesses practised in order to obtain one of them for a friend.

The above sketch has been greatly admired, and I shall, in all probability, enlarge it for the Academy, or for exhibition, at a shilling a head, in some Gallery in Bond Street. I like a Gallery. It is an appeal to the Jolly Gods. Hooray! It is startlingly life-like, and I should like to see anyone dare to offer me a thousand pounds for it.

Saturday Afternoon.—Went to tea with Sir BIGPOTTAR JAMMIBHOY. Made a sketch of him.

This is one of my best pictures. I propose enlarging it for exhibition, specially on account of the drapery, which has been much admired.

If, on my return from India, the Imperial Government would like to send me anywhere as Colonial Governor—or, if I was not going to stop long, as a *Semi-Colonial* Governor—I should be happy to accept the situation, and go out as Sir BARTLEMY FAXRE, K.C.B. (K.C.B. means Kan Come Back.) I think it a good jovial title, and wouldn't Sir BARTLEMY FAXRE go in for a Show! Aha! all there when the bell rings!

RUMMI came in to tell me that a jolly big reward has been offered for the discovery of the man who took the umbrella and hat from POLKAR's. The penalty of taking an umbrella and hat from POLKAR's is death by strangulation, or poison, if preferred. Compelled to square RUMMI. Umbrella and hat destroyed.

[Note in Private Diary.—Believe RUMMI put the advertisement in *The Bengal Tiger* himself about the reward. Have written to my solicitors, Messrs. PETTIE AND MIEN, for advice as to how best to get rid of RUMMI. Anxiously await answer.]



SIR BIGPOTTAR JAMMIBHOY ENJOYING HIMSELF.

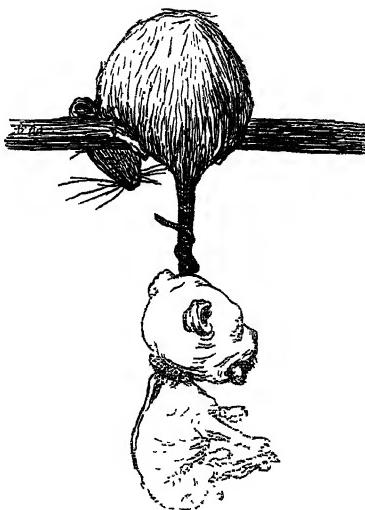
man who took the umbrella and hat from POLKAR's. The penalty of taking an umbrella and hat from POLKAR's is death by strangulation, or poison, if preferred. Compelled to square RUMMI. Umbrella and hat destroyed.

A Radical Reformer's Prayer.

"MESSRS. BOLCKOW, VAUGHAN, and Co., heads of the Cleveland iron workers, have at last, by an adaptation of the Bessemer process, succeeded in making steel from Cleveland iron, without any cost beyond that attendant upon the conversion of the richest hematite ores."

See Cleveland Pigs from flaws made pure,
By potent Bessemer coercion;
For human pigs could we secure
Such swift sure process of conversion!

COMMON LAW GHOSTS DEPARTING.



HE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in the course of his speech on the night of Thursday, April 3rd, in the House of Commons, in introducing the Bill to codify the Criminal Law, observed:—“The code, however, although it does not contain an exposition of the law relating to every indictable offence to be found in the Statute-books, contains this, to my mind, very salutary provision—that every one who is party to an indictable offence shall be proceeded against under some provi-

sion of the Bill, or some statute not inconsistent therewith, and shall not be proceeded against at Common Law.”—*Times*, April 4, 1879.

SHAKE hands, my Common Barrator!
Nor longer eye the world askance;
The law now opens wide its door
To Champerty and Maintenance.
Who knows? In time may even see
No great crime in Embracery!

Eaves-droppers may henceforth be bold,
By prosecutions undismayed;
And our good friend, “the Common Scold,”
May ply, secure, her roaring trade.
For blood from turnips none shall draw
Henceforth by screw of Common Law!

Old Common Law is dying fast,
His undefined dominions fade.
See HOLKER sounds the trumpet-blast,
And wields his Code as battle-blade.
BARRY behind, and BLACKBURN rush,
With STEPHEN and the force of LUSH.

Ye parishes whose bridges fall,
Whose highways, unrepaired, decay,
Lift up your voices, one and all,
With triumphant “Hip, hooray!”
For prosecutors now no more
Shall lay indictments at your door!

The stirring soul who hates the night
When drowsy towns in slumber lie,
May work a fog-horn as of right,
And make dull sleep, affrighted, fly.
No longer kept in abject awe
By the large threats of Common Law!

Poor Common Law! Thy pride is o'er,
‘Tis Statute now that rules the roast;
Where ghosts and bogies fled before,
Flee thou, the shadow of a ghost,
To guide, mayhap, the legal helm
Of some pale Rhadamanthine realm!

A DISQUALIFIED LEADER.

ON the word of a “SOLDIER,” we have it stated, that Colonel GORDON, C.E., notwithstanding all his abilities and exploits as a military leader, “would never have been allowed to hold a Commission, or even a combatant staff-appointment in the English service; merely because he is an officer in the Engineers, and not in either the cavalry or infantry.” As the “SOLDIER” naturally remarks:—

“It is almost incredible, yet strictly true, that Colonel

GORDON, who has shown his power of conquering for the KHEDIVE in North Africa, would not be intrusted with the command of a brigade, or with the office of Assistant-General, in a force of his own countrymen operating against Zulus!”

Why, everybody supposed the British Army to have been reorganised the other day; and yet, whilst engineering is now acknowledged to be of the first importance in warfare, an Engineer Officer, as such, remains ineligible even to the office of Assistant-Adjutant General. Is not this a survival from the days of “crack” regiments, consisting, for the most part, of dandies and dunces? Has Mr. BULL been dreaming of a different survival in the British Army; a new development, with a competitive struggle for existence, and a survival of the fittest? Does he now awake to find the War Office and the military authorities still tied up with red tape as ridiculously as a “SOLDIER” represents them to be?

ON A LOWE VIEW OF LITERATURE.

(*By the Boy at the Bookstall.*)

“Everybody knows those lovely yellow books with the beautiful red backs—that charming binding which comes off in your hand before you get to Kilburn. They are inseparably connected in the mind of every true-born Briton with a railway journey. . . . An improvement in this direction might be to the public advantage.”—Mr. LOWE at the Annual Dinner of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

BOB LOWE be blowed! My stall-mate, TAFF, who cheeks the old City chaps so, Says ‘taint respectful talking in that style of Statesmen. P’raps so; But when an M.P. goes and spouts ‘bout things he’s lost the run of, A man who’s seen the world—like me—his bunkum must make fun of. Yes, seen the world. No sniggering! Don’t the world by rail now travel? I tell you there ain’t many things as a bookstall boy can gravel. What I say’s Mister LOWE has missed his tip, and come a cropper; Which he does often, in a style rayther verdant, for a topper. Yellow books, with scarlet backs, that come off—you say, “instanter”—Now, really, that’s the stale, stale chaff of the conventional canter; Quite in the Cockney comic style of tuppenny Timon smartness. Which you drop into now and then, for all your classic tartness. Why, bless your innocent old heart, here’s TAFF and I could sell you Off our own stall a batch of books none so dusty, I can tell you. We’ve MILL and MALLOCK, TYNDALL, TAINÉ—stiff enough for any reader—As well as BRADDON, TROLLOPE, Wood, and her BURNAND calls “WEENER.” Then if a traveller wants to do a grind by rail, I’ll venture he, Unless a “Sap,” won’t want to fly above *The Nineteenth Century*; Or should a sweet Blue-Stocking wish to make her spin pass lightly, She must be precious hard to please if she sneer at the *Fortnightly*. BOBUS, my buffer, well-nigh all the news and *news* of London Lies on our stalls, we see the best in Science, Art, or fun done. I keep my eye upon the lot; and, for human nature, why Sir, There’s precious few of its small games to which us two aren’t fly, Sir. Statesmen, scholars, novelists, poets, them as thunder, them as tinkle, I’ll bet you two to one that we could show them many a wrinkle. Ladies, languid swells, and spoons, may go in for the mustard covers, But heaps of folk that ride by rail aren’t tooth-pick toffs nor lovers. Old business buffers read their MILL, their BAGERT, and their FAWCETT, You should see ‘em with their wrinkled brows, their giglamps on and jaws set. Your stiff and snuffy spinsters, too, catch them with two-bob twisters! Not they; their mark is Woman’s Rights and Cries of Struggling Sisters. Then gushing girls, with such rum togs, BURNE-JONES riddles all for solvin’, Turn up their sweet tip-tilters, save at SWINBURNE, PATER, COLVIN; I hear the funniest things while dusting, folding, and arranging; The pretty pull-backs’ chat, quite free, while their books for ‘em I’m changing. I learn to know them by their looks amidst the Station’s Babel. Business, sport, science, love, high-art, there’s few that I can’t label. I know the fashionable fads, the sensations hot and shocking, All that pokes the Parsons up, and moves the beauty or blue-stocking. Books, and pictures, jokes and journals, buyer’s talk and lounger’s patter, There’s little takes the town but what I’m posted in the matter. TAFF laughs and cheeks; but I take notes; Society’s my study; And I can tell you that your view of railway reading’s muddy. It’s all onesided, much like those of that smart slogger, HARRISON, Who paints library so blue, bookstall’s rosy by comparison. It’s curious how such clever cards will lay on colour lumpy, Now all whitewash, then all lampblack, just as they feel gay or grumpy. That’s how your Critics miss their mark in Science, Art, Society; My berth would teach ‘em of this Age the feature is variety. You’ve been down on Metaphysics, scorned the Classics, dear ROBERTUS, And now you’re wiring into us. Your wigging will not hurt us. SMITH will survive it, never fear; your hits must be much neater, If you would set the times to-rights; so thinks

Yours, truly,

PETER.

IT WILL NEVER DO.

THE fatal objection to the Electric Light is that it shows things in their true colours! What a world it would be if that alarming result should ever come to pass, *Punch* need not waste time, ink, and eloquence in insisting.

HOMEOPATHIC CURE (*for the half-drowned people of Szegedin.*)—WHETHAM.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LAST spoonful before the recess.

Monday, April 7.—KETCHWAYO—Why not write that distinguished Monarch's name as it is spoken?—says he is ready to make peace, but we don't believe him. So Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH informs Mr. RICHARD—that respectable Quaker being as prone to put faith in the first symptoms of peaceful proclivity in Zululand as cynical officials to distrust them.

But the transports with troops have begun to arrive at Durban, and a relieving column will soon be on its way to PEARSON and his beleaguered force. Soon we may hope to have Ekwow answering more distinctly than she has lately been doing, England's anxious questions about the Buffs and Blues—their gallant comrades of the Naval Brigade. "Buff and Blue" is an honoured combination of colours that all Whigs, at least, will say ought to win.

Second Reading of the Army Discipline and Regulation Bill.

Mr. E. JENKINS is dissatisfied with its shortcomings, and wants to get rid altogether of secret Courts of Inquiry, and so moves an Amendment.

Colonel ALEXANDER and Sir H. HAVELOCK, Sir J. HAY, Colonel

MURE, Major O'BEIRNE, Major NOLAN, Mr. HOLMES, and Sir G. BALFOUR criticised the details of the Bill, from various military and pseudo-military points of view. But all these *minutiae* of amendment, these *apices juris militaris*, as Sir W. V. HAROURT pointed out, are for Committee.

Colonel STANLEY admitted that public Courts-Martial were preferable, *per se*, to private Courts of Inquiry—if the two admitted of comparison, which they don't. Courts of Inquiry are confidential investigations necessary for the guidance of commanding officers. As to Mr. Brown's objection to the Volunteers being placed under the Mutiny Act while drilling with Regulars, Volunteers, so situated, were soldiering and not 'playing at soldiers, and must accept this among other liabilities of the soldier's calling.'

The Bill moved on to a Second Reading over the body of Ginx's Baby, and the House adjourned for the Easter recess.

Much good may its brief holiday do it! If weariness and weakness ever earned a fortnight's "interval for refreshment," this House has earned it! May its Easter eggs prove pregnant of chickens! And may its Hot-cross buns have a sweet savour to



AN EXPLANATION.

Sylvia. "I WONDER WHAT THAT OLD WOMAN MEANT BY SAYING HER CUP WAS OVERFLOWING, WHEN MAMMA GAVE HER THE COLD CHICKEN."

May. "I SUPPOSE SHE MEANT HER MOUTH WATERED."

compensate for their hotness and cross-ness! Poor PREMIER, he will have anything but an easy Easter of it!

Hot they come, and ever hotter, buns their various crosses bearing,
More than e'en *his* strength can carry, past e'en *his* power of not caring;
Hot-cross buns of Zululand, with KETCHWAOY's cross imprinted;
Hot-cross buns of Afghanistan, with YAKOOB's cross roughly dintered:
Hot-cross buns of Roumelia, with Cross and Crescent saltire-wise;
Hot-cross buns of Thessala, with Greek Cross and Slavic halter-wise;
Hot-cross buns of Asia Minor, with the cross in every fashion,
Armenian, Koordish, Turkish, Georgian, Kalmuck and Circassian;
Then the hot-cross buns abaking in Burmah, Egypt, all about,—
Whose crosses Ministers can't brag, and don't like to sing small about,—
'Tis evident that BEACONSFIELD has of hot-cross buns his hands full,
And that *his* recess of anything but peace and quiet stands full!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN (EGYPTIAN) ENNUYE.

MONDAY.—Rose to "Rule Britannia," from my private brass-band. Had roast-beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies for breakfast, to which I invited the English Minister of Finance. Had a long and confidential chat with that intelligent foreigner. Explained that I loved the English, respected Queen VICTORIA, and worshipped the Lord Mayor. Informed the Minister that I had entered horses in my own name for the Derby, and desired above all things to be a member of TATTERSALL's. Suggested a Cattle Show at Cairo in December, and a University Boat Race on the Nile. Hinted that France and England were natural enemies, and that Egypt looked to England for protection from France. Suggested that the English Minister had a right to unlimited backsheesh, and proposed a new loan. The Minister listened to all I had to say, and told me that he could only act in concert with his French colleague. Much annoyed. Courbashed my household, and kicked my eldest son.

Tuesday.—Rose to a selection from the latest French *Opéra bouffe* produced at my Opera-house. A very recherché *déjeuner à la fourchette* served up by my *chef*, to which I invited my dear comrade the French Minister for Public Works. Had a long and confidential chat with that intelligent foreigner. Explained that I admired the French, believed in all the glories of France, and thoroughly appreciated Republican Institutions. Informed the Minister that I wished to be naturalised a Frenchman, and desired to be buried in Paris as the centre of civilisation. Hinted that England and France were natural enemies, and that Egypt looked to France for protection from England. Expressed my surprise that no attempt had been made to wipe out the stain of Waterloo. Suggested that a French Minister had just as good a right to make his fortune on the banks of the Nile as on those of the Seine, and proposed a new loan. The Minister listened to all I had to say, and told me he could only act in concert with his English colleague. Much annoyed. Gave my household the stick, and kicked my second son.

Wednesday.—On waking ordered my private band to play a *pot-pourri* of Italian, Austrian, German, and Russian national airs. Sent for all the Foreign Consuls (with the exception of the English and French), and entertained them at a banquet. Had a long and confidential chat with them. Explained that I was passionately fond of German sausages, Russian caviare, Austrian dampf-nödeln, and Italian macaroni. Said that I considered it an honour to be connected with the Turk, and was, therefore, keenly interested in the Treaty of Berlin. Hinted that the Western Powers were the natural enemies of the rest of Europe, and that Egypt looked for protection from England and France, to Italy, assisted by the Triple Alliance. Lamented that the Crimean and Franco-Austrian Wars should have caused so much damage to Russia and Austria. Pointed out that France was recovering from the blow dealt her by Germany, and that England was a rival to Italy in the Mediterranean. Suggested that there would be very pretty pickings for any Foreign Consul who gave a cordial support to native and natural Egyptian authority in Egypt. Finally proposed a new loan. The Consuls listened to all I had to say, and told me that they could do nothing without consulting their

respective Governments. Much annoyed. Bastinadoed my household, and kicked my third son.

Thursday.—Got up early, and organised riots in the streets, mutiny in the Army, and a strike in the Public Offices. Sent regiments to insult the English and French Ministers, and to turn out the Members of my Cabinet. Rehearsed speeches to my troops in the morning, and practised them in the afternoon. Alarming outbreaks, which I suppressed. On restoring order, proposed a new loan. The English and French Ministers laughed in my face, and the Foreign Consuls turned their backs upon me. Much annoyed. Spent the evening and a great part of the night in kicking my household and all my sons.

Friday.—Hard at work all day apologising to everybody. Sent telegrams to Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, expressing my sincere regret for what had occurred yesterday, and promising never to do it again. Announced my settled resolve to follow the orders of the English and French Ministers. Embraced everybody with effusion, and proposed new loans all round. Heavy fall in the Funds. Obliged to sell for the settlement. Greatly annoyed. Courbashed and sticked my household, and regretted I had no more sons to kick, having kicked them all into the middle of next week.

Saturday.—Insulted England and France. Defied Europe. Upset everything. Declared myself independent, my policy, "No Surrender!" and proclaimed a new loan. Waited to see what would turn up.

Sunday.—General collapse! Packed up my portmanteau.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR,

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY

FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER IV.

A Little Sport—Jolly Turban—Rummi—Spec—Tin—Difficulty—Solicitors—More Rajahs—Smashas—Hippodrome—Injyable Jokes—Bustahs—Local Colour—Expression—Slidodja—Early Marriages—Mehuggur—Simla—Riddle—Another Bustah—Difficulty—Forwards!

Monday.—Called on Sir JIBJEEJEE JHOOKIBHOY, who is getting up the Kilapore Fellah Steeple-Chace. A great sportsman, and a regular *Howlah* (*i.e.* tiptop Indian swell) is Sir JIBJEEJEE. I advised him strongly not to ride himself. If he did, I entreated him to abandon his gigantic turban.

He's as obstinate as a mule. And the more I pressed him *not to* ride, the more he would. So what was left for me but to bet against him, and make the best out of him I could? My man RUMMI attended Sir JIBJEEJEE, and I promised him a handsome per-centge if all should turn out well. Poor Sir JIBJEEJEE!

There was a high wind blowing directly at him, and as he came at full speed, it caught his jolly old turban, which was firmly glued on to his bald pate, and literally turned his head. Had the wind veered round, with equal force, to the opposite quarter, he might have been saved, but fate had ordered it otherwise, and he fell at his third fence, with his head regularly embedded in this abominable turban. However, 'tis an ill wind that blows no one any luck; and on going round to collect my debts, I found I had made a cool *thou.* one way and another. Unfortunately, my success was discounted by RUMMI having taken upon himself the office of Collector before I began, and when I came to settle up with him afterwards, he presented me with such a list of bills, which he swore he had paid for me since I had been in Injia, that I was quite staggered; and, as they were all received, I could not dispute his word, and was compelled to take twenty-five pounds, ready cash, as representing all that remained to me of my winnings after payment of just debts.

Private Note in Diary.—Must get rid of RUMMI. As yet had no reply from my solicitors, MESSRS. PETTIE AND MIEN.

Wednesday.—Asked BIGJAWAR, the Maharajah of Chattabore, to sit still, but he wouldn't, and nearly talked me to death. I tried to fix the Rajah SHIRKAR, but having been once frightened by a photographer, he always hid himself at my approach, and my only chance was to take a one-eyed view of him through a keyhole. I found, however, that it was dangerous to trifle with SHIRKAR; as the photographer in question had been beaten to death by the *Smashas* (a sort of flat spade, with a bamboo handle, used for killing flies) carried by his attendants.

Thursday next.—Called on Her Highness BHOBEL. She is very showy, as is everything about her, and the style in which she lives "reminds me," as I observed to Rajah GHIGGELAR, "of some splendid scene in a grand spectacular drama at MYERS'S Hippodrome, which," I added, "is a Circus everyone *ad-myers.*"

GHIGGELAR understands English, and screamed with delight. Then he clapped his hands, and a thousand ebon slaves rushed in, to whom he told the joke, which, I must say, is a first-rate one, and made me laugh at it myself, which shows it must be a regular *bustah*, as we say in Injia. They all bowed themselves to the earth with laughter, holding their hands to their sides, all except one man, who was immediately taken out and executed. Subsequently, it was discovered that he was deaf.

"What it matter?" exclaimed GHIGGELAR, carelessly. "Here to-day, gone to-morrow! Don't hear to-day, gone same day! Eh?" It was a stupid joke, but I screamed like a macaw, out of compliment to GHIGGELAR, and also remembering the fate of the man who didn't laugh at the right time. Such is life—in Injyable Injia!

Here is my portrait of GHIGGELAR. One of the best things I've ever done.

The following Day.—Followed Her Highness BHOBEL everywhere. She is a beautiful creature, but very shy and reserved. Through a grating in the palace she whispered to me,

"Me like you. You nicey-pieey. Followers no allowed."

I said, "O beautiful Bird of Paradise, whose eyes are like the morning star, and whose nose is like the setting sun, let me take you!"

She replied, simply,

"Whar?"

"Here!" was my answer. And in less than half a jiffey I had produced pencil, paints, canvas, etcetera.

"More than head worth," she cried, pointing to her own.

"It will be when it's finished," I replied, painting away with all my might and main.

"If head seen at grille," she murmured faintly—

"There will be a chop," I interrupted, knowing the fate of all the ladies of the Zenana, who dare to smile on anyone save their liege lord. And she was smiling at me like winky! But I am adamant.

"Is um stake worth it?" she asked, archly.

I pressed one hand to my heart, while with the other I dashed her eyes on to the canvas.

Scarcely had I dotted her eyes, than she uttered an exclamation of horror, and disappeared.

Behind me stood the Parharajah FROTZEE-SHAH, her lord and master, a horrid old fellow, followed by his favourite, MUSTIPHA WIRZA. Their "caparisons were odorous."

I secreted my sketch adroitly, and whistled a tune. But it was a narrow escape. I have known a man strangled for less.

I caught my servant RUMMI outside, laughing. He belongs to a sect called the *Chuk-lars*. They take a cynical view of life, and enjoy the misfortunes of others.

N.B.—*Private Note.*—Must get rid of RUMMI. Wire PETTIE AND MIEN.

Saturday.—I make this, as a rule, my Sitterday—if I can get anyone to sit. A notion has struck me, which I shall try to carry into effect—Mesmerism or chloroform for sitters. Patent the idea.

This afternoon tried it on GHIGGELAR. Got the laughing-gas, and under pretence of giving him something to drink, made him inhale



it. The effect was electrical. *But he wouldn't sit.* No. The laughing-gas had an extraordinary effect on him. It played "the merry blazes" with him.* He danced, raved, roared, rantled, laughed, and made such a noise that all the Court rushed in to see what was the matter.

Fortunately, SLIDODJA, the chief of the Brahmins—whose duty it is to keep the sacred locks of Brahma well oiled—looked at me, and held up a rupee, unseen to the rest, to which I replied, significantly by spreading out three fingers of one hand. He understood me, and, calling for silence, he explained to them that GHIGGELAR was now inspired. They all withdrew solemnly, and I paid SLIDODJA three rupees down on the nail, and bolted. Life was cheap at the price. I don't try laughing-gas again. N.B.—RUMMI not "in it" this time. I'm getting too jolly clever by half.

Evening.—Hired a *gharry*, which, as I said to the *Karbhoy* (or driver) "is licensed to set down one and *gharry* two."

I didn't pay for the *gharry*, but left whistling "*Gharry-oing,*" while RUMMI informed the man that we should be back again soon, if he'd wait, and in the meantime he could "put it down to me."

The Rajahs generally wear slippers. They are a slippery lot: (*Sydesplittah* this. I roared at it when I first made it. Even now I can scarcely repeat it without a smile.)

Early marriages are the Cuss of the Country—not of the town. Every marriage takes place at about 4 A.M. I always get myself up in first-rate style for a wedding; but to get myself up at 4 A.M. is asking rather too much.

The wedding to-day was to take place at *Mehuggur*, which is to the Injians, what *Gretna Green* used to be to us. Here we saw several *Chits* (spinsters under forty) who had arrived, clandestinely, with their young and devoted lovers.

Well, I am quite safe here, for I cannot forget—but no matter. Oh, my heart—and Loot!! All at *Mehuggur* are "persons about to marry," and only waiting to take their turn, when the *Splisars* (the ministers licensed to marry any one—I mean licensed to perform the marriage ceremony) are ready to operate.

Drove on from *Hereweck* to a well-known spot, where I said to POLKAR, who had just dropped in (what was he doing here, the slyboots?—

"Why is one place in Injia like another?"

POLKAR replied, "Me not know dat, Sar."

"Because," I answered—"because its *Simla*."

He had never heard it before, and bought it on the spot. RUMMI was very nearly interfering, but I said (on my fingers), "Halves!" and he held his confounded tongue.

Private Diary.—What on earth shall I do with RUMMI? I can't form him, or re-form him; I must chloro-form him, and leave him behind. My solicitors, PETTIE AND MIEN, don't answer. When I find my solicitors don't answer, I change them.

POLKAR's an ass; or, as they call him here, a *Duffadar*, which means about the same thing.

Tuesday after.—Visited the Sacred Well. The well is very deep—several thousand fathoms; and at the bottom, so they say, is The Truth hidden. Of course I couldn't get at The Truth. The pious

* From Editor to F. P.—Sir, I don't like this expression "merry blazes." Let me erase it.—Yours sincerely, ED.

F. P. to Editor.—Dear old boy, no jolly error. The expression is quite harmless. Let you have a peck of 'em at half the price. It gives local colour. If I wrote like anybody else, what should I be worth? Eh? I won't swear that I haven't heard a very reverend pal of mine use precisely the same expression. Keep it in, or chuck it up, and then where are you, eh, my boy?—Yours heartily, F. P.

Women's Work in the Parish.

CANNY Yorkshiremen are far too far North to do anything unwise; We may therefore rejoice to learn that—

"In the Buckrose Division of the East Riding of Yorkshire the Magistrates have appointed Mrs. ANN SIMPSON as Surveyor of Roads for the parish of Kirby Grindalbyth, on the Wolds."

Let us hope that the influence of Woman will induce the parochial authorities of Kirby Grindalbyth to mend their ways.

A SEAT OF LEARNING.

IGNORAMUS says he wonders that accidents do not more frequently happen at Cambridge, where, what with Classical and Mathematical Tripos, there must be the constant danger of coming down between two stools.

A STRAIGHT TIP FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—The thing to lay Ghosts with:—A Spirit-Level.

JOINT OCCUPATION.—Carving at a School-table.

Showman, who is always in tears, makes a *lac per diem*, by exhibiting the well.

"Aha!" I exclaimed immediately this was told me, "That's why he is always weeping. His cry must be '*Alack and a well-a-day!*'"

All India resounds with this *bustah* (a most laughable *jeu de mot*), and Rajahs who had a previous knowledge of English are already beginning a course of instruction in order to come out with this in the best society. I am becoming famous for *bustahs*.

As the Rajahs will insist on sitting for their portraits as early as 4 A.M., I am compelled to be up at three every morning. That's the only way they can "get a rise out of me." Aha! Another *bustah*!

I thought I had got over the difficulty by sitting up all night with my servant RUMMI, who had to mix my colours and cut my pencils. I think he must have mixed my colours too strong, as I have a vague recollection of having sketched several Rajahs at once. Here's one of them, at all events:—



MY SKETCH OF RADISHAH RAJAH AFTER I HAD SAT UP TILL 4 A.M. TO PAINT HIM.

I can't quite recognise my own signature. Still, the picture is undoubtedly clever, and, when enlarged, will draw a heap of coin into the treasury of Yours Truly.

Tuesday Evening.—Just received a private note from BHOBEL. She asks me to fly with her. Not if I know it. Write back to say, "Very sorry—can't. Engaged."

I must leave this and get on, or when a slighted Injian Princess gets madly jealous, she has more than two strings to her bow, and one of 'em might be round the neck of this gay cavalier before he can say knife. Off to next place. Early.

A DUCK OF TEN THOUSAND.

We read in a recent number of the *Berwick Advertiser* that "The Duck of NORTHUMBERLAND has promised £10,000, and the Bishop-Elect of DURHAM £3000, towards the foundation of the Bishopric of Newcastle."

We have often heard of the "Cock of the North," but the Duck of Northumberland is quite a novelty. It is a comfort to know he means to take the new Bishopric under his wing.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR "CABBAGE."—The "every-day practice between tailors and customers," confessed by one of the former, of re-supplying servants with their old liveries as new ones, and charging their masters full price a second time.

HARD WORK FOR THE EGYPTIAN BOND-HOLDERS.—To hold their Principal to his Bonds, and to get their interest out of them.

AWAITING LORD CHELMSFORD.—*Victoria Cross.*



AT MADAME ALDEGOND'S (REGENT STREET).

First Dressmaker. "DO YOU—A—WEAR CHAMOIS LEATHER UNDERCLOTHING?"

New Customer. "NO; CERTAINLY NOT."

First Dressmaker. "OH! THEN PRAY TAKE A SEAT, AND I WILL SEND THE SECOND DRESSMAKER!"

POOR FELLAH!

Poor patient victim of a grinding yoke!
Mirth at thy piteous plight repents its joke.
Since Israel's children in the self-same land,
Under the harsh taskmaster's heavy hand,
Toiled, groaning at their toil in dumb despair,
What human beast such burden ever bare,
With limbs so weak, and sinews so relaxed,
By ruffians tortured and by rogues o'ertaxed?—
O'erladen ever, whatsoever shift
Of rulers promises the load to lift.
The Turk long tortured thee; now East and West,
In cold co-partnership of interest,
Combine to crush thee with a double load.
Promise to spare the burden or the goad
Avails thee little yet, that hopest in vain.
Mercy from Mammon, help from false chicane.
Pashas and politicians counterscheme,
Bondholders beg, and wily statesmen dream,
Spouters declaim, philanthropists denounce,
But is thy burden lightened by an ounce?
The lure, the lash, have they not both one end?
The bait, the bastinado, both but tend
To the same issue of more toil for thee.
But there are Englishmen who blush to see
Britons, in name, mixed with the motley league
Of grasping greed, and infamous intrigue.
Without firm footing on the side of right,
Or power unshackled with shrewd wrong to fight,
JOHN BULL's befogged; he knows not how he stands,
Mixed with the peddling plots of far-off lands,
Like GULLIVER, with myriad threads ensnared,
Reaching all ways, yet ever unprepared.
'Tis not his function freedom to oppose,
Or to strike hands with that poor Fellah's foes,—

Aid arch-rogue ISMAEL in his ruthless rule,
Or, duped by him, play the check-mated fool,
Bound in an unsought quarrel to appear,
Or to throw up the cards in shame or fear.
And yet, entrapped in Policy's sly maze,
Half-blinded by Imperialism's craze,
He knows not, hour from hour, what hated part
May be prepared for him by statecraft's art,
But loses hold on all his high traditions,
Prey to a policy of false positions.

A WORD TO THE CRAFT.

AMONG the candidates for one of the annuities in the gift of the Freemasons, under his own obscure name of RICHARD HENRY MARSH, is Mr. HENRY MARSTON, so well-known to all London playgoers of a few years ago, as one of the leading actors in the company of SAMUEL PHELPS, during the palmy days of Sadler's Wells Theatre. In age and poverty, disabled by rheumatism from following his profession, and with a wife and daughter dependent on him, he now seeks the aid of that Masonic charity which never fails the deserving. *Punch* has been asked, as one of the perpetual Grand Masters of the Order, to urge the case on the attention of the brethren, and does so with hearty good-will, in the name of good work well done, for many a year, in the cause of good Stage-Art, in one of its worthiest and bravest enterprises.

Not so Easy.

ONE of the ceremonies at the consecration of a new Prince of the Church, is that known as "opening and shutting the Cardinal's mouth." In Cardinal NEWMAN's case, the Pope won't find it so easy to perform the latter operation. If he opens his mouth, he will do it to good purpose; and if he shuts it, it will be, not at any third party's bidding, but because he sees no good reason for opening it.



POOR FELLAH !

ISMAYL KILLED-DIVE (*the Egyptian Donkey-Driver*). "CLAR DE WAY, YOU GIAOURS ! HE'S A BERRY FINE DONKEY WHEN I'M 'LOWED TO RIDE HIM MYSELF, AND PLENTY STICK !"

METEOROLOGY FOR THE MILLION.



AMONG Mr. Punch's Easter Offerings must be one of thanks to the Clerk of the Weather. That great functionary—one of the most important in the United Kingdom, hardly inferior in utility to the Earl Marshal, or the Lord Privy Seal—has recently made it known that "Any person may obtain by telegraph from the Meteorological Office the latest information as to the weather in any district of the United Kingdom by payment of a fee of 1s., in addition to 2s., the cost of the message to the Meteorological Office and the reply. The telegram containing the inquiry must not exceed twenty words in length, and must be addressed, 'Meteorological Office, London.'"
Examples of the sort of telegram to be addressed to the Meteorological Office

were appended to this notice, purporting to come from an ideal JONES, and an imaginary SMITH; but they possessed no interest, either public or domestic.

Mr. Punch, who forecasts that a nation, the staple of whose conversation is the weather, are sure to pour in their telegrams by the thousand to the Weather Office, has drawn up a few specimen messages, all within the prescribed limits, which he hopes may be useful to those of his fellow-countrymen (and countrywomen), who wish to address inquiries to the Clerk of the Weather.

EXAMPLE I.—From Rose Eleanor Darling, Swansdown, Brenchamleigh, North Devon.—"Will there be sunshine here next Thursday morning, about half-past eleven? G. laughs at me for being so superstitious." (If sunshine cannot be promised to this applicant, telegraphing on the eve of the most momentous event in her life, it is hoped that no cynical Clerk will indulge in untimely jesting about the certainty of "moonshine" following.)

EXAMPLE II.—From R. H. G. Baily (Captain of the Eleven), Rev. Dr. Martinetti, Under Norwood.—"We want to play the 'Amalgamated Jingoes' either Tuesday or Wednesday week. Which day will be the finest?"

EXAMPLE III.—From Millicent Mary Frances Hammerton, Admirals, Bishopsleigh, Herts.—"Mamma wishes to ask the BELLS, CHYME-ELLISS, BLISSINGTONS, and other friends, to lawn-tennis. What day do you recommend?"

EXAMPLE IV.—From Mrs. Posselehyte, 4, Cranberry Street, N.—"Dear Sir,—Do say whether Monday will be fine. We have a three weeks' wash. ROBERT JOHN is so grumpy."

EXAMPLE V.—From Miss Thoby, Market Place, Wharfsmoore.—"I am crossing the Channel to-morrow. How will the sea be? Saunders, my maid, is such a bad sailor."

EXAMPLE VI.—From Rev. Horace Pink, Charmside Rectory, Windover.—"Committee very anxious for splendid weather for Flower Show. Can you help us to a date between now and thirtieth?"

EXAMPLE VII.—From the Mayor of Newland-under-Edge.—"First stone of new Town-Hall to be laid, with Masonic honours, on Tuesday. Will morning, or afternoon be best?"

EXAMPLE VIII.—From Major Hooper Wingham, Four Parlours, Odbury, Suffolk.—"Want to have a shooting-party either the second or third week in September. How will weather be then?"

EXAMPLE IX.—From Sir Hubert Fane, Reynard's Court, Huntington.—"Hounds not been out for a month. When will the frost go?"

Our White Elephants.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the daily papers advocates the employment of elephants in Africa. We have at least one white one, if not two, there already, and the Government have several on hand elsewhere—in Afghanistan, for instance. Could not something be done with these embarrassing animals in these hard times? Burmah might take a few off our hands. The animal is highly prized there, which is more than can be said of it anywhere else.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Protest in Advance—Observations—Notes and Notices—Coming Events.

SIR.—Now that the Pantomime Season—a very short one this year—is well past and gone, and the Italian Opera season is on us, I wish to record a protest.

My protest, then, is against the persistent and annually-recurring use of certain well-known Fairy Tales as the subjects of Pantomime. *Cinderella* has latterly been deeply sinned against. Poor old *Cinderella*! I am sorry for her. She was—nay, she is, in herself, apart from Pantomime, a very charming, lovable person; but now I have too much of her, and she bores me horribly. Not her fault, by any means, I admit that. I own to being as much bored, and in far less time, by the eternal pictures of certain Society and Theatrical Beauties—specially those of Society—as I am by *Cinderella quæ a subiect for Pantomime*. I turn away from the Photograph shops where I know these Beauties, in various costumes, and often with as little costume as decency will permit, are displayed. If, when having stopped to examine certain wonderful photographs of interiors of Foreign Churches, or reproductions of the frescoes of BERNARDINO LUINI, I am suddenly confronted by the face of the lovely Mrs. OXIDE, or the Beautiful and Honourable Mrs. LANGUISHER—perhaps in fancy costume as a *Langushe Lass*—or the charming Duchess of FLIRTSHIRE, in a swing, I sigh wearily to myself, "Ah, here they are again!" and retire with a sense of injury against the shopman who has attracted me with a Madonna, and then thrust before my eyes a thing of a beauty which has ceased to be a "joy for ever."

And so I turn away from the Pantomime play-bills. Is there anything new under the gas battens in the sky-borders? Am I compelled, if I would see a Pantomime at all, always to see some "new and original" version of *Cinderella*, or of *Jack the Giant Killer*, or of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, or of *Blue Beard*? If I go to a West-End Pantomime Theatre in London, at Christmas time, I am safe to meet one of the family—probably *Cinderella*. If, in the hope of seeing something quite different, I go to a Circus, there she is again. If I cross the water, or visit an East-End Theatre, there she is again. *Hic et ubique!* If I go out of town, and hope to find a real novelty at a theatre by the sea-side—Brighton, for example—there she is again. *Toujours Cinderella!* If between December and February I travel North, South, East, or West, and in the evening send for a bill of the play to see what is going on in the particular provincial town where I happen to be sojourning, ten to one but when the smirking Waiter brings in the programme, there stares me in the face "the New Grand Original Spectacular Pantomime, entitled *Cinderella*"—with a variation in its second title (this is where the sole difference exists)—which will probably be "*Or, Harlequin and the Little Glass Slipper, and Old Mother Hubbard in the House that Jack built, and the Seven Champions of Christendom*," which proves that the Author, or the Manager, intended to leave as little as possible for any rival show that might happen to start up in the same town.

At another house, in another town, will be found *Cinderella*, in quite different company. Here the title will be the "New and Original Grand Spectacular Pantomime entitled *Cinderella or Harlequin and the Glass Slipper; and Little Red Riding Hood or Jack and Jill went up a Hill; and the Seven League Boots and the Fairies of the Silver Well.*" Poor *Cinderella*! She hasn't much chance when mixed up with these celebrities. But the alternative titles only serve to show how unattractive the simple story left to itself has come to be considered in the experienced judgment of Pantomime Writers and Managers.

If it is necessary to disguise her in the clothes of *Red Riding Hood*, and instead of the simple little glass slipper, to give her the seven league boots, in order to make her "go" at all, then *Cinderella's* day is o'er, and the sooner she and *Jack the Giant Killer*, and *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and *Red Riding Hood*, and *Blue Beard*, are all relegated to a *Limbo Fabularum Pantomimicarum* the better for the theatres and the public at Christmas. They need only stay in this *Limbo* for a certain space, and issue thence like Jack and Giants, refreshed. Let the field of nursery story lie fallow for a while. Depend upon it there are pastures new which will be found just as prolific in attraction, and which will offer plenty of space for the exercise of the imagination.

Henceforth and for many years to come, farewell, a long farewell, to the friends of our childhood, and of our children's childhood, for the youngest of the latest generation do not want to be perpetually seeing *Cinderella* at Christmas time. 'Tis not her fault, poor thing! she is more *Cind-erella'd* against than sinning. Managers, look to it while there is yet time. Reform your Pantomime Bills!! Let us have novelty. You've got nearly three-fourths of the year before you, take the question in hand at once.

The *Hunchback*, at the Adelphi, put up for twelve nights only, has made such a hit that it will probably continue in the bills for a



DIET.

Village Doctor. "WELL, ARE YOU BETTER? HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR MEDICINE REGULARLY, AND EATEN PLENTY OF ANIMAL FOOD?"

Patient. "YES, SIR, I TRIED IT, AND SO LONG AS IT WERE BE-ANS AND O-ATS, I COULD MANAGE POOTY WELL, SIR; BUT WHEN YOU COME TO THAT THERE CHOPPED HAY, THAT RIGHT-DOWN CHOKED ME, SIR!"

couple of months. Such is the glorious uncertainty of Theatrical Management; and though everything is prepared for *Amy Robsart*, she will not, in all probability, be required for some time to come.

The Spring seems to be giving quite an impulse to the theatres.

Our Boys make way—as a matter of politeness, *place aux Dames!*—for *The Girls*, at the Vaudeville. *Esmeralda*, brand new, brilliant and beautiful, smiles on Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S "*Jeunesse stage-doorée*"; and *Truth* is in a well of which they have not yet reached the bottom at the Criterion.

A new Burlesque on the *Lady of Lyons* is to be given at the—no, not Lyceum—at the Aquarium, and Madame SELINA DOLARO—whose name always calls to my mind the chorus of *Lillibullero*.

Laro—Laro—
Dolly Dolaro!

opens the Folly Theatre with *Les Dragons de Villars*—that's the name, I think. It looks formidable and pantomimic until you remember that the French *Dragons* are only dragoons. Success to her troupe and her troopers!

At the Court *The Ladies' Battle* is admirably played by night, and for his matinees Mr. HARE announces *The Queen's Shilling*, which is, I fancy, our old friend *The Lancers* in a new uniform—or, if the uniform is not entirely new, the buttons have been furbished up a bit. Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and a talented company will soon appear at the Royalty with a new farcical comedy, original, by Mr. SIMS (without the REEVES), and Dr. SULLIVAN'S *The Zoo* revived for the occasion. The fate of Drury Lane—poor Done-Dreary Lane—is still undecided, but, as there is already a Court Theatre, why not re-open Drury as "The Bankruptcy Court Theatre?" Not a bad title. Commissioners in Bankruptcy to take the tickets and passes, sheriffs' officers in full uniform to replace the sentinels on duty outside, and, of course, the first revival to be, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. The Drury Lane Renters could assist by perambulating London as Sandwich - Islanders carrying bills. By the way, it is a libel on the men of Sandwich—that ancient loyal port—to style the boardmen—"Sandwich-men." Poor Sandwich Islanders, poor day-boarders!—

Hereditary Boardmen! know ye not,
Who would be free themselves must strike—for
wages.

But they are earning an honest penny, and diffusing useful knowledge, and, if uncertain of their lodging, they are at least provided with their board.

The Strand produces a French *Opéra bouffe*, called *Madame Favart*—of which I know nothing, and so can only observe that one may go *Favart* and fare worse; and this *jeu de mot* proving that I am in *extremis*, I conclude my enlightened remarks by signing myself now as always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SUMMUM JUS SUMMA INJURIA.

THE liability of trustees holding shares for their *cestui que trusts* in companies of unlimited liability to the full extent of their own property, as well as that of their *cestui que trusts*, confirmed by the judgment in *Muir and Others v. The Glasgow Bank and Liquidators*, is no doubt good law, according to the decision of the House of Lords in *Lumsden v. Buchanan*.

That such is the law, according to the decided cases, is the best reason why the law should be altered as soon as may be.

Now that the gulf between Law and Equity has been bridged over in Courts Procedure and Forms, it seems absurd that a decision, which to the naked eye of lay reason is in the very teeth of Equity, should continue to be good Law. Let the House of Commons step in to right the grievous wrong which the House of Lords has proclaimed to be Law in the case of trustees holding shares in unlimited Banks. Better still, let it lay its axe to the root of the tree, and cut down such unlimited companies into limited ones as soon as may be, and that in the interest of creditors quite as much as of shareholders.

EXPRESS FROM LONDON TO CHELMSFORD.—The Giant amongst military Pigmies—Lord Blunder-bore.



FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

Visitor. "MRS. BOBITOL AT HOME?"

New Irish Footman. "MRS. BOBITOL IS NOT AT HOME, SOR. BUT I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW IF SHE WON'T SEE YOU!"

CAIRO-MANCY.

(*A Prophecy à l'Egyptienne.*)

THE KHEDIVE, in a commendable fit of patriotism, having announced his intention of making several personal sacrifices with a view to restoring the financial integrity of his country, *Mr. Punch* suggests the following historic forecast:—

1879. Egypt declared solvent by Act of Parliament. Departure of Mr. RIVERS WILSON and Mons. DE BLIGNIÈRES, by deck-passage and third-class night excursion train and P. O., for London and Paris. The era of economy commences.

1880. The Coptic Patriarch first seen walking about in calico on a week-day.

1881. Pensions after fifty years' service pronounced a luxury, and abolished. "*Faust*" played at the Grand Opera at Cairo without a *corps de ballet*, and with a chorus of four.

1882. General reduction of official salaries. The Ministers of Agriculture, the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Education, and Public Works, receive a five-pound note each, in full of all demands, on New Year's Day. Rise of one in Unified Stock.

1883. Progress of economical reforms. The Ministry of Finance abolished by Firman. Personal collection of taxes by the KHEDIVE.

1884. Solvency of the State inaugurated by a public banquet of Revalenta Arabica and Imperial Pop. Three generals of division receive an instalment on account of arrears of pay for the year before last amid indescribable enthusiasm.

1885. Popular prosperity commences. The KHEDIVE suddenly collects six years' taxes in advance, purchases five ironclads, builds three new palaces, and produces *Le Prophète* at the Grand Opera, with a full band, and chorus of three hundred and seventy.

1886. Prosperity at its zenith. Patent leather boots reappear at official receptions. The new Consolidated National Twenty-five per Cent. Loan offered on advantageous terms to a banking-house in Copenhagen, and declined.

1887. No signs of decrease in national prosperity. The use of fireworks on holidays made compulsory. Third era of new financial reforms begins. The KHEDIVE again collects personally another three years' taxes in advance, and mortgages the Nile and its Banks to the House of ROTHSCHILD after a solemn religious function by the Grand Ulema.

1888. Offensive and defensive National Alliance concluded between Egypt and Monaco. Failure of the KHEDIVE to prosecute further financial reforms. Panic.

1889. General exodus of everybody for the interior of Africa; and first appearance of the late Viceroy in Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOK'S Entertainment at the Egyptian Hall favourably noticed in the Sunday papers.

But *Mr. Punch* need not continue his prophetic research much further; the above, no doubt, being quite enough for the moment to satisfy the most sanguine believers in the astute ruler whose "plighted word" has just proved of such marketable value at Cairo, and elsewhere.

PHRASES FOR ENGLISH TOURISTS TRAVELLING IN ROUMELIA DURING THE MIXED OCCUPATION.

To be Translated into German and Russian.

I HAVE only come to see the country, and have no intention of proclaiming myself King of Bulgaria.

I do not wish to seize the Treasury, or to upset the Administration, or to raise a revolt against the SULTAN, I only want to find a respectable hotel.

The three Ladies (one of them elderly), two Boys, and the Man, are merely my family. I most solemnly declare that they are not troops in disguise.

I do not wish to take the Capital by surprise, but merely to discover a good *table d'hôte*.

I have the greatest possible respect for the Treaty of Berlin, and would not embroil the Signatory Powers in a dispute for worlds. I may say the same for my wife, daughters, sons (both of them travelling half-price as under twelve), and my servant, who is a native of Hackney.

I love the Austrians with all my heart and soul, and feel that while England and Austria are united, nothing is to be feared from Russia.

I know that the Austrians were pleased to hear of our victories in the Crimea, and that they hate the Russians as much as we do.

It certainly was delightful that the Russians should have been kept out of Constantinople by a British Fleet.

What England has done once, she will do again, when the time comes.

What! Why are you taking me to be shot?

What have I done? I had no intention of giving offence!

You a Russian! On my word of honour, I believed you to be an Austrian!

Please, Sir, let me off this time; and I won't do it again!

Extravagance or Economy?

SOME landlords have been complaining of the extravagance of the farmers in keeping Governesses for their children. But is there any domestic "slavey" as cheap as a Governess? If they had complained of the farmers keeping Cooks!

Read this from the *Daily Telegraph* of the 4th inst.:—

GOVERNESS WANTED (daily), hours from nine to six, to teach the rudiments of Latin, French, Music, and English, and to take charge of two little boys, ages six and eight. Salary, £18. Apply, by letter, &c.

And this offer comes from the eminently genteel region of the Regent's Park, too. *Punch* would be glad to know what servant in that Regent's Park household is expected to do as much work for as little pay as the Daily Governess.

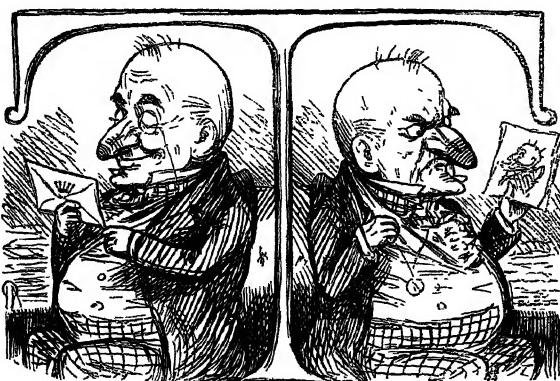
AFTER READING LORD HARRIS'S LETTER TO THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

PUNCH's advice to Australian Cricketers:—Do unto Lords as Lord's did unto you.

MIXED PICKLE.—Joint Occupation of Eastern Roumelia.

LITERÆ HUMANIORES.

(New Model.)



Government art of combining "severe censure" with "unlimited confidence."

I.

To an Enterprising Architect who has improved on his instructions.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is now, I think, about nine months since I commissioned you to prepare me the plan, get out the prices, and settle the contract for the erection by a respectable local builder of an eight-roomed villa, the whole cost of which should not exceed the sum of £900. You may imagine my surprise, therefore, on going down to-day to look at the work to find that, owing, I presume, to your desire "to do something original" at my expense, you have built me a stately mansion with five Italian facades, a campanile, and the largest ballroom but six in London, on account of which an eminent firm of London contractors are, as I write, requesting my cheque "by return" for £10,000! Of course, as you have made this strange mistake, and the thing is built, there is nothing more to be said about it. But I must add, that I think you have been a little injudicious in not letting me know what I was probably in for. However, I have no wish to distress you by any recrimination, and am, believe me, though somewhat dazed,

Still yours with all confidence,
&c., &c., &c.

II.

To a spirited Captain who has lost his Ship through an over-sanguine temperament.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,

NEVER mind. I am your Admiral, and can understand it all. The fact is, you know, you would take her in too close, though you were warned off by the charts, by every rule of seamanship, and by reiterated orders. However, it's done now, and there's an end of it; and it's no good crying over spilt

UNDER THE SUGAR.

(In the Easter-Egg Basket.)

MR. DILLWYN.—The private telegraphic correspondence of "Her Majesty and Her Viceroys" (*Imperial quarto*), handsomely bound in imitation *Russia*.

MR. RIVERES WILSON.—A saloon passage in one of the P. and O. Company's steamers from Alexandria to Southampton.

Lord CHELMSFORD.—An anti-narcotic.

Sir ROBERT PEEL.—Companion full-length *silhouettes*, in black, of a Commander-in-Chief and a High Commissioner. Fancy Portraits.

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD.—The new and amusing game of *Mixed Occupation*, with juggler's bag of tricks, coronet, stout-bottle, ermine, and gilded balls, complete.

The SCOTCH TRUSTEE.—An expression of sympathy, with a request for a large cheque at present, and ruin *in futuro*.

Sir H. LAYARD.—An upper box order, for two, for the *New Babylon*.

And Sir BARTLE FRERE.—A fire-escape.

Spain and Shoddy.

ACCORDING to the *Imparcial*, Spanish newspaper, such quantities of adulterated wines have been sold in Madrid, and discovered in the Provinces, that orders to examine all wines imported from Spain have been given to the French Custom-House authorities. What next? Those Authorities, perhaps, will be ordered to examine all calico, provisions, and other goods capable of adulteration imported from England. We cannot pretend to congratulate our sherry-drinkers that English ideas, on the subject of adulteration, at least, appear to be progressing in Spain.

milk. She will cost the country a trifle over a quarter of a million, for she was a fine ship, well found, and no mistake. However, we must get My Lords to find another for you, and see what you'll do with her. Meantime, take the advice of an old salt, and, when you do get her, don't go running along on an iron coast in a gale of wind with three fathoms under your keel. *En attendant*, better luck next time, and believe me always Yours cheerily, &c., &c.

III.

To a speculative Stockbroker who has ruined his Client.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

You ought to have put it all into the Three per Cents., as I instructed you. It is such a disagreeable surprise to me to discover suddenly that every halfpenny I possess in the world has disappeared in a South American mine! However, I know that the *Rio Brigante Thirty per Cent. Consols* were always a hobby of yours, and I can not reproach you. I suppose I shall have to take to a "crossing"—*mais que voulez-vous?* Stockbrokers will be Stockbrokers. So, wishing you a heap of customers, and just a little more caution,

I am always yours most truly, &c., &c.

IV.

To an active Agent who has been a little hasty.

MY DEAR MR. —,

I SEE that instead of announcing my intention of remitting the Spring rents, out of consideration for the hardness of the times, you have evicted everybody on the shortest possible notice. I think that this has perhaps been a slightly mistaken policy on your part, as my house was yesterday evening burnt down over my head, while to-day, as I was inspecting the ruins, I have been shot at four times, and badly hit three. I do not, of course, complain of this, for I am quite satisfied that you have ideas of your own as to the management of my affairs. Should anything more serious occur, I have made all arrangements that you should be duly communicated with by telegraph; for I am convinced that whatever happens, you have done your duty like a conscientious and energetic, if—I hope you will excuse my adding—somewhat too prompt and energetic an agent.

Believe me, &c., &c.

V.

From a Secretary of State to a High Commissioner who has set a Colony in a blaze.

MY DEAR SIR,

INJUDICIOUS, perhaps. But there—never mind. Have another innings.

Yours, &c., &c.

CETEWAYO AND KETCH.

THE Zulu Monarch's name, by its lett'ring to speak, As if 'twere a proper name, Latin or Greek, And pronounce CE—TE—WAY—O, is not the right way; We are told that KETCHWAYO is what we should say.

KETCHWAYO's accounted a barbarous wretch; And his name also puts us in mind of JACK KETCH. In one thing King KETCHWAYO and JACK KETCH agree; They were both little babies once, even as we.

Ay, and both of those babies their nurses, perchance, In their arms were accustomed to dandle and dance, And hush them, and rock them, and lullaby sing, And cry "Ketchy-Ketchy" to each little thing!

OUR CONSUMPTION OF CLARET.

It is stated that our consumption of French wines is only about half per cent. of the total production of wine in France. That may well be, notwithstanding any quantity that may be drunk of Grocers' Gladstone.

THE COMMANDER WE ALL WISH TO SEE SUPERSeded IN SOUTH AFRICA.—General Incompetence.

WHERE THE FELLOW'S SHOE PINCHES.—Where the Corn used to be—in Egypt!

BLACKLEGS OR BLACKGUARDS?



ANGLE OF THE MINERS' STRIKE.—
Durham, Sunday Night.—The ranks of the strike hands will be swelled in the morning by the stoppage of upwards of a score of collieries. It seems that Messrs. JOICEY & CO., who have thirteen pits in the western coalfields, have kept their hands employed since the strike began, it being understood between them and their men that whatever reduction might be agreed upon by the county should

be adopted as a final settlement. During the week, however, a combination of men, known as the 'Rebecca' gang, has been formed at the village of West Stanley, and the men at work have become so alarmed, that they decided to cease work, and throw in their lot with the unionists in other parts of the county.

"A Seaham correspondent telegraphs, visiting to-day several large collieries in North Durham where 8,000 miners are on strike:—'I find that more than one-third would gladly resume work on the masters' terms, but are afraid to do so, under the threats of violence freely and fiercely uttered against the "blacklegs," as non-unionist workmen are called. There are thousands of men, women, and children at these collieries quite destitute, and many tradesmen have closed their doors against credit.'"
—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Non-Unionist Miner loquitur.

I'm a free-born British blackleg,
And I'd sooner be that same,
Than I would a British blackguard,
Though in the Union's name.
"A blackleg!"—well, I know it—
And a blackleg still I'll be:
Tyrant man or tyrant Union,—
Neither makes a slave of me.
This ain't the time for striking.
Market's bad, so wage is low.
Because I can't get pastry,
Shall I let the bread-loaf go?
Shall I watch my children pining—
Read starvation in their cry?
See my Missis slowly clemming,
And with folded hands sit by?

They tell me Britain's business
Is forsaking the old shore,
That Yankees, now, and Germans
Do the work we did before,
All a cos they do it cheaper.
What have strikes cost boss and men?
Though prices run up quickly,
They come slowly down agen.
More we'll pay for food and clothing;
More for baccy, rent, and fire;
More for furniture and fixings;
More for all things we require.
Strike I won't! and there's an end on't!
Day's work shall earn day's pay:
Blackleg versus Blackguard be it!
Let's see which shall have their way!

RUSSIA'S CHOICE.—*Aut Cesar aut—Nil.*

BELLS AND THEIR BAPTISM.

THE Author of *Flemish Interiors*, in a note on the performance, in certain Protestant Churches of a ceremony called the "Blessing of Bells," informs us, respecting those sonorous summoners, that "in Catholic countries they are still baptised." In what way bells can be any the better, or made capable of bettering anybody, by their baptism, is a question perhaps not to be asked in a country where it is customary to christen the Queen's ships.

There are a few other inquiries, however, in reference to the baptismal rite as applied to either kind of vessel, sonoric, or sailing or steaming, which we have no reason to refrain from asking. What conditions are needful to the validity of their baptism? Will lay baptism, masculine or feminine, suffice for either in point of orthodoxy, or is it absolutely necessary that the christening of a ship should be performed by a lady? With what matter are bells to be baptised? Could wine be used in the baptism of church bells; and would water do to christen a man-of-war with? Is intention on the part of the officiating minister requisite for baptising them effectually? Is there any controversy about their baptismal regeneration? Of course, neither bells nor ships have souls to be saved, and, as the former may crack or topple down and get broken, whilst the latter are not too apt to go to the bottom, baptism can scarcely be supposed to contribute much to their temporal salvation.

Whatever may be the good of baptising church bells, would not as much good be done by baptising muffin-bells, or dinner-bells, and other house bells? Might not a town-crier as well get his bell baptised? Would it be reasonable to baptise dumb-bells?

If there is any use at all in baptising ships and bells, why not also baptise great guns? The Woolwich Infants, we fear, remain unbaptised, though not, perhaps, in consequence of any peculiar views entertained at the War Office touching Infant Baptism. Are Godfathers and Godmothers usually required for the bells or the ships to which baptism is administered, and are they expected to stand any silver forks and spoons?

Mr. SPURGEON is a Baptist. Ask him to baptise a bell. Get somebody to bear him that message on some First of April.

PUT THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

"A CENTURION" writes to complain of a brief article in *Punch's* last Number referring to a statement, which appeared in the *Times* under the signature of "A SOLDIER," that all GORDON's distinguished Chinese service would not have procured him the opportunities of command which his abilities ought to have secured, because he was "only" an Engineer Officer.

Now *Punch* merely quoted the letter, and expressed his incredulity that such a survival of prejudice could be true. "CENTURION'S" quarrel should be with the writer of that letter, not with *Punch*.

At the same time, *Punch* is bound to say that he has often heard the same complaint of injustice to the Engineer in the selection for military honours and commands. He would be too glad to be as satisfied as "CENTURION" seems to be, that it is unfounded. He is aware of the fact that Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA was an Engineer, and that his case is usually quoted in disproof of the charge of unfair treatment of that distinguished Corps.

"CENTURION" trusts that *Punch* will refute "A SOLDIER"'s statement. He had better do this himself, through the same channel by which that statement was given to the world.

UPSIDE DOWN.

Le Monde talks of "Sir FRERE BAITLE." Perhaps it is only a neat way of expressing *Le Monde's* opinion that the distinguished High Commissioner's name should be turned topsy-turvy, the better to correspond to his policy.

BRITISH MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

Old Style—HENRY MARTYN.
New Style—MARTINI-HENRY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



* WHEN - THE - WIND - IS - IN -
THE - EAST - - IT'S - NEITHER - GOOD
FOR - MAN - NOR - BEAST - -

On going into Supply, Mr. CARTWRIGHT temperately, but forcibly, presented the indictment against the Government for obtaining the forbearance of Greece on false pretences; inducing her to refrain from open hostilities to Turkey by promises to back her claims on Epirus and Thessaly, and then throwing her over—fobbing her off with the “recommendation” of a rectified frontier at Berlin, and now pointing out to her that the recommendation was not binding on anybody in particular, least of all on the Turks.

Lord E. FITZMAURICE supported the indictment.

Mr. GLADSTONE showed that to the long list of unredeemed pledges scored up against the present Administration must be added their unfulfilled promises to the Greeks. He warned the Government that Greece had many friends in England, who were disgusted with the treatment she had received, and would take an early opportunity of showing it. If Greek at home would not meet Greek abroad in a better spirit, the tug of war would come with a vengeance. Let them carry out the one right requirement of the Berlin Treaty—the rectification of Greek frontier.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pleaded “not guilty”—or, rather, as the proceedings are civil, and not criminal—“in confession and avoidance.” Government were all for friendly relations of Turks and Greeks; thought a rectification of frontier necessary to such relations; but thought the best road to such rectification would be by direct communication between the Powers. This they were promoting, and hoped it would be successful.

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”

If, after all their disappointments *in re* Turk, the Government can still get up a hope out of Constantinople, it would be cruel to throw cold water on it.

“Hope on, ye sanguine dreamers, while ye may,
Till the light comes, that drives all dreams away.”

SIR CHARLES DILKE said hard things of the Government—that they were the worst obstacle in the way of the arrangement they professed to be promoting. Messrs. MONK, BAXTER, and SHAW-LEFÈVRE followed suit; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOUET dressed up the case against the Beaconsfield Cabinet and policy with the spice and sauce in the use of which he shows himself so consummate a *chef*. If “he who peppers most highly is sure to please,” Sir WILLIAM should be the most popular performer in the House.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL essayed to answer the ex-ATTORNEY-GENERAL—with more of Manners than meaning.

RETURN of the Commons (*Thursday, April 17*) from their country quarters—not smiling. Weather broke up with the House, whose holiday has been as dreary as its work before the holidays has been wearisome and wasted.

First night was all question, and no answer. It was astonishing how many things Hon. Members wanted to know which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could not tell them.

First, Mr. FAWCETT wanted to know if MAUDE's Column had been ordered to advance on Cabul.

Government didn't know, but hadn't given any orders for such advance.

(Sir BARTLE FRERE should have taught them that the advances of the servant are not always limited by the orders of the master.)

Dr. KENEALY wanted to know if Mr. CROSS wasn't going to do something for his unfortunate Client. Mr. CROSS did not mean to reopen either the cell, or the case, of the Claimant, who, we fear, will soon be *Clamans in Deserto*, in spite of the irresponsible Doctor and his Hyde Park Demonstrations.

Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID wanted to know no end of things. Whether Mr. RIVERS WILSON had refused to take his discharge without consent of his own Government. Whether the SULTAN had been asked to give the KHEDIVE the sack. Whether the Government proposed any, and what, action in Egypt in conjunction with France.

Ginx's Baby wanted to know whether papers, throwing light on Egyptian darkness, would shortly be laid before Parliament, and whether the Italian Government had made representations, or expressed opinions on the subject.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER didn't know anything about anything, or anybody, in Egypt, except what the wires had told everybody.

“So the Egyptian plague—spite of questioning close and unwearin',—Continues to be, as it was in Moses' time, darkness Cimmerian.”

Then Mr. FORSTER took his turn at the screw, but with no better success in squeezing anything out of Sir STAFFORD.

The only thing in the East that won't get “mixed,” seems to be the occupation of Eastern Roumelia. That region has a mixed population, a mixed vocabulary, a mixed coinage, a mixed *cuisine*, a mixed *toilette*, mixed liquors, mixed biscuits, mixed pickles; but mixed occupation it cannot and will not be permitted to have. The various Diplomacies and Governments have quite “mixed occupation” enough in stroking down or stirring up the Turks, and stirring up or stroking down the Greeks, Bulgarians, and other Christian subjects of the Porte.

**"BUT, LORD! THEIR CONFIDENCE!"***Pepys' Diary.*

Lady (Amateur). "I'VE SENT SIXTEEN PICTURES IN TO THE ACADEMY."
Painter (Professional—aghast). "BUT, MADAM, I THINK THE ACADEMICIANS THEMSELVES ARE ONLY ENTITLED TO SEND EIGHT!"

Lady. "OH, THEN, THEY CAN CHOOSE THE BEST EIGHT OF MINE."

Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S Motion was narrowly negatived, by 63 to 47—a division too near to be pleasant.

Sir H. SELWIN-IBBERSON explained to Mr. RITCHIE the delay in reorganisation of the Customs; and Mr. LOWTHER postponed his defence of mixed education in Ireland.

More "mixed occupation" for the Government!

Friday.—In Committee of Supply. No demand for seats. A handful of Members and a night of small things, including the outlay on the old Ladies' apartments at Hampton Court, the rabbits in Richmond Park, and the Police in the House, whom Mr. JENKINS would like to have replaced by liveried attendants. He has seen the sort of thing he wants at Versailles, where he found that the friends of Deputies "were treated with every consideration, irrespective of sex." Has Bobby in the lobby been uncivil to any of Mr. JENKINS's Dundonians—or their gude-wives?

The House, such as it was, fought over a big batch of builders' bills—a class of items not more satisfactory in public than in private accounts.

GOING FARTHER AND NOT FARING WORSE.

It looks very much as if the KHEDIVE was about to have the best of it as regards the slap of the face which he has so pluckily given France and England. "*Que diable allacent-ils faire dans cette galère,*" seems to be the question that comes to the public lips, rather than the one anticipated on the Stock Exchanges of London and Paris—"When is the coercing to begin?"

Suppose, having gone so far, the KHEDIVE were to go a step further, and answer the threats of his European threateners by throwing over his European creditors altogether? The SULTAN has done so, and what is he the worse for it? It is true, he can't get the Giaours to lend him any more money; but no more he could before his repudiation. Why should not his most respectful subject the KHEDIVE imitate his suzerain, and follow up his dismissal of the French and English Ministers by applying the sponge to his French and English debts? We really see no very sufficient reason. And only think what a relief it would be to the poor Fellahs under his authority to be thus left under the weight of Egyptian bonds only, and not of European ones as well!

THE ILLS OF GREECE.*Jingo Leader loquitur.*

THE ills of Greece, the ills of Greece
 By glowing GLADSTONE warmly sung!
 Lord B. brought honour back with peace,
 And Greece aside is coolly flung,
 Which don't she wish that she may get?

Vague promise might awhile amuse,
 Make her for fight less resolute;
 Now help or counsel we refuse,
 And even Sympathy is mute.
 We've urgent bothers East and West,
 And Greece's claims may be—well, blest!

Lord B. Lord SALISBURY looks upon,
 And SALISBURY looks on Lord B.
 "Our promise? All my eye!" says one.
 "Aid?" cries the other; "Fiddle-de-dee!"
 "Hellas expect our hands to save?
 The wildest joke, the merest 'shave'!"

We have to look to our own fame,
 To power and pelf, *prestige* and place;
 Uphold the Jingo-patriot's name,
 Keep cook-a-hoop the British race.
 And what is left the statesman here?
 For Greeks a joke—for Greece a jeer.

In vain—in vain are pleading words,
 Fill high the cup with Cyprus wine!
 We must back up the Turkish hordes,
 Twixt the Bulgarias fix the line.
 Hark to humanitarians' squall!
 Humanity don't count at all.

We hear of British Interests yet;
 What odds where British honour's gone?
 Of two possessions, why forget
 The safer and more paying one?
 Some one Supremacy must have—
 Better the Turk than Greek or Slave?

Fill high the bowl with Cyprus wine!
 Hang hopes of Nationalities!
 The SULTAN's much more in our line,
 He serves some schemes of 'cute Lord B.'s.
 A tyrant?—Well, perhaps; but then
 He plays our game, my countrymen!

Look not for freedom to JOHN BULL,
 He has a Premier sharp at sells.
 He wants to keep his coffers full,
 To charm the Jingoes and the Swells:
 And Turkish force, stock-riggers' fraud,
 He must condone, if not applaud.

Lord B.'s designs are grand and deep,
 Although their purpose few desry.
 The "interesting race" must keep
 Their souls in patience. Hushaby!
 Dear land of dupes, your hopes resign—
 Dash it! *don't* kick up such a shine!

Light in Darkness.

In proof of the allegation "that numerous 'departed spirits' are around us," a contributor to the *Spiritualist*, by name CHARLES BLACKBURN, refers to certain "photographs taken in darkness by Count de BULLET of Paris." Etymologically, a picture taken in darkness would perhaps be better named a scotograph than a photograph; only that scotograph might be mistaken to mean something Scotch. Now, Mr. BLACKBURN hails from Parkfield, Didsbury, near Manchester; but one imagines that a Gentleman who can talk of photographs taken in darkness should rather be associated with the neighbourhood, say, of Cork, or Dublin.

Catch for the Law Courts.

THE Law of Trusteeship, as now read, needs must Soon abolish both parties concerned in a Trust. For a *cestui que trust* how can anyone be, When you can't get a soul to become a Trustee?

QUESTIONS AND QUOTATIONS.



of *Notes and Queries*, and, in a word, all who are treading the "primrose path" of poetry and the *belles lettres*, or scaling the sterner heights of history, geography, chronology, and general information.

The prizes, offered as rewards to the successful competitors, will be varied and valuable. They will include all the most recent inventions in telephony, tasimetry, phonography, microphony, and megaphony, as well as the latest novelties in Spring and Summer costumes. They will be selected from the first factories and houses in London, Paris, New York, and Amsterdam, and will be on view at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces during alternate fortnights. Due notice will be given of their exhibition, by advertisement, and by placards in London, on the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, and the pillars in front of the Royal Exchange; and in the country, outside Town Halls, and on the School Boards which have been kindly lent for this special occasion.

The prizes will be awarded by judges selected from the Professors at our Universities, the Head Masters and Mistresses of our Public, Grammar, Collegiate, and High Schools, the Athenaeum Club, and the Committee of Privy Council on Education.

The answers to the Questions may be sent through the General Post-Office.

Questions and Quotations.

1. Who wrote *The Beggar's Petition*, and what answer was returned to it by the Mendicity Society?

2. Give, this fine Spring weather, passages from the poets introducing the daisy, daffodil, violet, primrose, cowslip, and buttercup.

3. "I saw him die." These are the closing words of one of the stanzas of an old and pathetic ballad. Supply the rest of the verse.

4. Point out the probable source (in one of our Cavalier poets) of the following lines:—

"I could not love thee, JANE, so much,
Loved I not JENNY more."

5. Give the date and duration of the reign of King Cophetua, both in Arabic and Roman numerals.

6. Who was it that declared that, when she died, "Servants" would be found written on her heart?

7. Who is the Author of the apophthegm, "Punctuality is the thief of time"?

8. About what period was H.R.H. Duke HUMPHREY giving his *recherché* dinner-parties?

9. One of the most famous characters in the masterpiece of Spanish fiction, invokes a blessing on "the man who first invented sleep." Who was this Man?

10. Who is said to have had "a pair of black worsted stockings which his maid darned so often with silk that they became at last a pair of silk stockings"?

11. "And one could whistle and one could sing,
The other play"—

On what instrument?

12. Where do we find mention of Messrs. ROWLEY, POWLEY, GAMMON and SPINACH, and what was the Christian name of the senior partner in the firm?

13. Calculate the exact height to which the elderly female ascended

who was "tossed up in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon."

14. Give the latitude and longitude of the island of Barataria. Who was its first and greatest Governor?

15. A great orator very recently introduced in one of his speeches this quotation—"A matchless intrepidity of face." What one word, indicating a feature in the human countenance, would convey exactly the same meaning?

AN UNPREMEDITATED DUET.

Mr. BRIGHT at Birmingham.

Sir W. HAROURT at Sheffield.

Bright. Meeting "Brums" once again's a delight beyond measure.

Harcourt. I'm "York" and to greet brother "Yorks" is a pleasure.

Bright. We're assembled, of course, to pitch into the Tories.

Harcourt. Five years of bad trade, costly wars, and sham glories!

Bright. Making mischief abroad, doing nothing at home.

Harcourt. New rows from fresh quarters continually come.

Bright. That mad Russian Bogey's at bottom of all of it.

Bright. They've lowered our character, squandered our cash;

Harcourt. Poltroons in finance, and in policy rash.

Bright. They bargain and bully, and bluster and bray,

Harcourt. Our Imperial posers who can't pay their way,

Bright. Whilst blunder on blunder comes faster and faster,

Harcourt. Debt, danger, disquiet, distress, and disaster;

Bright. The strut of a bully, the soul of a sneak;

Harcourt. But the Jingo, like *Pistol*, will yet eat his leek.

Bright. Our North-African policy's nought but a do.

Harcourt. In South Africa things look exceedingly blue.

Bright. We have treated the Afghan ill, there's not a doubt of it;

Harcourt. Having entered his land, we don't see our way out of it.

Bright. As for India, at present, it's scarce worth its salt;

Harcourt. Its Government's cross, its finance all at fault.

Bright. We're proposing to lend her two millions of money,

Harcourt. And loans, without interest, always look funny.

Bright. So our credit is lost, and our money is spent,

Harcourt. To help would-be snatchers of sixty per cent.

Bright. We are sabring or swagg'ring all over the maps,

Harcourt. To the good of no soul, save the stock-jobbing chaps.

Bright. Our thirty-four millions can't stand such a strain.

Harcourt. Peace with honour, on tick, brings nor glory, nor gain.

Bright. They have blood-stained VICTORIA's mild reign of peace.

Harcourt. Reshackled Roumelia, jockeyed poor Greece.

Bright. They've been foolish at home, they've been wicked abroad,

Harcourt. Ever sapping our strength, and increasing our load.

Bright. And, in fact, they are quite the worst Government out.

Harcourt. Rather in; but their tether runs short, there's no doubt.

Bright. Still I would not assail them: you'll note I have *not*,

Harcourt. Though we fervently hope they may soon go to pot.

Bright. My eloquent scorn on such wind-bags why waste?

Harcourt. Or my epigrams salt, or my rhetoric chaste?

Bright. I'll leave them to Heaven, to History, and *you*!

Harcourt. Let the Nation decide, as 'twill speedily do!

THE MAY MEETINGS.

We understand that these Annual Festivals of the various religious Societies will not be held this year. Those who usually play first fiddle (clerical or lay) in the Exeter Hall orchestra, in this month of merry (May) meetings, feel that until the Scientific Frontier in Afghanistan is settled, the Zulu War disposed of, and the history of both forgotten, the less said for the spreading of the Book which prohibits the removal of land-marks, stealing, or even coveting our neighbours' goods, the better.

With regard to Africa, in particular, the case is the more awkward, as the various Missionary Societies were on the point of combining to dispatch a considerable relay of labourers to the recently discovered vineyards in the interior of the Dark Continent. It is felt that this is not the time to preach Christianity, with effect, in these benighted regions; whether on the spot, or in Exeter Hall.

Just the Man for Him.

"The KHEDIVE has issued a decree appointing General STONE Pasha Director of the Land Survey, vice Mr. COLVIN."—*Daily News Telegram*, Tuesday, April 15.

The poor Fellahs have been asking for Bread, and naturally, the KHEDIVE has given them a STONE.

THE BURMESE MASSACRES, IN BRIEF.—"Le Roi s'amuse."

NINE REASONS WHY.



IMMEDIATELY after dismissing his European Ministers, the KHEDIVE dispatched to his high and mighty Suzerain, the SULTAN, a confidential Envoy, Pasha TALAT, charged with the KHEDIVE's reasons for taking so decided a step. The approval by the Padishah of the KHEDIVE's action was prayed on the following grounds (*inter alia*) :

1. Because sauce for Egypt was sauce for Turkey.

2. Because the KHEDIVE, as an admirer, servant, and humble imitator of the Father of the Faithful, held his faith very dear; and could not bear to think that any of his creditors should lose a farthing of their guaranteed interest.

3. Because if Egypt failed to pay her debts, the credit of Turkey would be seriously impaired.

4. Because the English and French Ministers would insist on wearing hats, thus insulting the SULTAN as well as the KHEDIVE, who never wear anything but the fez.

5. Because the KHEDIVE could really feel no confidence in the representatives of Powers who had failed to assist the SULTAN with men during the late Russo-Turkish War, and with money since its termination.

6. Because the KHEDIVE was under the impression that Mr. RIVERS WILSON and his French colleague did not believe in the prospects of the Ottoman Empire, or look forward hopefully to the execution of the Anglo-Turkish Convention.

7. Because the financial reforms of the European Ministers did not include an increase in the amount of tribute paid by the KHEDIVE to the Padishah.

8. Because Mr. RIVERS WILSON had declined to advise the house of ROTHSCHILD to float a new Turkish Loan.

9. And, lastly, because of the very weighty, and, as the KHEDIVE trusts, sufficient reasons contained in the eight chests which TALAT PASHA is charged most respectfully to place at the feet of the Padishah.

HONOUR AND BUSINESS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

A NOTE has been sent me from the French Embassy pointing out that the Cross of the Legion of Honour being an entirely honorary distinction, not to be confounded with the medals distributed by the Exhibition Judges, I am expected not to use it as a means of attracting attention or obtaining publicity, and to avoid representing it on my advertisements, invoices, labels, &c.; although I am at liberty, if I think fit, to add my title as Chevalier of the Legion of Honour to my signature on my commercial papers or bills.

Certainly I shall think fit; else what's the use of the Cross of the Legion of Honour to me? I beg to differ altogether from the French Embassy, as I consider a colossal representation of that Distinction would form a most Attractive Element in a Poster, and would be a Addition as Ornamental to the Public View as useful to the Interests of, Sir, Your Most Obedient Humble Servant,

CRISPIN SNOBBLETON,
Boot and Shoemaker, and Chevalier de la
Légion d'Honneur.

The Golden Last, April 18, 1879.

For the Home-Rulers.

LOD ROBERT MONTAGU and The O'CONNOR DON have formally notified their secession from the Home-Rule party in Parliament. If BIGGAE, PAINE, and O'DONNELL would but follow their example! A prospect opens to the Party at last!

"NOT A FOOT BETWEEN 'EM."

WHAT is the difference between an M.D. and a Bargee? One follows the healing, the other the towing, path.

COBDENITES V. CANADIANS.

"It is impossible to contemplate the new Canadian Tariff without a feeling of shame and humiliation."

So reads *Mr. Punch* in his *Times* of Friday last, and, in his capacity of *Zeus Oikonom*, casting his eye over the tariff in question, he is inclined to acquiesce. As, however, he finds in another part of the same paper that "so peculiar and without a parallel in the wide world" is the position of the Dominion, that "even avowed free-traders in principle," after paying it a visit, admit candidly that there is nothing left for it but protection, *pur et simple*, he puts forward the following pass paper.

To Cobdenites like himself, who doubt whether they are as yet educated up to the new standard, it may prove highly useful :

1. Define "Avowed Free Trade," and trace in detail the series of calamities that have fallen on this country from the repeal of the Corn Laws.

2. Explain the working of a "Reciprocity Tariff," and show how, if A. refuses to buy new-laid eggs of his neighbour B., B. betters his own condition, under the circumstances, by getting a bad hat and paying double the price for it.

3. What is "Retaliation," and how does the non-producer like it? Illustrate your subject by giving an imaginary social sketch of England, suddenly deprived of sardines, claret, *opéra-bouffe*, kid gloves, and chocolate and caviare.

4. An enthusiastic Protectionist, who is interested in the production of carpet-bags, finds some difficulty in managing, at present prices, on £1,200 a year. A revised Commercial Treaty does not enable him to thrust his carpet-bag upon the European market, but obliges him to pay an additional 170 per cent. on all the necessities of life. How long will his enthusiasm last?

5. Analyse the normal miseries of the "unhappy consumer," and show that he is morally bound

- (a) To go to the worst market;
- (b) To regard the producer as a dear and dependent relation;
- (c) To provide comfortably for his declining years.

6. I live in a deserted road with three friends, who smash all the lamp-posts and put out all the lights before their houses. Show, on strict Protectionist principles, how the road will be infinitely more safe and cheery for all four of us when I, in my turn, have smashed and extinguished the lights before mine.

7. Given a thermometer ten degrees below zero, and a five months' Canadian winter. Point out the advantages to the community generally of the Coal-owners getting an import duty of fifty cents a ton tacked on to foreign coal.

8. Put into plain English the meaning of a "National Policy," as understood by the present Dominion Government; and say how long it will take, with a good steady dunder-headed blundering, administration, to kill off the whole trade of the Colony.

MR. PUNCH'S WEATHER FORECAST.

ONE of the most respected of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries now daily furnishes its readers with a tip about the coming weather. The Sage of Sages has determined, after much consideration of the subject, to follow this excellent example. The following is his weather forecast to the middle of next week.

1. SCOTLAND, N. South-easterly winds, with fog, thunder, intense heat, and sharp snow-showers at intervals.
2. SCOTLAND, E. { Sleet and rain; cold south-east wind, with intervals of ethereal mildness.
3. ENGLAND, N.E. { Very fine, with occasional snowstorms.
4. ENGLAND, E. { Bitterly cold, with gusts of intense heat,
5. MIDLAND COUNTIES { ENGLAND, S., AND CHANNEL ISLANDS { Wind blowing from the N. and S.
6. SCOTLAND, W. Nice dry summer weather, with an occasional hard frost at noon.
7. SCOTLAND, N.W., AND N. WALES. Dense fog.
8. ENGLAND, S.W. Showers of shooting stars, with waterspouts, occasional whirlwinds, and rapid variations of temperature.
9. IRELAND, N. Intense heat, followed every half-hour by intense cold.
10. IRELAND, S. Same as Nos. 6, 7, and 3, 4, 5.

8 P.M.—The above programme is subject to alteration as the Clerk of the Weather may decide.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

SIR WILLIAM HARROUD playing on the fourth letter of the Alphabet, in his invective against the system which has brought us nothing but Death, Danger, Disaster, Distrust, Disquiet, and Distress!"



TIT FOR TAT.

Mamma (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "Please"). "YOU MAY COME OUT NOW, HAMILTON!"
Hamilton. "NOT TILL YOU SAY 'PLEASE,' MOTHER!"

"ON VIEW."

"THE 'PEOPLE'S' TRIBUTE TO THE PREMIER.—The gold Laurel Wreath intended for presentation to the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, as the People's tribute to the PREMIER, may now be seen, by ticket of invitation, at Messrs. HUNT AND ROSEKELL's, 156, New Bond Street. Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, with whom the idea of presenting this Wreath originated, wished it to be entirely the gift of working men and women throughout the United Kingdom, and the amount of each person's subscription was limited to one penny. The Wreath, which has been executed by Messrs. HUNT AND ROSEKELL, is valued, cost-price, at £220, and it will therefore represent the contributions of 52,800 persons. The Wreath weighs rather more than 20 oz., and the gold used is 22 carat—of the same fineness as a sovereign, only the alloy in the Wreath is silver instead of copper. There are forty-six leaves, and on the back of each may be seen, on turning over the Wreath, the names, one, two, or three on each leaf, of the eighty towns in the United Kingdom that have sent or promised contributions. As subscriptions continue to come in, it is proposed to add a stand for the Wreath, an oaken casket, and an illuminated address, and the names of future contributory towns will be engraved on these. Arrangements have been made to exhibit the Wreath publicly at the Crystal Palace soon after Easter, namely, from Saturday, April 19th, to Saturday, April 26th, inclusive."—*Times* (not of April 1st., but April 12th).

(Lord B.'s Reflections at Hunt and Roskell's.)

"A CHARMING WREATH!—But bay-leaves?—*Præmia bellii?*
Of 'Peace with Honour' scarce appropriate guerdon.
Had I seen Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI,
The choice of leaf I should have had a word on.
Why not a sprig of cypress intermingled,
Plucked near the foam-born Goddess's blue bays:
At touch whereof BRITANNIA's ears had tingled,
To hear another foam-born Godhead's praise?"

"But cypress smacks of mourning—*teste HORACE,*
And this, the Turnerelli tribute fair,
Should not be ranked among *memento-moris*,
But with mementos of successes rare,
Long life, large honours, orders, titles high,
Golden deserts set forth, as fits, in gold,"

"Twenty-two carats—extra quality,—
By Messrs. HUNT AND ROSEKELL, so I'm told.

"Forty-six leaves, two towns to each they say.
'Twas to leaves fairy-gold, of yore, would turn;
Which leaves to dust would shrivel soon away;
Their sole reward who sought such gold to earn.
But though this gold be to its purpose suited,
Twenty-two carat, fine as fine can be,
Query the copper whence it is transmuted
By TRACY TURNERELLI's alchemy?"

"Are the fifty-two thousand pennies there?
Not promised only, but cashed up, put down—
Tribute in real bronze to brass paid fair,
Solid substratum of less solid crown?
For that we've only TURNERELLI's word—
Doubtless as good as TURNERELLI's bond—
Well—his wreath's pretty, though his name's absurd.
'All's gold that glitters'—wherefore probe beyond?"

Tilley Slowboy.

MR. TILLEY, Canadian Minister of Finance, has distinguished himself by drawing up a Protectionist Tariff, more than commonly tending to raise the cost and so diminish the consumption of the manufactures you design to encourage. Tilley-valley! but a good deal more Tilley than "valley." Commercial views, more worthy of a narrow-minded shopkeeper than an enlightened statesman, denote Mr. TILLEY more competent to a till, than an exchequer.

Botanical Fancy.

At the "Working Men's College," Great Ormond Street, the other evening, a free lecture was delivered by Mr. FRANCIS DARWIN on "Self-Defence among Plants." As plants peculiarly distinguished for this self-defending, may be mentioned the thorns, the thistles, and the stinging nettle. But, perhaps, the best emblem of self-defence in the vegetable kingdom would be Box.



“ON VIEW.”

(AT HUNT AND ROSKELLY'S.)

“‘WREATH’?—H’M! INTERESTING OBJECT!
“‘FIFTY-TWO THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED PENNIES.’—GRATIFYING TRIBUTE!!
“‘TRACY TURNERELLI.’—REMARKABLE NAME!!!”

INJYABLE INJIA;
OR,
NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY
FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Jarge Orghustus Salar Jung—Applications—Portrait—Character—Dialogue—Offer—Refusal—Odd—Pony—Misunderstanding—Imperial—Tippoo—No reason—England—Slidhodja Rajah—Had—Painting—Autocrat—No trifling—Thermometer—Scaffold—Alteration—Change of Colour—Bayonets—Tiffin—Diary—Protest—Guns—Rummi—Solicitors—Treaty—Superstition—Caste—Down again—Off to Sumwar.

THIS morning induced SIR JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG to give me a sitting. It is quite the best thing I've done for years, and I have had already five hundred applications from various societies to exhibit it, and from the best engravers for permission to reproduce it. Here it is:—



SIR JARGE ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG.

He is a wonderful fellow, and has a really marvellous command of the English language. I doubt, though, whether he always understands everything that is said to him, I mean when given in colloquial English. For example, I will reproduce a short conversation I had with him yesterday.

"Ah, SIR JARGE! How are you? Jolly?"

"I present you, my dear Mr. FUZZELI PRINCEPS, with the assurances of my most distinguished consideration, and I am enabled, from interior knowledge, to assert without fear or favour that I am in the present enjoyment of the most perfect salubrity."

"Glad to hear it, SIR SALAR JUNG. Things looking well in the City?"

"Why, Sir, the shares which a benign Providence has allotted to me in various estimable and trustworthy associations of honourable merchants, as I am informed by those with whom no dread of consequences would prevail as against the interests of truth, have risen to a height of profit rarely exceeded in the history of mercantile transactions."

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear Sir SALAR JUNG, as I can now ask you to lend me a pony, which I assure you shall be returned punctually next Saturday afternoon."

"I regret, my dear and accomplished Mr. FUZZELI PRINCEPS, that

in my stabulary equine collection I do not number the sort of animal that would carry a person of your dimensions and ponderosity."

"When I say a 'pony,' Sir SALAR, I mean twenty-five pounds."

"Now I see you are jesting. Why, Sir, no pony weighs so little as twenty-five pounds; and if you wish for such a rarity, it is my deliberate opinion that you should first make every reasonable endeavour to find a donkey. When you have secured the latter, I have little doubt but that the former will soon be within your reach."

"But, Sir SALAR, you can lend me twenty-five sovereigns till to-morrow?"

"Why, Sir," he replied, solemnly drawing himself up to his full height, "if it is a question of sovereigns, you should call to mind that you and I alike own allegiance but to one Imperial Sovereign, the Empress of INDIA." Here he raised his hand to his turban, and saluted. "And rather than listen to one single expression of anything that might for one moment savour of disloyalty to Her Imperial Highness, I must wish you a very good morning, and there's an end on't."

With which he stalked majestically from the room. I really do not think he could have understood me.

I heard him, as he went out, speaking with RUMMI at the door, and I could almost swear I saw him place a *tippoo* (*i.e.* small gift of money) in RUMMI's hand.

RUMMI has not mentioned the matter to me. I wish I could get rid of him. But how? There's the Injia rub.

By the way, in a book recently published I find the Author blaming one of the Rajahs because "*he imprisoned people without any reason.*" Good gracious! Isn't this in itself sufficient reason? Don't we in England lock up idiots and lunatics?

Wednesday.—Called on SLIDHODJA RAJAH. "You are the perfect picture of a Rajah," I said to him, flatteringly. "Shall I paint you?"

"You shall," he said, "if you paint the palace first."

"Willingly," I replied, foreseeing a little job on my own account, or rather on his. It's a fine place, and would look well in a landscape. So I pulled out my box of paints, block, &c. "I'm ready," I said.

"So we," he rejoined. "Here materials."

And he pointed to twelve fierce-looking ebon slaves, each with a bucket of gamboge-paint and whitewashing brushes.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"To paint palace with," he answered, grinning from ear to ear.

"What!" I exclaimed, indignantly—"I, an artist, a—"

"You painter. Then paint. You said you paint palace: here palace—paint! Here paints: paint palace!"

And he added, significantly, seeing me about to utter a further remonstrance. "Scaffold up for painting palace. If painter no paint palace, scaffold up for painter? Painter hang picture of Rajah. Painter say me picture of Rajah. Picture of Rajah hang painter."

He was not a man to be trifled with. An autocrat is not to be trifled with; and, boiling with rage, and in a temperature of 180° in the shade, I was forced, at the point of the scimetar, to comply.

Thursday (Extract from Diary).—Still working at the palace. Heat intense. Rajah watching from a verandah, and drinking iced beverages. Men with fixed bayonets and drawn scimetars, keeping their eye on me. He won't let me stop for tiffin. I stop to make this note in my diary. I am painting it yellow.

Friday.—Rajah SLIDHODJA changed his mind. He will have it blue. I protest. No good—fixed bayonets and muskets out. He won't let me stop work for tiffin.

"Take tiffin while touchin' up," he says, brutally. Slept on scaffold. Guards all awake, relieving sentries every hour.

Saturday.—Temperature 190°. Rajah thinks it will look better if red. Must paint it red. I protest. No use: fixed bayonets, muskets loaded. I begin to paint it red. He is pleased. Temperature changes. Colder. Rajah says—

"So cold. Palace want two coats of paint."

At it again, under protest, and under the guns. Where is RUMMI all this time? If he would only arrive with the English Resident and a detachment of troops. But no, he never is here when he's wanted.

Sunday.—Nearly finished palace. Just colouring the roof. From the top I get a clear view of distant country. See RUMMI in the plain. Wave handkerchief to him, like *Sister Anne*. He comes! He mounts the scaffold, and asks me if I will make it worth his while to release me. Yes. I sign a promise to pay, and renounce all proceedings through Messrs. PETTIE AND MIEN, my solicitors (of which somehow he has got wind). He descends. He interviews Rajah. Result, I am free.

The Rajah, I understand afterwards, is an inferior caste to RUMMI, and RUMMI can make it uncomfortably hot for him, *in futuro*, if he does anything to offend him here on earth. Thank goodness, the Rajah is superstitious. But he has got his palace painted for nothing, and that is all he cares about.

Leave to-day. Go to Sumwar.



THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

Pat (who has come to London with a view to emigrate). "SURE, I'VE COME ABOUT THAT SITUATION YE'RE ADVERTISING!"

NewsVendor. "WHAT SITUATION D'YOU MEAN?"

Pat (pointing to poster). "IT'S THIS WONN IN AEGYPT I'M AFTHUR!"

NewsVendor. "POOH! THAT'S ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS—"

Pat. "Divil a ha'porth I care whose estate it's on! Bedad, I'll take it!"

SHAKSPEARE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

WEDNESDAY of this week is the Saint's day of St. George, which is also the birthday of SHAKSPEARE. On this day, sacred to England's chief of Saints and first of men, will be first put to use at SHAKSPEARE's birthplace—that remote and rustic little town in the Midlands, which owes all its interest to the house in which SHAKSPEARE was born, and the grave in which he is buried—the new building in which it is sought to commemorate, in a form more permanent than Jubilee or Tercentenary boards and canvas, the most memorable work ever wrought by mortal brain—the work done between the birthplace and the grave which make Stratford-on-Avon a place of pilgrimage for the English-speaking world. Mainly by strenuous local labour and large local liberality there has been built, and this week

will be opened, in Stratford, a Theatre, though not large, not unsuited, as regards elegance and convenience, for presentation of the plays of the great son of Stratford. A series of these plays, including *Hamlet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *As You Like It*, with a recital of the *Tempest* and a Concert of Shakspearian music, will be given in the new theatre between the 23rd of April and the 3rd of May. Miss HELEN FAUCIT and Miss WALLIS, Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN and Mr. BRANDRAM, among others, will give their services for acting and reading; Mesdames ARABELLA GODDARD and ANTOINETTE STERLING, Mrs. OSGOOD, Miss MARY CHATTERTON, Miss KATE FIELD, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Messrs. SANTLEY, W. SHAKSPERE, CUMMINGS, and COWEN, for music and song.

England is invited to assist at this festival of her greatest poet. Unluckily, England, always very busy, is just now very low in heart and pocket, and very little in the mood for inaugurating anything but unwelcome economies, and tardy repents. However, we hope she will still find a public for the inauguration of the Shakspeare Theatre in SHAKSPERE's native town. The Theatre is to be associated, in due time, with a Library, a Gallery, and a Museum—in which the books, pictures, and other objects of interest shall have, as a right, first and chief reference to the immortal WILLIAM. There are designs, too, which many will call dreamy, and more, over-ambitious, of a Dramatic School to be associated with the Theatre. Whatever may come of these hopes and projects, the theatre is a fact, and the £12,000 that have been spent on it, are a fact also. Both of these facts have chiefly to thank for their achievement the scions of the same good stock, which bore the heaviest burden of all that was done in honour of SHAKSPERE at the Tercentenary Festival, and which links the name of FLOWER with more good works, local and Imperial, than *Punch* has here room or need to catalogue.

The name is one of sweet savour; and the works of the venerable head of the family that bears it are of the kind that, after he is gone, will—

"Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust."

Among these titles to respect he and his have a right to reckon the enthusiasm—the *religio loci*—which has taken form in the Shakspeare Theatre this week inaugurated at Stratford-on-Avon.

Everybody can give the best reasons why nothing of the kind should have been attempted, and why nothing of the kind that may have been attempted and done can ever be of the slightest use. *Punch* may have something to say on these topics hereafter.

The point with the House of FLOWER, and their friends and fellow-labourers, was to get the thing done. That they have achieved so much already is greatly to their credit. That they may carry out all they contemplate for the study, illustration, and honour of SHAKSPERE, in the quiet town in which he was born, and where he closed his days, should be the wish of the myriads who, in their several ways, find their highest and most profitable pleasure in SHAKSPERE's work. If they carry their good wishes further than the wishing stage to substantial help, so much the better. Twelve thousand pounds have been raised and spent; twenty thousand pounds are asked for, to complete the group of buildings, of which the Theatre is to be the centre. Good use, they may rely upon it, will be found for every pound with which they think fit to entrust the Messrs. FLOWER and their fellow-workers.



"WE ALL EXPECT A GENTLE ANSWER," &c.

SHAKSPERE.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns writes:—"MY DEAR MRS. TALBOT BROWNE, WE ARE SO DREADFULLY DISTRESSED ; BUT A HORRID PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT PREVENTS US FROM ACCEPTING YOUR QUITE TOO DELIGHTFUL INVITATION TO DINNER ON THE—" (*Vivat vox.*) "PONSONBY!"—"YES, MY LOVE."—"WHAT DAY WAS IT THOSE TALBOT BROWNE'S PEOPLE ASKED US FOR?"—"THE FIFTEENTH, MY LOVE."—"THIS MONTH, OR NEXT?"—"NEXT MONTH, MY LOVE." (*Writes.*) "FIFTEENTH OF NEXT MONTH. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW WRETCHED WE BOTH ARE IN CONSEQUENCE ; AND WITH OUR KINDEST REGARDS TO YOU BOTH, &c., &c., &c."

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"

(See the Prayer of Achilles in the *Iliad*.)

PUNCH, always glad to welcome allies in a good cause, begs to claim the *Daily News* as a supporter of his reiterated demand that more extended usefulness should be given to our street-lamps by painting on them the names of the streets, as those of the stations are already painted along some lines of railway, and should be painted along all :—

"In London," so says the *Daily News*—by way of much needed ditto to Mr. Punch—"the names of the streets are posted up so rarely, that it is only by favourable chance that the inscription can be found. When found, it is next to impossible to make a note of it, being written in characters too small, and at a height too great for the range of ordinary eye-sight."

If the numbers of the houses could be painted up by tens below the names of the streets, so much the better.

Punch has been pressing this cheap and easy improvement for years. Again he urges it on the Improving Members of our Vestries and District Boards. A very few pounds added to the rates would turn the London lamp-posts into London guide-posts, now far more sorely wanted, and as completely wanting, in the streets of this over-grown, and ever-growing Metropolis, as in the remotest region intersected by a net-work of country cross-roads.

Let all drivers-out, on their way to be diners-out, who have suffered under the plague of drivers' inevitably and blamelessly ignorant of the constantly extending chaos of the ever-spreading London streets, back Punch's cry for more light from our street-lamps—light not only on the darkness of London streets, but on that deeper darkness of London street-naming and house-numbering.

Punch means to go on knocking at this door till somebody comes

RANGE-FINDERS AND RED-TAPISTS.

WE are a practical people. At enormous cost of time, pains, and money we provide our troops with the best procurable rifle, and then we tell them to blaze away with it as they best can—hit or miss—happy-go-lucky, by movable sight or more movable guess, by rule of thumb or rule of eye, as the case may be. And all the while, we have had for years in the service little instruments called "range-finders," the invention of clever officers, easily carried, simple, and uncostly of construction, ensuring, with comparative certainty, that every bullet shall find its billet, were a certain proportion of men trained to use them and give the range to the rest. But we prefer to go on in the old happy-go-lucky style, trusting to eye-measurement of distances, which give yards of error to the range-finder's inches.

Yes, we are an eminently practical people, meaning thereby a people who get into and out of more scrapes at more cost, and with more fuss, than any nation of Europe. But the favourite field for display of our practical superiority is the War Office. And the favourite art of that Office is the art of shutting the door when the horse is stolen, and throwing the cucumber out of the window after spending the utmost pains and cost in dressing it.

If you want proof of this, look for it in General WRAY's letter on Range-finders in *The Times* of Monday, April 14, and see what past-masters are our Military Rulers in the art "How not to hit it."

The One Way.

"The KHEDIVE's Secretary, who arrived yesterday from Alexandria, has had an interview with several Ministers, but his efforts to obtain the SULTAN's approval of the attitude the KHEDIVE has assumed have very little chance of success."—*Telegram from Constantinople, April 17.*

THERE is only one attitude of the KHEDIVE's likely to obtain the SULTAN's approval. Let him put his hand in his pocket !

Suzerain and Vassal.

Of course, the announcement that the SULTAN, at the instance of the Western Powers, intended deposing the KHEDIVE, must have been a hoax. Engaging the Grand Turk to depose his Viceroy would be, if not exactly like trying to cast out Old Scratch by Beelzebub, very like seeking to cast out Beelzebub by Old Scratch.

DEFINITION FOR A DINER-OUT.—An Unlicensed Wittler—Quoth our worthy 'ost.—AREY.

to answer him—by doing as has been done already in the Queen's Gardens' district, till lately one of the most labyrinthine in London, but now comparatively easy of nocturnal steering, thanks to the names painted on the street-lamps. Without such inscriptions, these now serve little better purpose than to make darkness visible ; though, thanks to the latest improvements of lamp-posts and burners, they make the darkness, at some points, a little more visible than it used to be.

The Co-operative Movement and the National Anthem.

DEAR PUNCH,

My signature will show that I must, as a matter of course, hate the Co-operative mania as much as I love my Queen. On both grounds it is impossible that I can continue calmly to listen to, still more join in, the National Anthem, while it continues to include the line, "Thy choicest gifts in store." I trust that the Parliamentary Commission, lately appointed, will see that the necessary change is made in this most offensive and objectionable attribution of the gifts of Heaven to any source but the shop.

Yours truly, AN INDIGNANT TRADESMAN.

Wanted, a "Flaught" of Fire-damp.

THE Ironmasters in Cleveland are "damping down" their furnaces in consequence of the scarcity of coal and coke, produced by the strike of the Durham coal-miners. If only common sense and hard necessity combined would "damp down" the striking spirit among the hewers and putters of our Northern Black Diamond district !

"BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY!"

UR irrepressible wags, the happy Managers of the Vaudeville, with a fine irony, announce to their friends that, "notwithstanding the continued popularity of the new Comedy of *Our Boys*, its career must be 'cut short,' to make room for *Our Girls*."

"New" Comedy is a relative term. Most people would call *Our Boys* the oldest Comedy recorded in the dramatic register of births. It is all very well for Messrs. JAMES and THORNE to talk of cutting short its career, after they have cut it longer than any career ever run on the boards since theatres came into being. We do not know that we should wish kindly in wishing that *Our Girls* may live as long; nor are we sure that

such a life would be the likeliest to bring in the largest harvest, either of gain or glory, to *Our Girls'* parents, authorial and managerial!

"Old Girls" are not, as a rule, so popular as "Old Boys." At a certain stage they pass, *per force*, into the disagreeable category of "Old Maids." Better "A short life, and a merry one," than as long a one as *Middlewick's* or *Methuselah's*, with that terminus at the end of it. Is it not so? *Punch* puts it to "Our Girls" throughout the kingdom.

ART-MEDICINE!

(*Cuique in sua arte.*)

A MEETING of the Members of the General Scientific and Artistic Association for the Promotion of Mixed Occupations was held a few nights ago, to listen to the reading of a Paper by Mr. HERIBERT SCURRY (the well-known painter), upon "Medicine from the point of View of an Outsider." The room was well filled. *Mr. Punch* occupied the Chair.

The Chairman expressed his great pleasure in joining that evening's gathering. He dearly loved a joke, and considered the Association, in whose name they were met, one of the best jokes of the day. The idea that persons eminent in one profession should lecture upon matters connected with other professions was a very happy one, and could not fail to subserve the higher purpose of amusement, if not promote the lower object of instruction. They had lately heard a distinguished General Practitioner upon Art; to-night they would hear a not less eminent Artist upon Medicine. He believed that it was in contemplation to follow up the present evening's entertainment with others of an equally mixed character. An Indian puisne Judge had promised to lecture upon English farming; the clerical head of a College at Oxford was about to give his views upon manœuvring an army in the field in a country infested with hostile savages; and a distinguished lawyer of well-known yachting proclivities had consented to jot down his ideas upon the best manner of manning and navigating a P. and O. steamer from Southampton to Bombay. It would thus be seen that a rich harvest of amusement, if not instruction, was in store for the members of the Association. Without further preface, he begged to introduce Mr. HERIBERT SCURRY, a gentleman of wide-spread popularity and distinction in the world of Art.

Mr. H. SCURRY said, that in his opinion, it might be said of the Doctor, as truly as the poet, *nascitur non fit*. He must be born to the business, or he is never fit for it. Although Art was his profession, he was satisfied he was a born doctor. He had given as much of his time as he could spare from the practice of his own laborious and singularly exacting profession to the study of physic and surgery, in some of what were often called their minor branches, but which he took to be, if not exactly their trunks, some of their most important ramifications. Then it was often said that a fever patient should be fed, rather than bled. Though this opinion had been maintained of late by the most celebrated practitioners, he felt himself unable to agree with it. *Why* should you feed a fever patient? When a man is ill, he surely is not hungry—at least,

he ought not to be. If JOHN HUNTER, ABERNETHY, BENJAMIN BRODIE, ASTLEY COOPER, ERASMUS WILSON, MACKENZIE, HARVEY, ANDREW CLARKE, and RISDEN BENNETT, were called in consultation—

The Chairman here interposed. Did the Lecturer mean that the eminent men he had mentioned *could* be called in consultation together? Would it not be rather a difficult matter to get them into the same room? Chronology was so absurdly *exigent*.

Mr. SCURRY did not quite understand the force of the Chairman's remark. He was speaking without notes, and did not profess to talk by the chronological card. The meeting would see the idea he wished to convey. To resume—some surgeons said, that in performing an operation, it was better to administer chloroform before, instead of after, using the knife. He must say, emphatically, that he found himself unable to agree with them. As a draughtsman upon wood for many years, it was his deliberate opinion, that chloroform might more safely be administered after, than before, an operation. The patient would by this means, at least, secure a comfortable sleep when he most wanted it.

The Lecturer then gave some very interesting practical demonstrations, upon a lay figure, of his views as to the best methods of amputations, bandages, and treatment of gun-shot wounds, with his ideas of the principles on which such operations should be conducted, after which the proceedings terminated.

The audience, composed largely of artists, showed throughout the most respectful, if at times somewhat puzzled, interest.

Altogether, it is difficult to convey an idea of the vigour and sustained energy which animated alike Mr. H. SCURRY's oral explanations, and his practical demonstrations, so singularly interesting, as the work of one, the serious business of whose life has lain in so entirely different a channel.

RANK AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

As a strenuous supporter of the British Aristocracy, a firm believer in the Blue Blood of England, and one who counts legitimately upon "The Upper Ten," I cannot sufficiently express my regret at the publication, in a recent trial, of a letter from Her Grace the Duchess of WESTMINSTER giving a character to a person bearing the extremely plebeian name of JONES. Why, Sir, that note might have been written by ninety-nine middle-class mistresses of a house out of every hundred. There was nothing in it, I regretted extremely to observe, showing that Her Grace adequately appreciated the duties and privileges of her exalted station. This is not the way, Sir, to preserve the gloss and glory of the strawberry leaves! Were every Duchess to write in the same quiet, lady-like, if slightly ungrammatical manner, we might expect soon to find the levelling institutions of America acclimated amongst us. What is the use of the *Morning Post*, and other organs of the Old English Aristocracy, if Ladies of real rank are to stoop in their epistolary correspondence to the level of Mrs. BROWN, JONES, or ROBINSON?

You will, perhaps, ask what is the use of diagnosing the disease, unless you can suggest the remedy? Allow me, therefore, to jot down *my* idea of the sort of letter that should have been sent on the occasion to which I have alluded. Of course, it ought not to have been written by the Duchess herself, but by her Servants' Hall Secretary's Assistant Secretary, in something like this form:—

MADAM,

I AM desired by the Secretary of the Servants' Hall of Her Grace the Duchess of WESTMINSTER to inform you that Her Grace has a faint recollection of having once had a person in her service of the name you mention. To the best of Her Grace's belief, she was, &c. &c. [Here might have come the character.]

This letter would have been sent earlier, had Her Grace had leisure to give her direction in the matter.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

(Signed) TREVOR HOWARD BARRINGTON,
Assistant Servants' Hall Secretary of Her Grace
the Duchess of Westminster.

Had Her Grace directed such a letter as the above, the prestige of our Old Nobility would have been maintained, and I should have been satisfied.

Yours, indignantly,

PLANTAGENET MONTMORENCY FIGGINS.
Pinchbeck Lodge, Good Queen Anne's Road,
Kensal Green, North Kensington.'

"Another Star Gone Out, I Think."

At Berlin, DIZZY's star, in the ascendant,
On tinsel "Peace with Honour" shone resplendent;
Now with Zulus and BARTLE FRERE to master,
His star is dimmed, and must be spelt *Diz-aster*!



ORTHODOX!

The Rev. Alexis Tonsher (going round his new Parish). "OF COURSE, YOU OBSERVE LENT, MRS. RICKYARD?"

Mrs. Rickyard. "OH, YES, SIR, WE ALLUS HEV PANCAKES O' SHROVE TUESDAY!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

The Girls—The Folly—The Hunchback.

SIR.—Of course it was absolutely necessary to go and see *The Girls* as soon as possible. Mistrusting the enthusiasm, or prejudice, of a first night, I waited till the third representation; but I could not shake off the feeling that, play what they would, it couldn't help being, somehow or other, a pendant to *Our Boys*. Up to the very last I indulged in a vague hope that Mr. DAVID JAMES would throw off his wig, whiskers, and moustache, and appear as *Perkyn Middlewick*, acknowledging that, after all, he had only been "purtendin." When in the last Act he actually did take off his chain whiskers and beard, I began to think my anticipations were on the point of being realised. But no,—he never reappeared as *Perkyn Middlewick*, but remained *Mr. Plantaganet Potter* to the end. As to Mr. THORNE, I had seen him in some such part before—in what I forgot—but I think in some piece of Mr. ALBERY'S, where as a carpenter, or a bookbinder, or something between the two, he got up a ladder in a library, and from the top of it informed the company generally that he was guilty of some frightful crime, which had really been committed by Mr. DAVID JAMES—familiarly known in the piece as "Old Snowball"—and then slid down the ladder, had a fit, and the Curtain descended on this touching *tableau*. Well, whatever was the character in that piece, Mr. THORNE's part in *The Girls* is much the same as the one just mentioned, only without the ladder, the accusation, and the *tableau*.

The character of *Plantaganet Potter* is a libel on the ordinary City man. So let us hope he is not a City ordinary, but an importation from some "Thikthy-per-thent-my-boy" establishment. He is not even a type of the class to which he is supposed to belong. Then what people he knows! as for example "Alderman Jumbo"!—which sounds as if the Corporation of the City of London had selected as a member of their Order one of those London blacks who do always perform out of St. James's Hall, and generally on the Downs and at the doors of public-houses.

The names are not in the Author's happiest vein. *Potter* recalls *Old Potter* in *Still Waters*, and *Judson* is to everyone unfortunately suggestive of "dyes." Long life to *The Girls*,—but *Judson* dyes. *Absit omen!*

The Girls has not that genuine touch of nature in it which undoubtedly

made the success of *Our Boys*. The title, unfortunately, invites comparison, to the advantage of our old friend. Yet Mr. JAMES is so irresistibly droll as this Israelitish Thikthy-per-thent-my-boy cad, that everyone in search of several hearty laughs—at intervals—will undoubtedly get them at the Vaudeville. The best Scenes in the piece are in the First Act, where the bashful *Judson*—here *Judson* blushes, and his cheeks are dyed—it's inevitable)—proposes to Mr. FARREN for one of *The Girls*, is accepted, and immediately afterwards *Potter*, the Mock-auction—thikthy-per-thent-muthio—all *Thyell*, enters to propose for the other.

The contrast is striking, and the entire scene between the moneyed *Muthic-al-Arry* and *Clench* would be still funnier, and might be even true to nature, were Mr. JAMES representing the sort of man I have just named. But to be quite true to nature, Mr. *Clench* would have kicked him out of the house. Even as it is, Mr. BYRON has been forced into making *Clench* say, aside, "I could strike him," or words to that effect, and hesitate about accepting such a thorough-going repulsive cad for his son-in-law, so as to tone down, to some extent, the outrageous character of an amusing scene.

Miss LARKIN is as good as ever—always staid, yet always larkin'; and Miss KATE BISHOP plays the elder of the girls charmingly, and Miss CICELY RICHARDS is, of course, the Chambermaid in the usual Third Act poverty-stricken scene, where all begins miserably, and ends happily.

What has induced Mr. IRVING to produce the *Lady of Lyons*? His success as the *Courier of Lyons*? Or is it that he is in training for *Romeo*, and is getting at it via *Claude Melnotte*? However, this must stand over.

The *Woman of the People* was a good start for Easter, for the Olympic, under the management of Miss FANNY JOSEPHS, and the success of *The Hunchback* is not one whit abated at the Adelphi, where it will continue its career with four nights of Miss NEILSON as *Julia*, and two of Miss BELLA PATEMAN in the same character; then three nights of Mr. NEVILLE as *Master Walter*, then three nights of Mr. VEZIN. A mad world, my masters!

Messrs. GATTI should publish a theatrical version of *Who's Who* in 1879. *Hoi Adelphoi* are Messrs. NEVILLE and VEZIN. With which I commend myself to your graces, and am

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

SHALL LORD BYRON HAVE A STATUE?

Not if the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, know it—that is, within their district. They resolved on this last week, by 33 to 20. It is probably no loss to London, unless the statue would be guaranteed as far better than anything of the sort we possess at present, or that were exhibited as specimens at the Byron Memorial Exhibition in the Albert Hall. But the ground of its rejection—causing the rejection of the ground by its proprietors—was that a great poetic genius holding such opinions as were held by this great poetic genius, ought not to have a memorial in any Christian parish. What a howl would this very Vestry have raised against Papal intolerance, had the Cardinal-Vicar in Rome opposed the erection of a statue of *LUTHER* within the Square of St. Peter's! Lord BYRON should have a statue as a poet, not as a distinguished member of the Established Church.

Quoth the Jolly J.P.'s of Aberystwith.

"Sir W. LAWSON asked the SECRETARY OF STATE for the Home Department whether his attention had been called to the proceedings of certain Magistrates at Aberystwith, who are alleged to have attended a supper which was lately held at the Lion Hotel in that town, and, when the hour of eleven approached, are stated to have there and then signed an order for an extension of hours for the sale of drink on the premises, in order to conclude the festivities of the evening."

WHO with Law should make free,
If not your J.P.—

Being Cymric of blood and convivial of habits?

The statute let's shelve,

And keep open till twelve

The house where Welsh lions wash down their Welsh rabbits!

BACK AGAIN FROM BAVENO!—London to VICTORIA—
"Welcome, little stranger!"



DISASTROUS RESULT OF BEAUTYMANIA.

THE LAST NEW BEAUTY, HAVING AN INNOCENT CAST OF COUNTENANCE, HAS BEEN PAINTED, SCULPTURED, AND PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER HEAD ON ONE SIDE, SUCKING HER THUMB.
(N.B.—THE GENTLEMEN ARE JOINING THE LADIES AFTER DINNER.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ITESSE, grande vitesse! (Monday, April 21.)
Lords met, and up and away by twenty-five minutes past five. But in those few minutes they had managed to exact a disclaimer of an intention to advance upon Kabul, and to forward several Bills a stage. *O si sic M.P.'s.* But—

"Division of Labour our System affords—
The talk to the Commons—the work to the Lords."

(Commons).—Oh ye DILKES and DILLWYNNS of little faith. How often must the Government organs play over to you—

(Air—“We Don’t Want to Fight.”)
“ We don’t mean to advance upon Cabul—if we do,
The Cabinet will tell the House, and for an advance
ask too.”

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explained to Sir J. GOLDSMID that Mr. RIVERS WILSON had not "refused to be dismissed." A man can't "refuse to be dismissed," any more than he can refuse to be kicked down-stairs. There was no question of refusal on his part, or sanction on ours.

In Supply—on Civil Service Estimates. Vote of Costs of Civil Service Commission all but docked by the Salary of a Commissioner. The odour of jobbery still hangs about the appointment of Lord HAMPTON, though all his colleagues and ex-colleagues declare he is a model of administrative activity and efficiency at eighty-one. Nevertheless, his salary was only carried by 100 to 94. Such a Division

means that the thing is really *too* strong to be defended much longer. People are beginning to feel that the Examination hobby is being ridden more than a little too hard when he is trotted out to carry Office messengers to their situations round by the Office of the Civil Service Commission. Some picking at the increased expenses of the Audit Office and the Local Government Acts' Office, but no hole picked in either vote. Scotland asks for more than the £10,000 now voted to her for medical charity—not that she troubles herself to prove that she



THE DANGERS OF DILETTANTISM.

Mr. Snippe (of "Snippe and Padwell," Pall Mall). "GOOD AFTERNOON, MY LORD. I'M PROUD TO SEE YOU LOOKING AT MY HUMBLE SKETCHES."

Noble Client. "ULLOA, SNIPPE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THESE CARICATURES ARE BY YOU?"

Mr. Snippe. "YES, INDEED, MY LORD."

Noble Client. "BY GEORGE! WHY—THEY'RE ALMOST GOOD ENOUGH FOR PUNCH!"

Mr. Snippe (modestly). "THEY OUGHT TO BE, MY LORD. I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO THEM."

Noble Client. "THE DEVIL YOU DO! IT'S A PITY YOU DON'T PUBLISH THEM TO THE WORLD, SNIPPE."

Mr. Snippe (much flattered). "I DARE SAY I SHALL SOME DAY, MY LORD."

Noble Client. "AH, I WOULD, IF I WERE YOU! AND LOOK HERE, SNIPPE, WHEN YOU DO, I'LL BUY A SET. BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF YOU SHALL EVER MEASURE ME FOR ANOTHER COAT!"

requires an increase, but because she is not getting her fair share with England of "what's gaun" in the way of bawbees to the M.D.'s and G.P.'s.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER brought in his Bill to facilitate the lightening of unlimited Joint-Stock Banks of their first syllable—a change which *Punch* hopes needs only to be commended to the common sense of J. B., to be at once, in all cases, insisted upon, alike in the interest of bank shareholders and bank creditors. It means, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the substitution, not of a less security for a greater, but of substantial security for illusory. After the Glasgow catastrophe, no sensible man will continue to hold shares in a bank of unlimited liability. The alternative is between "Limited Liability" with ability to pay, and "Unlimited Liability" without ability to pay. Besides limited and unlimited banks, the Bill will give facilities for creating what it cumbrously christens "Reserve Liability" banks—that is, banks with a liability limited by some multiple of the value of the shares.

But note-issuing banks are not to be allowed to re-register when they have an establishment in any other part of the United Kingdom than that where their principal office is situated.

This is a side-stroke at the Scotch banks established in London. These Scotch banks, which are banks of issue, have, with Scotch sharpness, stolen a march on the English banks, which are not permitted to issue notes. The Scottish banking interest will kick, and it is a strong one. But it is the deficiency of Scottish banking principle which has upset the coach, and brought the law about the bankers' ears.

The banking organs in the House generally, though guardedly, approved the Bill. It is one of the few cases in which everybody says that something must be done, yet in which the doing of something seems really necessary.

No doubt there will be an attempt made to limit the liability of trustees by special provision.

Tuesday (Lords).—The good news of the relief of Colonel PEARSON at Ekowe read to the House, with the chequered news from Colonel Wood, and list of the killed and wounded. The House, like England, thankful, but the reverse of triumphant.

The Earls of REDESDALE and KIMBERLEY, and the Duke of MANCHESTER, against the Duke of RICHMOND and the Marquises of RIPON and HUNTERLY, on the principle that should govern the taxation of upland owners to prevent lowland floods. Their Lordships held owners liable by 41 to 19.

(Commons).—The Zulu news received. Cheers for Colonel PEARSON's rescue. The House feels like JOHN BULL, that it has much to be thankful for, nothing to be triumphant about. It hails the not disastrous issue of the first stage of a business ill begun, with no very visible good consequence in prospect.

For the choice of its Select Committees, the House prefers its Whips to anything that the House can put in their place. Nothing like knowing whips to head-back the bafflers and barkers, and see that the staunch old dogs are well kept up to their work.

Mr. RITCHIE moved to introduce the small end of the protection-wedge into the sugar-cask—in the shape of a Select Committee. "Candid inquiry" is all the sugar-refining interest asks, of course. But if the candid inquiry were to result in a proposal of a duty to counterbalance the Foreign Bounties which are so bountifully enabling the British consumer to buy his sugar at one farthing a pound cheaper, Mr. RITCHIE considers that such a duty would be in perfect accordance with Free Trade principles.

Dr. CAMERON and Mr. SAMSON LLOYD are quite clear on that point.

Mr. SAMUDA doesn't agree with them, but would shut out all Austrian and French sugar not refined in bond.

Mr. BURKE, for Government, promised the Select Committee, but protested against countervailing duties and exclusions.

Messrs. COURTNEY and LOWE pointed out the cloven hoof of Protection under the disguise of "Candid Inquiry." Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE dittoed all that Mr. BURKE had said against countervailing duties. Mr. McIVER protested against "Brummagem and one-sided free-trade." How about your friends' Brummagem system of Protection, McIVER, son of the Mist? Mr. FORSTER asked the Government to back their disclaimer of "compensatory duties" by an exclusion of them in the terms of reference; but Sir STAFFORD declined the proffered pinch of salt; and after speeches from Mr. MARTEN, Sir J. HOGG, Mr. BALFOUR, and Sir J. LUBBOCK, in favour of inquiry, the Committee was granted on the Government terms of reference, and the small end of the Protection wedge driven home by Sir STAFFORD, with due disclaimer.

Wednesday, given up to the carrying—*mirabile dictu*—of one Irish Bill, for the Registration of Yeters, and the almost carrying of another, for the introduction into Ulster tenant-right, from the English Agricultural Holdings Act, of the presumption in favour of tenants' right to improvements.

Sir J. LESLIE, Mr. J. LOWTHER, Mr. GREGORY, and Mr. D. PLUNKETT thought the presumption of Irish tenants went too far already, and the Bill was thrown out by 146 to 131. With these figures—

MACARTNEY, take your Bill away—
"Tis bound to pass another day.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord NORTON re-introduces his Bill for protecting the payments to Friendly Societies from the claims of Boards of Guardians. When men who have made such payments, become paupers, by sickness, lunacy, or other causes, the Guardians now claim a lien, before the paupers themselves, or their wives or relations, on any moneys they may have paid to Benefit Clubs or Friendly Societies. This is a direct discouragement of thrift; but Lord REDESDALE declares that it is in strict accordance with the principle of Poor-Law relief, and must be maintained.

Lord KIMBERLEY agrees with him. But the Lords, undeterred by this formidable opposition, vote for thrift against principle—as understood by Lord REDESDALE.

A fight between Narrow and Broad Gauge on Irish lines.—Lord LIFFORD Champion of the Broad, Lord REDESDALE, as of right, of the Narrow.

Lord CRANBROOK interposed with a modification, in the spirit of the old "Horns" oath at Highgate, only allowing the narrow gauge when the broad would be difficult or unremunerative.

(Commons.)—RYLANDS the Rasper introduced his famous Resolutions condemning the increase of the national expenditure, censuring Her Majesty's Government for it, and calling for reduction. The year's expenses had risen to £91,000,000, the largest sum ever spent, except when the country was in the throes of a great Continental war. The CHANCELLOR had tried to "bubble" the country by his Budget, which shirked payments and postponed liabilities. The depression of trade and commerce throughout the country was aggravated by the uncertainty of peace, engendered by the "Imperial policy" of the Government, consisting of annexation, interference, and aggression.

Mr. BAXTER seconded the motion. He quoted statistics to show the rapid decline of English trade and agriculture, the growth of pauperism, the falling off of traffic and business activity, the loss of old markets. The time had come to revise taxation and cut down expenditure, and we were trifling with the one, and increasing the other.

The FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, most intrepid of the large family of SMITH, fit foster-father of iron-clads, advanced against the Rylandian clawhammer and the Baxterian blade, his breast clad in oak and triple brass, and hoisting the flag of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," contended that nobody had a right to twit Government with extravagance, seeing that large majorities had sanctioned every step of the policy which had to be payed for. He analysed away the expenditure, denying that any Government could diminish the Army by a man, or the Navy by a ship. The charge of the great armies and navies of Europe had risen far more than ours, from £73,000,000 in 1870 to £97,000,000 in 1878. As to new taxation, the Government had only put in the poor man's pipe an extra twopence on his pound of bacon. Altogether the national interests could not have been guarded, and the national honour maintained for less than the Government was spending.

Mr. LAING stigmatised the Budget as an operation in thimblerig.

Mr. HUBBARD quite approved the Budget, and didn't see his way to reducing Army or Navy.

Dr. KENRALY gave the Government the benefit of his support, maintaining that, after the House had repeatedly approved ends, it would be self-stultification to stint means.

Mr. RITCHIE argued that the Resolutions ran in the teeth of the truth, seeing that the pressure of pauperism, crime, and taxation had not increased.

Mr. DODSON dissected Mr. SMITH's estimate of the financial situation—contended that the Debt had increased, in spite of Sinking Funds; denied the existence of a Surplus, and doubted if the honour of England could be maintained by a policy Government had not the pluck to ask the Nation honestly to pay for.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH maintained that the Government had done its best under difficulties—and that the Resolutions amounted to censure, not of the Ministers, but of the Majority and the Country.

Sir J. LUBBOCK put the figures the other way, insisting that the extraordinary expenditure of the Government was unnecessary, and its policy prejudicial commercially, without counterbalance of political advantage. Mr. GRANTHAM maintained that taxation had diminished under the present Government, and the debate was adjourned on Mr. GOSCHEN's motion.

Friday (Lords).—Arma Virumque. Lord CADOGAN said the Government knew all about the sale of arms in Africa, but it would be unfair to name the man or men who sold them before the Zulu War; and they had taken measures to prevent the sale since.

(Commons.)—Sir STAFFORD shirked Sir J. GOLDSMID's question—Whether Pot had turned on Kettle; in other words, whether the SULTAN had offered to depose the KHEDIVE. We infer from Sir STAFFORD's fencing with the query, that he could not say "No."

Is the Attorney-Generalship of Victoria an office under the Crown, acceptance of which by Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN vacates his seat for Clare? A Committee has reported that it is. Sir J. GOLDSMID challenges their conclusion. After a long scrimmage of mixed Irish and legal forces, the House supported its Committee by 180 to 11, and a new writ was ordered for Clare.

Common sense ought to be satisfied.

In Supply,

A movement to make charity begin at home—by the Charity Commission paying its own expenses—was negatived by 72 to 52.

D. D. D. D.

(*The Premier's Policy; or, Sir W. V. H. improved.*)

ABROAD.—Death, Danger, and Disease, Disaster and Distrust.
At Home.—Disquiet, Deep Distress, Dishonour, and—Disgust.

SHOOTING, NOT WITH THE LONG-BOW.

Dr. Carver at the Crystal Palace.



INCE PUNCH called on the Directors of the Crystal Palace Programme to give him a new sensation—almost as hard a demand as ALEXANDER's for a new pleasure—they have girded up their loins to the task, and have given *Punch* and the public a sensation, in the shooting feats of "Dr." CARVER, which quite satisfies *Punch*, and ought to satisfy the public.

It is a pity that Dr. CARVER should be heralded by a book professing to describe his life and adventures, which, if it be not a piece of unmilitated Barnumising, reads like it. At all events, it strikes one as quite out of keeping

with the wonderfulness of Dr. CARVER's performances, and the modest, simple, and honest manner of the man, whom you cannot exchange ten words with without liking, and believing all he says to you. You have only to see "Dr." CARVER go through his incredible "shoot" to feel that "Doctor" or "Medicine Man," "Dakota-bred" or "Down-Easter," he is simply the most marvellous master of the art of "drawing a bead" that ever lifted a rifle.

To break a hundred glass balls, of about three inches diameter, thrown up in the air, in front of him, across his line of sight, high up, low down, towards him, from him, with varying forces, and at changing distances, with a rifle bullet, without a single miss—as Dr. CARVER did the other day at Sandringham—or with a proportion of misses, varying from five to seven, and that in less than five minutes, seems a feat quite beyond any attainable steadiness of human muscles, and any achievable accuracy of human eye. But Dr. CARVER has done this, over and over again. Twice a day—at 3 and at 5.30, weather permitting, and even in the teeth of an East wind fit to cut you in two—you may see him outside the north end of the Crystal Palace, break fifty balls so thrown up in less than two minutes, with three or four misses at most, and sometimes without one. He smashes a couple of such balls from the saddle, thrown up as he rides past at full gallop, over and over again.

His fancy shots, from the hip, from the top of the head, lying back over a chair, with his back to the mark, sighting by help of a looking-glass, are tricks of showmanship, looking more wonderful than they are.

The incredible accuracy of eye and steadiness of hand are shown in the breaking of balls springing from a trap, or thrown by the hand in a given time. Everybody—rifleman or no rifleman—should see this, as an example of the perfection to which very exceptional natural gifts can be carried by practice. There is intense interest in watching this champion of all rifle-shots that are, or ever were, or ever will be—as one cannot but think—through one of his performances, as there is delight in watching any other achievement of consummate skill; and the perfect quietness, simplicity, and refreshing absence of all bounce and braggadocio, adds greatly to the pleasurableness of the performance.

Here are no wretched pigeons, with tails twitched out to make them zig-zag, or half-starved to cripple their speed, being blown to pieces, or, worse still, wounded and left to a lingering death; here is no neck risked, as in walking the high rope, or daring the aerial dive. We are looking on at an achievement of perfectly disciplined human senses, and human muscles, their natural keenness sharpened, and strength strengthened by consummate temper and self-control, by regularity of habits, by mastery of appetites—in, short, by keeping down the baser, and keeping uppermost the higher, of the two natures, which doubtless claim their part in Dr. CARVER as in the rest of us.

He throws the lasso almost as dexterously as he aims the ball; and I am told it is as consummate a master of the bow as of the rifle. There is, however, nothing of the long-bowman in what he does with the latter.

Punch asked for a novelty at the Crystal Palace. He has got two in one—a shooter unequalled among riflemen, but an exhibitor unique among Yankee performers—a modest, quiet, and unboastful doer of things even more wonderful in the reality than in the description.

EGYPTIAN LOANS AND EGYPTIAN BEANS.—Ill-lent and Lent-ill.



THE TABLES TURNED.

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere) is subject to fits of Radicalism. After suddenly informing her daughter Gwendoline that kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood, she gives her permission to go and play with "those nice daughters of the People."

Gwendoline Robinson. "YOU MAY PLAY WITH ME, LITTLE GIRLS!"

Small Daughter of the People. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER DON'T LIKE US TO PLAY WITH STRANGE CHILDREN!"

"AUT CÆSAR, AUT NIHIL!"

Or, Tyrant v. Terror.

A DREAD alternative! Yet one which is
Autocracy's eternal Nemesis.
Poor Cæsar! Though he pose as present God,
Though serf-born serfs stand trembling at his nod,
Though purchased cheers and prayers his ears salute,
Though long the voice of Mutiny be mute,
There comes a moment when Hate's whispers swell
From muffled murmur to triumphant yell.
And Cæsar, though his sword be swift of stroke,
And his tense hands lay weight upon the yoke,
Yet, in the darkened chamber of his mind,
Dreads the grim shadow which no bonds can bind,
More than the solid ranks of leagued foes,
Whom steel may smite or policy oppose.
Lo, Cæsar Liberator, where he stands
Clutching the fetters! But the hundred hands
Of that pervading phantom mock his gyves.
A foe that fears not death hath many lives.
When you can shackle shadows, bind the cloud,
Or prison the north wind when piping loud
Over your frozen wastes, then, Cæsar, hope
With the raised spirit of Revolt to cope
By chain, and gag, and scourge. The thing is bred
Of age-long tyranny; its hopes have fed
On food you furnished when your hosts went forth
To fight for freedom, and so learn its worth.
'Tis blind and bloody, as are all things born
Of cold oppression and of callous scorn.
As is the tyrant, must his victim be,
First, sacrifice, then scourge of tyranny.

Sedition's spirit but reflects the mood
Of the oppressor; hate breeds hate, and blood
Is bloodshed's bitter spring. The grisly shade
That darkens o'er your path is but arrayed
In your own terrors, and its acts are fraught
With the bad lessons Tyranny has taught.
Cæsar, this is no ghost, which you may lay
In the Red Sea of State revenge, or stay
With bonds or barriers. Secret, steadfast, stern,
As is the rule it aims to overturn,
Wide-ranging, subtly spread, hid deep from sight,
As some swift-growing poisonous parasite,
'Twill paralyse the arm that strikes at it,
Or, smitten, swift its severed joints re-knit,
Nor die till ordered freedom's healthier growth
Supplants the Tyrant and the Terror both.

National Tribute to Lord B.

(Reduced to L. S. D.)

THE Subscribers to the TRACY TURNERELLI Wreath—in for a penny.

THE Subscribers to the Taxation of England—in for a great many pounds.

Hint to a Hero.

MY GARIBALDI, rest content,
Let your friends look at home;
To wage war for Trieste and Trent,
Might be the loss of Rome.

THE PATRON SAINT OF RAILWAYS.—St. Pancras.



“AUT CÆSAR, AUT NIHIL!”

COLLOQUIAL METEOROLOGY.



Noakes. Yes; but, however, it seems to have been bright in the north of Scotland—of all places.

Styles. Rain at Yarmouth, Holyhead, and Valentia, though.

I has long been usual for people who wish to say something to one another, but are at a loss for a subject, to talk of the weather. On this topic there were formerly but few ideas to be interchanged, and therefore little could be said; but now the progress of popularised meteorology has enabled NOAKES and STYLES to maintain a conversation of some length if not much liveliness; as thus:

Noakes. Here's another dull day, old man.

Styles. Just such another as yesterday was. Dull as ditchwater.

Noakes. Yes; but, however, it seems to have been bright in the north of Scotland—of all places.

Styles. Rain at Yarmouth, Holyhead, and Valentia, though.

Noakes. Ditto this morning over the whole of the south-east of England.

Styles. Thermometer last evening on south-west coasts and at London 51°. Lowish.

Noakes. At Shields down to 40°. Low; very low.

Styles. Mean temperature five or six degrees below the average of the month. Shameful mean.

Noakes. Wind in northern parts easterly. A gale.

Styles. Regular Euroclydon.

Noakes. Backing towards south in Bay of Biscay. South and rough.

Styles. Rough, of course.

Noakes. Barometer rising slightly in the west of Paddyland.

Styles. First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea. Fair in old Oireland.

Noakes. *Erin go bragh!* Slight recovery this morning at Hurst Castle.

Styles. Elsewhere mercury falling, though. Yah!

Noakes. General depression, barometrical and business.

Styles. Let us hope things will look up. Band of high pressure lying over North Sea. Too much high pressure in most quarters.

Noakes. You may say that. Any ozone in the atmosphere?

Styles. Clerk of Weather Office doesn't say. No meteors last night. No aurora. What's the prophecy from New York?

Noakes. Cyclone to reach these coasts in a day or two; thunder and lightning, and then fall of temperature. Down again!

Styles. As if it wasn't low enough already. Ugh!

Noakes. Expect the Derby this year will be run in a snow-storm.

Styles. If a continued black frost doesn't prevent its being run at all.

Noakes. By the way, which is the favourite for the Newmarket Spring Meeting?

Here the dialogue, by a natural transition, turns on Horses, and thence extends to things in general.

'ARRY ON CRUTCHES.

DEAR CHARLIE,

THANKS many and large for the prime birth-day present you sent. You must ha' bin nobblin' the ochre so much on your chum to 'ave spent. A crutch-handled stick is percisely the very hidientical thing As I wanted to put the last touch to my brand new tog-up for the Spring.

Which if I've a taste—arter gals and good smokes—tis for toppers in sticks; They do give a chap sech a hair, don't yer know, when they're up to the nicks. I've a tidy collection myself, but this last lardy fashion,—well, there.— It wouldn't quite run to it, CHARLIE—I 'adn't the spangles to spare.

I went for an arternoon prowl on'y yesterday, CHARLIE, and Lor'! The gals eyed my nobby git up with a mingling of rapture and hor. Yaller ulster and elbers well crook'd on the high perlite pump'-andle plan, With a toothpick, *ong sweet*. Oh! I tell yer the Toffs wasn't in it, old man.

On'y wish yer wos with me, dear pal, to do ditto; becos, don't yer see, To nick the thing up to the nines yer want two, or, still properer, three; Then yer wobbles along in a line, hands behind, in Pall Mall or the Park, Like the three little stiff 'uns in wood wot yer find in a kid's Noah's Ark. That's the form; and it isn't a line you'd 'ave it on, permiskus, I guess; It's *genius*, that's wot it is, spots new fakes in deportment and dress. There must be a rare lot knocking round, though the Swells don't git credit for much,

For it wasn't no or'ney mind as developed the toothpick and crutch.

'Ow rum things come round! I remember my granny, a game-leg'd old gal, Sort of Old Mother Hubbard, 'ad jest sech a crook 'andled stick, my dear pal; I used to ride cockhorse upon it,—and nab it sometimes on my nut, Lor', 'ow she'd a goggled to see it adornin' a Swell's morning strut.

I suppose if the Toffs took a fancy for chewing a stro or a twig, Like a tout or a hostler, or tumbled to carryin' a bludgeon as big As a crib-cracker's nobby persuader, Pall Mall would be jolly soon gay With blue-blooded blokes a green Cop might mistake for foot-pads on the lay.

'Owsomever, in course, style is style, and I've done this ere trick to a turn, Though the hattitude's funny at first, and the knee-wobble's orkurd to learn; I praetised it well in my den, like I do cellar-flaps, or walks-round, And if you could see me, you'd say as it suits me right down to the ground.

That's where I've the pull, my dear boy—I've the tastes of a Toff of the day, And that's why I tumble so slick to most hevery new park-prowler's lay. It's nice that the Nobs don't go in for the nonsense some noodles call *grace*, Which a feller can't get a fair hold on, as mucks yer in going the pace.

But you on'y wants tin to git togs, mate, and not so remarkable much, For the Snips eut it finer and finer; and as for yer toothpick and crutch,— Well, I wish we wos chums on the crawl, and I'd show yer, old flick, 'ow to carry The swell stick in silver and black sent to

Yours obligatedly, 'ARRY.

HORROR IN HYGEIAPOLIS.

"SIR W. TREVELYAN has bequeathed his cellar of choice wines to Dr. RICHARDSON, the well-known assailant of alcoholic indulgence in all forms, and the Author of *Hygeiopolis, the City of Health*."—*Newspaper Paragraph*.

April 28th.—Arrival of "Bequest." Bulk of it taken to cellar. Choice specimens arranged carefully on specially prepared shelves, in Laboratory.

29th.—Commenced analysis on a bottle of "Oporto wine," bearing the date of "1824."

30th.—Continued investigations in Laboratory. Microscopic tests show *infusoria* in solution at a temperature of 270° Fahrenheit. Applied Spectrum analysis. Prot-oxide of iron discoverable in deposits. Drank an ounce at intervals. Range of pulse from seventy-two to seventy-six. *Memorandum.* Found the after-taste not unpleasant. Had a couple of glasses (oz. 5'004—about) at dinner. Effect on *sensory motor* centres peculiar.

May 3rd to 15th.—Finished specimens of '24 Port. Replenished shelves with several good brands. Tested "Imperial Tokay" for the phosphates, with interesting results.

16th to 23rd.—Still testing the Tokay for phosphates. Drank from retort (oz. : 15.0172—about), at normal temperature—very refreshing—but could detect nothing. Pulse steady at eighty-four. Capital wine.

27th.—Friends dropped in to lunch. Had up some Hermitage, and drank to "Scientific Research." Refused to wait and try test for nitrate of soda. (*Mem.*—Arranged to go to the Derby next month, and try the "fizz.") *June 4th.*—Continued the analysis in dining-room. Tested, with a few more friends, one or two excellent samples of Clos Vougeot for perchloride of copper. Found none. Settled to come to supper on the 15th.

6th to 15th.—Busy investigating sparkling wines. *Formula as under:*—Amount of carbonic acid in dozen of Moselle at 64s. (excellent wine) about 3001. (For further particulars, see *Notes*.)

16th.—My birthday. Broke the retort. "Sample" supper a great success. Took notes at table. Amount of oxide of soda-water in five-gallons champagne-cup? Give it up. Test with tumblers for—per—perchloride? Queen's health? Now, then—one more! What say finish up evening Laboratory? Carried.

20th.—Still investigating. Capital fun! Have up dozen of everything—test dozens? Thash waygetthrough't quick. Eh? Now, then, threemstthree!—herestschience. Down with comp'nss dult'rati'on—thatsnort thing! Down p'rechloride—down evr'thing! All ri'. Tesht'nay. Fact'n sen'srymotonev'ry? Eh? 'Bsolutelynil. Goo' nigh'.



"REVENGE IS SWEET!"

Party (who had rung the night-bell at 3 A.M.). "OH, SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR; BUT THIS PRESCRIPTION"—(beseechingly)—"IF YOU'LL KINDLY—IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE—" Tradesman. "WHO ARE YOU?"

Party. "OH, I LIVE AT NO. 4 IN THE CRESCENT. MY NAME IS—"

Tradesman (recognising former Customer). "OH—AH—TO BE SURE—I KNOW. WELL—YOU GO AND KNOCK 'EM UP AT YOUR CO-OPERATIVE STORES!!" [Shuts window viciously.]

TO FIND THE RANGE-FINDERS.

CUSTODIRE custodes is an old standing official difficulty. To find the Range-finders seems the last new form of it. To Lord TRURO's questions on the supply of this very important and long-pigeon-holed aid to effective firing, Lord BURY was instructed to reply, that "a great many Range-finders had been served out to the troops." General WRAY writes to the Times:

"Forty-four or forty-five instruments have been made, or are in hand, for infantry purposes, including twelve for the Government of India and a few for private issue. Altogether twenty-one sets had up to a few days ago been ordered for Imperial service, just sufficient for the same number of companies."

Now twenty-one companies is better than nothing, but it is hardly "a great many," having regard to the companies in the British Army. Unless Lord BURY claims an official right to exceed all ordinary limits of deviation allowed in the case of Range-finders, he had better keep closer to facts in his future answers on this matter.

[IN TRAVAIL OF A TRIBUTE.

IT is too bad, because a man has a name that sounds absurd, and has inaugurated a Tribute that seems absurd to the Statesman of his idolatry, that he should be charged with putting to the credit of the people's pennies what is really due to their wire-pullers' pounds.

Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI who, so far from shirking observation, has shown the utmost desire to direct the full blaze of publicity upon himself and his doings, has published a "detailed statement" of sums received, "exclusively for wreath" up to April 16th, to the amount of £181 12s. 3d., in amounts ranging between the magnificent £10 of Bristol, with £7 9s. 7d. as a second contribution from that "London of the west," —to Burstable's modest six bob, and Birley's cheerful eight-and-fourpence. This record is followed by a list of towns which have "guaranteed or promised, some £5, some smaller sums," to the amount in all of about £100, "dependent," as Mr. T. T. cautiously adds, "on promises given." Towards "Accessories," garnish, or trappings of the Tribute, i.e., Casket, Address, &c., the sum of £6 10s. has been "contributed by friends," who seem hardly to have "parted" so freely as the friends of the great T. T. the Tribute-founder, might have been expected to do.

The expenditure "made, or required," we are informed, with that admirable mixture of candour and exactness which characterises Mr. T. T.'s utterances throughout, is as follows:

1. The Wreath, £220. 2. The Casket, £50. 3. The Illuminated Address, £15. 4. Outlay made by Committee up to above date, £70. Making a total absolutely required, £355."

Putting what is required against what has been received or promised, we have as result, Deficit £73 7s. 9d.

A Deficit is not exactly the dominant for a Triumphant Overture to close upon, and, therefore, we cannot wonder if Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI should append an appeal and a suggestion in italics, to which *Punch* is glad to give all the benefit of his publicity, feeling that he owes Mr. T. T. at least as much as this in return for the Cartoon with which the T. T. T. last week supplied him.

"The Chairman trusts that a few other towns, who have not yet sent in their names, will aid him, immediately, by at least a small contribution, to cover the above very trifling Deficit."

"To ensure an early presentation, probably Presidents, Secretaries, or Editors will advance the sum—the 'pennies' for which may be collected later among the people."

"*TRACY TURNERELLI,*

"Chairman of the People's Tribute."

So, let the word be, "Advance pennies! Presidents, Secretaries, and Editors!"—and then "Present Tribute! Attention! Eyes—right! Take the word and the movement from TRACY TURNERELLI!"

AT LEAST TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

From the Point of View at Berlin.—
"Peace with Honour."

*From those in Afghanistan and South Africa.—*War with Dishonour.

THE COURSE OF RIVERS.—From the National Debt Office in Cairo, back to the National Debt Office in London.

CAVALRY OFFICERS' FIRST CHARGERS.—The Military Tailors and Outfitters.

INJYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VI.

Indore—Games—Dodges—Chess—Mate—Sans-bans-maree—Sittings—Nautch—Chance—Accepted—Beautiful—Description—Poetic—Charming—Jolly—Rummy—Jam Sukee—Archbishop—Canterbury—Apparitor—Nash—Jolly—Joke—Rhyme—Awfully—Awful—Cocoa-Nuts—Cherub—Rome—Khan-Khan—Descent—Disguise—Khik-Uphi—Drums—Trumpets—Bis—Millah—Rummi—Poothie Sing—Jealousy—Whiskers—False—Sneekhar—Fakawazahs—Danger—Intense—Rapid—Action—Done—Private—Off—Next Day—Breakfast—Day After—Zenana—Dhoodheen Shah—Models—Chancellors—Notes—Eminent Models—House Surrounded—Peelahs—Treachery—Danger—How to Escape—Peril—Away.



INDORE.—Charming place, when it rains. Was here before, when H.R.H. visited Injia. No change

—as I say to anyone who asks me for the loan of half-a-crown. Here I stop all day, playing at *bansmree* with the Rajah's daughters, who are the jolliest girls out. "*Bansmree*" is a dangerous game to play unless you know your society



ROUGH SKETCH, MADE ON THE SPOT, OF OUR THREE SELVES SEEING THE DANCE OF A THOUSAND NAUTCH-GIRLS BY TORCHLIGHT.

remarkably well, as an inexperienced hand might find himself landed in as tight a fix as if he had been united to a blushing beauty, by special licence at St. Bride's. It is difficult to describe all the dodges in the game. It is not unlike chess as far as the object goes, which is to mate in as few moves as possible.

If notice is given three times beforehand of your fair adversary's intention, then you either refuse to play, on the spot, or, if she wins, it is a genuine case of *Bansmree*. If notice is not given, then your adversary may aim at *Sans-bans-maree*, and this requires some dexterity. No one, who has never seen it played by adepts, can form any idea of the skill required on both sides.

Afth.—Took the opportunity, and called on AZURE HIRZA, and asked him to sit. He asked me to sit. I sat. While we were chatting, old MUSTAFUN SUMMOW came in with HIRZA LARKEHIE.

They invited us to a *nautch*, which was to take place the same evening in MUSTAFUN's apple-grounds. A "nautch" in a *nautchard* (that is, apple-garden).

I accepted at once. Here is a chance!

Same Evening.—Went with AZURE HIRZA to MUSTAFUN SUMMOW's. Both of these the rummiest old cusses I've met for some considerable time.

A lovely scene! Imagine a *Nautchard*, bright green with full-blown red roses, and ruddy golden pippins such as the Dragon might have eaten in the garden when the Hesperides were not looking, while, in the blue distance, pale lemon-coloured bulls disported themselves, friskily, over the saffron-clad meadow, and crimson Hedge-Hogs (the half-sacred pigs of the country) were feeding on luscious, sunset-tinted, full-ripe porky-pines (a diet that gives the bacon here such a magnificent flavour), and revelling among the variegated colours of the peacock's outspread fantails, as they strutted about the auburn gravel-path, or perched on the red sandstone walls. The gorgeousness of the scene was mellowed by the deep-toned bay of the mulliga-tawny watch-dog, as it announced the arrival of strangers. Never before, never since, have I beheld so fair, so strange, so enchanting a scene! It was like a magnificent spectacle at the Victoria Theayter on Boxing-Night!

"Brayo! Brayvissimo!" I cried, enthusiastically, as, forgetful of time and place, the tears rose to my eyes, and I clapped my hands aloud with joy. In rushed a thousand nautch-girls!

MUSTAFUN smiled; for, by clapping my hands, I had given the signal before the appointed time.

It was a marvellous effect of light and shade; and the foregoing sketch conveys a very correct idea of the entertainment.

Oh, that Nautch-girl, RAL JAM SUKEE! My! didn't she dance! What eyes! What feet! What a stunner altogether! And one of the jolliest girls I ever met anywhere! No blooming affection!

There's nothing improper in a Nautch-dance—nothing. I wouldn't mind dancing it, myself, before the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and with his Apparitor in the Jerusalem Chamber private *séance*. By the way, until I knew him personally, I had always thought there was something ghostly about the Apparitor. I think I considered him as a male bogey, the female bogey being termed an Apparition. However, this has naught to do with the Nautch. So on we go again, jelly as ever!—or as jolly as The Jolly Nash.

A propos of Jolly Nash, I've seen a dark-skinned beauty in a rage show her white gleaming teeth, and give such a "jolly gnash" with them! My! Forwards!

Being called on for a song, I gave them—

Go away, Nautch gal! Go ever so far!
You are so awfully awful, you are!

in my raciest style. They enjoyed it immensely. Which was the prettier of the two, I don't know—RAL JAM SUKEE, or POOTHIE SING.

DHOONDER ED RAJAH is uncommon cocoa-nuts on the latter, and thinks of making this captivating little gipsy his Sultana—

A Gitana
His Sultana.

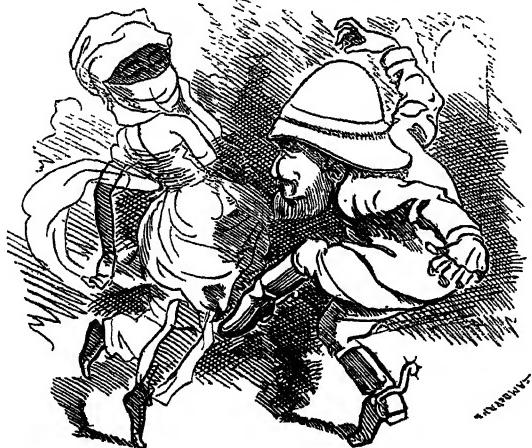
But— Well, at present I think there's a sweet little cherub of the true British breed who smiles up aloft, and who keeps his eye on POOTHIE SING, who, in turn, if I mistake not, is rather spoons on the Bold British Artist. When I say, as above, "little cherub," let my readers think how they are deceived by the appearance of the Little Cherubs in St. Peter's at Rome, and then they will have some idea of my meaning. Aha!

The Nautch was only the first step (so to speak) towards the great religious *fête* of [the *Fakawazahs*, called the *Bil Mosque*. Everyone goes in disguise. The great dance of the evening derives its name from the

fact of its being performed by the Khans eminent for piety, and is called the *Khan-Khan*. If anyone, except a native, is found dancing it, he is at once *shikareed* on the spot.

The place where the *Bol Mosque* is held is reached by several steps downwards. It is something like one of our London underground theatres, where you descend in order to reach the Upper Circle; and, I can tell you, only the Upper Circles are allowed here. No jolly error. But it's the rummiest place I was ever in—taken as a hole.

Trusting to my disguise, and my thorough acquaintance with *Fakawazah* manners, customs, and dialect, I went to the *Bol Mosque*, and danced it with pretty RÂL JAM SUKEE, executing the



great step, *Khik-Uphi*, so admirably, as to draw rounds of applause from the usually stolid natives. Whack went the drums, clang went the cymbals, while the trumpets sounded a fanfare of triumph.

"*Bis! Millah!*" they cried, meaning "encore," or "again, Millah!"—I was dressed as a Millah—"Bis! Bis! Bis! Millah!"

RÂL JAM SUKEE's eyes glowed with unwonted fire. At that moment I caught sight of my servant, that accursed RUMMI, with POOTIH SING. He was telling her who I was, and making her as jealous as only an Injain Nautch-girl can be when she likes, and when she loves!

Just as I was doing the *Khik-Uphi* for the last time, POOTIH SING put out her foot and tripped me up. Off came my false nose and whiskers!! In an instant I had recovered myself, but not before SNEEKHAR SHAH, my rival with RÂL JAM SUKEE, had recognised me.

RUMMI and POOTIH SING had disappeared. But in another second the whole *Bol Mosque* would have been alarmed, and I should have been sacrificed to the fanatical fury of the *Fakawazahs*, had I not rushed at SNEEKHAR, pretended to embrace him frantically, as my long-lost brother, and, hugging him so as to smother him, while I squeezed his windpipe to prevent his uttering a sound, I dragged him from the *Bol Mosque* into the garden, when, suddenly producing from my pocket a little phial of chloroform, I applied it to SNEEKHAR's mouth and nose, and, in another second, he lay at my feet more senseless than he had ever been before.

Watching my opportunity, I dragged him into a side refreshment-table labelled "private," propped him up in a chair, placed a bottle of wine (empty) on the table by his side, and then left him to his fate.

Next Evening.—Breakfasted on *charpoy* (that is, a pie made of lake-fish potted), and left early. RUMMI nowhere to be seen. I think he has got into difficulties with POOTIH SING, the Nautch-girl. If so, I don't pity him. Heard no more of SNEEKHAR and the *Bol Mosque*.

Day after the Fair.—This morning ate a Zenana for breakfast. First time I've tasted one. They say it's an acquired taste. If so, I acquired it very quickly, as I liked it at once.* No news of RUMMI or POOTIH SING, or SNEEKHAR. Am I free? or not? I must keep my eye open, and hook it if necessary.

Tuesday.—Called on DHOODEEN SHAH. He was looking very

* From *Editor to Fuzzel Princeps*.—Dear F.,—When you say "Zenana" you surely don't mean Zenana, as that you have alluded to already in these papers as a harem, where the Sultanates reside. I just draw your attention to what seems a mistake, and am yours very truly, THE EDITOR.

Reply from F. P. to Editor.—No jolly error. Allow me to draw your attention—and I can draw that as well as I can anything else—to the fact that there are more meanings than one attached to the word *Zenana*, depending on circumstances and pronunciation. You can find plenty of parallels in English. But you must find 'em for yourself, as I haven't the time.—Yours truly, F. P., 6th 4th.

black. Took a portrait of him, highly coloured. Noticed about the Court-yard several fine, jolly-looking fellows, who would have made handsome fortunes as models in London.

It is not perhaps generally known that one of the most lucrative professions in town is that of a model. Almost all the Chancellors and most of the Judges began life as models, and I trust they will always continue to be models to the end of their days.

One eminent Judge was known as Apollo Belvidere, another as Adonis, and a third as Hercules. The most extraordinary example of a professional model is the M.P. who sits for Parliament.

On returning to my bungalow, I heard a confused murmur. What could it mean? "No jolly larks?" I whispered to myself.

RUMMI's voice!! The native *Peelahs* (that is, Indian Police) were searching for some one. Me! by jingo! SNEEKHAR had been only half chloroformed, had woke up, and told the whole story of the *Bol Mosque*. POOTIH SING had quarrelled with RUMMI, and charged him with the crime, but RUMMI had pledged himself to find the true culprit, and SNEEKHAR had engaged the *Peelahs* (Indian Police), at so much a day to discover me, and bring me to justice. Failing this, within a certain time, SNEEKHAR and RUMMI would both be executed, as having attempted to deceive Justice.

Hurried Diary, which I jot down while rushing from one window to another, to ascertain best mode of escape.—Not a minute to be lost. Escape by the street impossible. Escape by road? Not a chance. By rail? Not a line within twenty miles. By river? Ha!

My bungalow is situated on a most healthy elevation at the summit of the Great Torrent, which has a fall of two thousand feet into the placid river below. No time for hesitation. How to descend? Out of my kitchen-window. 'Tis but a drop of a few yards, including the back yard, to begin with. Then the drop into the fall will be but as a drop in the ocean after that.

No boat can live in that awful boiling current!

I don't care whether a "boat" can live in that boiling current"—the question is, can I live in it; that is, sufficiently long to live out of it afterwards?

The *Peelahs* are hammering at the door. Down it must come with a crash. And then—I am a lost man. Come, desperation, lend thy furious hold!

Ha! I see my way—I see the plan! I am a man of resources—and in another second—

LIBERTY A LA RUSSE.

Now that the worse half of Russia is under martial law, and the citizens of the more important towns have to provide spies to watch their own houses, other coercive measures may be confidently expected. Without pretending to share the secrets of the Czar, Mr. Punch may hint, that the following regulations will be shortly promulgated:

1. Agents of the Government will be placed under the dinner-table at banquets of six or more persons.

2. Every keyhole will be furnished with an observer, whose duty it will be to listen to all conversations held in the room to which the door belongs.

3. All letters will be opened at the Post Office, and copies kept thereof, with the exception of correspondence passing between engaged persons.

4. An Inspector of Diaries will be appointed to every ten houses, whose duty it will be to read and take notes for the Third Section of the daily records of meals, amusements, conversations, businesses, and pleasures, which the residents will be required to keep, on pain of arrest and imprisonment in a fortress.

5. When a person is suspected of disaffection to the Government, an agent will be stationed in his bedroom (at the expense of his family) to listen to any remarks he may make in his sleep. Remarks of a compromising character will render the speaker liable to arrest.

6. Duplicate keys of all cupboards, bureaux, and writing desks, must be kept by householders, and handed to the agents of authority on demand.

7. Births, deaths, and marriages, will not in future be permitted without the sanction of the General Commanding the District.

8. All persons will be required to think aloud in the presence of a Government official.

And 9 and last. A licence will be required for everything—the right to pay taxes included.

The Island of Matacong.

"SIERRA LEONE, April 7 (via Liverpool).—The French authorities still hold Matacong, and the excitement here has not subsided. It is rumoured that General Row is going over to again hoist the British flag on the island."

A WAR with France about Matacong! The One Thing wanted—to complete the Imperial Cycle.



“IN RANGE.”

Old Gent (in Omnibus). “I TRUST YOUR RIFLE IS NOT LOADED, SIR, BECAUSE WITH THIS SHAKING IT MIGHT GO OFF !”

Volunteer (nettled). “No, it’s NOT LOADED, SIR. AND IF IT WERE TO GO OFF, IT WOULDN’T HIT YOU !”

Old Gent. “OH, JUS’ SO, SIR. BUT—YOU’LL PARDON ME—I WAS NOT CONSIDERING MYSELF SO MUCH AS THE POOR PASSENGERS ON THE ROOF !!!”

“ MAGNA EST VERITAS.”

“We do not argue the doctrine of Free Trade. We do not argue that the earth is a globe.”—*Times*.

SCENE—A smoking-room. Political Economists discovered arguing.

First Political Economist (hotly). Well, I read all the speeches—every one of ‘em. BATEMAN had a long way the best of it. You can’t let the whole trade of the country go to the dogs, you know.

Second Political Economist (who has read ADAM SMITH). Ah! that’s just where you’re all wrong. You don’t understand. The fact is (*boldly*) it’s the very going of trade to the dogs which proves it’s most flourishing. (*With more caution*). At least, that’s what I make of FAWCETT.

Third Political Economist (impressed). Just so. Still, if your imports exceed your exports, where are you?

First Political Economist. Of course. That’s the point. It’s the excess of imports that does it. (*Bitterly.*) Look at sugar!

Third Political Economist. Exactly. Look at sugar. What’s happening to that?

Second Political Economist (slightly, nettled). Well, I don’t exactly know—or care—beyond that it’s twopence-halfpenny a pound at the stores.

First Political Economist. Yes, that’s what every consumer says. It ought to be double the price. It’s beggarly.

Third Political Economist. And ruining the trade. How is the producer to live, I should like to know?

Second Political Economist (warmly—with a flash of FAWCETT). Well,—not as a commercial pauper supported by other people’s charity.

First Political Economist. And you call yourself a political economist! Why, it’s as plain as A, B, C. Let me put a case. Suppose

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

“Sir W. FRASER asked the Vice-President of the Privy Council whether his attention had been called to the evidence taken at the inquest on the body of EMILY HULBERT, who died of glanders, showing that a younger sister died of the same disease, and that fourteen glandered horses had been kept and sold by BACON, cab-proprietor, of Colville Mews, Bayswater, and whether he considered the system of inspection of cab-horses, particularly as regards night use, to be effectual.

“Lord G. HAMILTON explained that the case referred to had been under the consideration of the Privy Council, whose chief veterinary inspector had investigated it. As the result of this investigation, and that of the Medical Officer to the Board of Health, the local authorities had decided to prosecute Mr. BACON for frequent violations of the regulations laid down in the Act of last year. The inspection of cab-horses was not within the province of the Privy Council, but within that of the Home Office.”

WHY exalt Hygiene to the Heavens,
To hold inquests on the corses
Of babes, packed, sixes and sevens,
Over stalls full of glandered horses?

Turkish horrors no one excuses,
And Russ rule is not the thing;
But of glandered children our Mewses
Have got their own song to sing!

And it isn’t a pleasant song
For a people great in the Arts,
And in the Sciences strong,
And with what’s called “blood” in their hearts.

And as *Punch* breathes the Mewses’ breath,
And hears of our careful inspection
To save swine and kine from death,
It awakes in him this reflection—

If those mothers and children there
O’er these poisonous stables pent,
Had a little of the care
On the swine and the kine that’s spent!

An Easy Mistake.

QUOTH the *Daily Telegraph*—“As a matter of fact, the Berlin Treaty is to-day marching step by step towards assured success.” Query if our friend the D. T. has not mistaken for “marching step by step,” the movement called “marking time”? Or perhaps it was the goose-step he describes.

I can build bathing-machines at Birmingham at twenty-five pounds ten a-piece, and the same thing, and better, can be turned out in Belgium for just half the money, what am I to do? Starve?

Third Political Economist (to Second Political Economist, with irony). Precisely. Starve, I suppose. And so you would if Government didn’t step in with a heavy protective tariff, to give you fair play.

Second Political Economist (still clinging to FAWCETT). Yes, but if I want to bathe in the cheapest market?

First Political Economist. Cheapest market? Nonsense, Sir, what has the commercial greatness of the country to do with markets! What we want nowadays is blow for blow, Sir; red-hot reciprocity, and a good thundering protective tariff, to stimulate and support the national industries that make us what we are.

[Selects a cigar, for which he pays the Waiter sevenpence, and is left using unparliamentary language in reference to the Tobacco Duties as the Scene closes.

Doctor and Donor.

THE Obelisk, ERASMUS WILSON’s gift to Mr. JOHN BULL, is said to be undergoing the application of a “coating of a vitreous nature,” in order to protect its surface, which had already begun to show signs of “scaling,” from the action of the atmosphere. Did the donor of Cleopatra’s Needle himself prescribe the remedy for it? If so, the prescription of an expert in cutaneous diseases may be expected to answer.

A SEASONABLE QUEST.

WHERE is the Mayflower?
Gone on pilgrimage to America in search of the Spring.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Lords, Monday, April 28.)

HEN Lord BURY had snubbed Lord TRURO for asking more questions about range-finders, he gave General WRAY something as like the lie for speaking the truth as a young War-Office official could give an old General. The art of official answering has been very conspicuously illustrated this Session. Lord BURY seems to have even bettered Lord SALISBURY's instruction.

The sufferings of cattle in sea-transit exercised the humanity of Earl DE LA WARR, and the explanatory euphemism of the Duke of RICHMOND. He declares the arrangements for cattle-carrying between this country and the United States are most satisfactory, but that the Atlantic *will* take liberties, and that "accidents *will* occur in the best-regulated

ventilating apparatus."

It is a great comfort to think the poor bullocks are being looked after; but how about JOHN BULL, *in transitu* across the Channel, when the double-ship is not running!

Lord STRATHEDEN wants to make the Militia moveable. He forgets what it has cost us to make the Army mobile. "Donna e mobile, my Lord, if you like" (says Lord BURY) but *not* Militia-man. He "savour of the soil," as the old law phrase ran, and can only be shipped over sea, at his own good pleasure, as a volunteer; and there are always plenty of Militia regiments to volunteer when wanted.

So Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, as usual, having elaborately beaten the air, and been good-humouredly wiggled by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE—whose wiggings are *not* mortal—retired *re infectâ*.



REVOLTING MEANNESS!

Nurse (examining Christening Present, just received). "LOR, MA'AM, IF MR. MACSTINGY HAIN'T SENT DEAR BABY THE CUP HIS COCHIN-CHINA FOWL WON AT THE POULTRY SHOW!"

(Commons.)—Adjourned Debate on the Rylands Resolutions.

Mr. GOSCHEN, the great gun of the Debate, thus far, fired off the heaviest charge that could be fired against the Government, packed into forty minutes.

"The First Lord of the Admiralty asked, with much emphasis, whether if the Liberals were in office they would diminish the armaments by a single man or a gun. He would answer that question. If it were his misfortune to be responsible for the acts of the present Government—if he had an Afghan war on his hands; if he had left a Viceroy in charge who moved a division of the army half way to Cabul on sanitary grounds; if he had a High Commissioner who dreamed a dream of establishing a second India in Africa, whom he had censured but not yet removed; and if he had to provide for garrisoning Roumelia in consequence of engagements at Berlin; if, possibly, he had to send men to Cyprus in order to meet his engagements in Asia Minor,—no, he certainly should not think of reducing the armaments with which he had to face those engagements."

This is the pith of the matter. Accept the policy, and you have no right to complain of the expenditure. Still, the Government ought to meet their Bills. But what was their financial policy? It simply postponed the excess of expenditure and liabilities over income to a future day; it renewed bills; it prolonged liability. They had, in fact, avoided unpopularity.

Sir H. SELWYN-IBBETSON, to a House growing small by degrees and beautifully less, read a long brief for the Government, bristling with figures, but blank of facts, and blander of style. But as nobody listened while Sir SELWYN read, and as certainly nobody has read since, it did not much matter, and the infliction was by no means so bad as it looks in the *Times*.

Mr. GLADSTONE said the Government was not arraigned for not putting on more taxes, but for spending more money than a wiser policy would have required. They had augmented military charges by six millions, and, if they had contemplated a reduction this year, it was a case of death-bed repentance. Unluckily, KETCHWAWO had stepped in. By the habit of supplementary Budgets, the Government was destroying Parliamentary control of the purse. Sound financial policy had been turned upside-down, and the longer reaction against the Government, its finance, and its foreign policy, was in coming, the worse it would be when it did come.

Then, after a lot of small fry, *pro* and *con*., and after CHILDERS had boiled down Mr. SMITH's facts into a very thin jelly, and analysed away his figures, he brought out the disagreeable total—according to his figures—five millions increase of military, and twelve of general expenditure.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied. The Government had done nothing that was not necessary to maintain the credit and provide for the safety of the nation. Their object was not aggression, but tranquillity and prosperity. They had avoided war by mere expenditure and demonstration of strength, and they had deserved well of their country.

And so the House divided, by 303 to 230, and then cheered itself lustily.

Tuesday.—A remarkable night in the Lords.

Lord BATEMAN tried to dig up Protection in the form of Reciprocity, whereupon Lord BEACONSFIELD spoke its funeral sermon, and, like the Sicamber, kicked what he had once adored.

Punch has given its own column to his loving ballad of Lord BATEMAN.

Lord BATEMAN considered Reciprocity the coping-stone of Free Trade. He would not restore the Corn Laws, but would levy "a small customs entry" on wheat coming from abroad. He repudiated Protection, but would impose "a small restrictive tariff" on all countries which would not enter into reciprocal arrangements with us. He objected to be called a Dodo—though he

admitted it might be a compliment to be called a "Do-do" to Prince BISMARCK. So far from being one of the Seven Sleepers, he, and those who agreed with him, were the only people wide-awake. He couldn't see how a country would get richer if its imports were greater than its exports—as Professor FAWCETT contended—it being his experience that people's wealth was not to be measured by what they bought.

Lord ARLIE said that Lord BATEMAN's Reciprocity was only Protection in disguise.

The Duke of RUTLAND went as far as Lord BATEMAN, and a good deal farther. Free Trade meant national ruin. So far from believing with Mr. BRIGHT that the distress in 1842 was ten times as bad as now, he believed the distress now was ten times as bad as in 1842. Landlords and tenants were going to smash on all sides. And no wonder. The more wheat we grew, the more wheat other countries would grow; and the more cattle we raised, the more cattle would be imported. *Ergo*: The cheaper bread and beef got, the worse off we should be. In short, everybody was being shipwrecked, and the only life-buoy was "Protection."

Lord DUNRAVEN submitted that bad seasons, idleness, drunkenness, improvidence, wars and rumours of wars, standing armies, and strikes might together have more to do with bad times than Free Trade. Lord MORLEY thought that "Reciprocity" would, in practice, come to cutting off your nose to spite your face.

Lord BEACONSFIELD finally put the extinguisher on the Duke of RUTLAND, Lord BATEMAN, and their friends. The policy of fighting hostile tariffs with free imports was deliberately and finally adopted in 1846. Reciprocity was barter; and barter belonged to the lowest form of civilisation. His honourable friend had quoted some of his own "musty phrases," thirty years old. But thirty years ago we had a complicated tariff, with a great many dutiable articles. Now, the tariff included twenty-three dutiable articles only. We had no longer the materials for a system of reciprocity. The "most favoured nation clause" was in all our commercial treaties, and forbade it. Reciprocity was dead. Best it should be buried—once and for ever!

Lord GRANVILLE congratulated Lord BEACONSFIELD on having put down his foot to stamp out the rising hopes of Protection.

(Commons.)—Mr. BURT went into the very serious and ugly subject of loss of life from boiler explosions, and insisted upon the necessity of compulsory inspection, and more stringent enforcement of the responsibilities of boiler-owners, who, from niggardliness or carelessness neglected their duty to have their boilers kept in proper repair, and used with proper care.

Messrs. HERMON, COWEN, Sir T. BAZLEY, Mr. MACDONALD, and Mr. SHERIDAN, supported Mr. BURT.

Mr. CROSS quite agreed with him in his end; the only question was as to means. He doubted if the way was yet open to compulsory and general boiler inspection, but he

would see personal responsibility brought home in all cases, and this, he thought, would come to much the same thing as compulsory inspection. In short,

Better let boilers bust,
With inspection *ad libitum*,
Than that Law should say "must,"
And from busting prohibit 'em.

Wednesday.—Sir ROBERT PEEL, much annoyed that he was not allowed to couple a side-long sneer at Mr. GLADSTONE with a savage onslaught on Russia, in a question mixing up Mr. GLADSTONE's complaint of Neapolitan prison-horrors in 1851-52 with the Nihilist terror and the state of siege under the martial law of the Czar ALEXANDER in 1879.

The SPEAKER emphatically gave Sir ROBERT to understand that even he must observe the rules of the House as to questions.

Mr. SULLIVAN tried to crown the edifice of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill with a Saturday Restricting Bill—to shut the rural Irish publics at eight, and the town publics at six. One would have thought Irish Members had had enough last year of fighting over liquor-limitation law, but they managed to keep up a very party scrimmage over Mr. SULLIVAN's Bill till Mr. CALLAN talked it out by a quarter to six.

Thursday (Lords).—Ought landlords, or tenants, or both, to be rated towards the conservancy of rivers? A nice debatable point, with a great deal to be said on all sides. "Landlords," say Lords KIMBERLEY, GALLOWAY, MORLEY, and REDESDALE; "Both," say the Duke of RICHMOND and the Marquis of RIPON, and carry their Lordships with them by 57 to 36.

(Commons).—Sir J. GOLDSMITH wanted to know if the Serjeant-at-Arms had the right to order or take Honourable Members out of their Committee-rooms into the House to make a *quorum*?

The SPEAKER said it was so laid down in the books. He could send round the Serjeant-at-Arms without the Mace to *ask* Members to make a House, and, if they didn't come, then *with* the Mace, to make them! So, "*the bauble*" has its uses—one is glad to know.

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, Sir H. HAVELOCK moved that no officer should be put on half-pay or removed from an appointment on report of a Court of Inquiry, without opportunity of trial by a Court-Martial.

Sir W. HARDCOURT agreed that Courts of Inquiry might be used in an unfair and oppressive way, and ought to be carefully regulated, but he did not see how they could be abolished.

Colonel STANLEY offered to issue regulations binding on these Courts; and a brisk controversy arose among the soldiers and would-be soldiers present, whether this offer went far enough. At last, being sore pressed, Mr. CROSS, for Colonel STANLEY, was fain to promise that the regulations should be laid before the House, before Third Reading of the Bill.

Then the House got through nine clauses of the Bill, after some discussion of the billeting allowance besides.

A real stroke of business done, if a small one. *Laus Deo!*

Friday (Lords).—All Government can tell Lord GRANVILLE about our South-African High Commissioner and the chances and terms of Peace, is that he has been expressly warned,

"We don't want to fight,
And, by Jingo, if you do."

Her Majesty's Government have had more South Africa than they can digest, and positively "*won't take any more.*" So let Sir B. put that in his pipe.

As to terms of peace—Good heavens! how should Her Majesty's Government know anything about them! Let Sir B. settle it the best way he can, and get rid of the business, which has been more bother and annoyance and danger to the Government credit and *prestige* than it can ever be worth.

In the oft-threshed matter of poor men's payments to Friendly Societies, Earl FORTRESCO tried in vain to get their Lordships to follow him along the strait way of Poor-Law principle, far away from the broad and the flowery path of humanity. Their Lordships stand by the last settlement of the matter, which, it is to be hoped, will be now accepted. Poor men's payments in the hands of Clubs and Friendly Societies, will not be forfeit to Boards of Guardians, if they come to "the House" by pinch of sickness, loss of wits, or any other of the ills flesh—and poor man's flesh above all—is heir to.

(Commons).—Sir R. PEEL tried again to hit at Mr. GLADSTONE and his protest against Neapolitan tyranny, some eight-and-twenty years ago, under cover of a question why Government don't remonstrate with Russia on her domiciliary severities. But Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE very properly put him down. Naples was a bad little boy, Russia is a bad big one. Besides, we can't be thrusting our fingers into *all* the messes. We have them in messes enough already. Sir ROBERT found a congenial "backer" in the Major—*Arcades ambo*—but the Major is the more amusing Arcadian. His proclamation of the Czar as the ideal "*Ædile*" was irresistibly funny. South Africa on the tapis, and Mr. KETCHWAWO's little cheque

to the end of March—£1,539,000, if you please—and everybody would be obliged by an early settlement.

And then, strange to say, on Mr. SHAW-LÉFÈVRE'S Motion for giving more power to the Bright-Clauses of the Irish Land Act (which help tenants to buy their holdings), came the most satisfactory Irish night's talk and night's work the House has had since the Land Act passed.

There was really quite a tone of hope and cheerfulness about it; and it was a comfort to see Tories and Whigs, Radicals and Home-Rulers, Mr. ERRINGTON and Mr. PLUNKET, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. KING-HARMAN, Mr. MACARTHY and Mr. LAW, and Mr. BRIGHT, all laying their heads together in something like friendly consideration of the best means for turning discontented Irish tenants into industrious and peaceful small owners, with hope to light up their lives, and give them something better to do than listen to agitation. Of course Mr. LOWTHER could hardly be looked for to go *far* on this road; but he went farther than might have been expected. And Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE says the Government will make a proposal before the end of the Session. *Punch* for once has got something like pleasure over an Irish Parliamentary palaver.

ATHLETICS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.



IELDING to the consideration that it is their mission to test the endurance of humanity to the utmost, the Directors of the Urbs-in-Rure-Hall Company have decided upon holding, in their spacious premises,

A GRAND SCIENTIFIC AND ATHLETIC CARNIVAL of an unique description. Hitherto, only races for comparatively short periods of time, and under easy conditions, have been presented to the athletic public. On this occasion,

A SIX MONTHS' RACE OF THE MOST REALLY TRYING CHARACTER will be inaugurated. The following will be the

Rules and Regulations.

1. The competitors during the first month will walk upon their knees.

During the remainder of the time they will be permitted to hop on either leg they may select. The leg, once selected, not to be changed during the remainder of the race.

2. No competitor to be allowed to sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. The competitors to take their rest in chairs. During the first month the chairs to have no arms.

3. Any competitor accepting the services of a doctor, to be disqualified.

4. When the Public are present, the competitors will be required to smile six times an hour, and generally to appear cheerful.

5. During the last two months the competitors will be expected to keep step with the brass band, and (when the Public are present) to indulge in a playful caper once in every four "laps."

6. The competitors, before entering upon the contest, will sign a paper, releasing the Directors from responsibility for any fatal consequences. They will bind themselves to throw all possible difficulties in the way of proceedings instigated or taken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

7. On admission to the contest, the competitors will pay a small fee, to cover the expenses of inquests, &c.

These rules will be strictly observed. On the conclusion of the Race, will be awarded the following

Prizes.

First Prize.—Champion's Belt and a fourth of the gate-money.

Second Prize.—A ticket of admission to the Royal Hospital for Incurables.

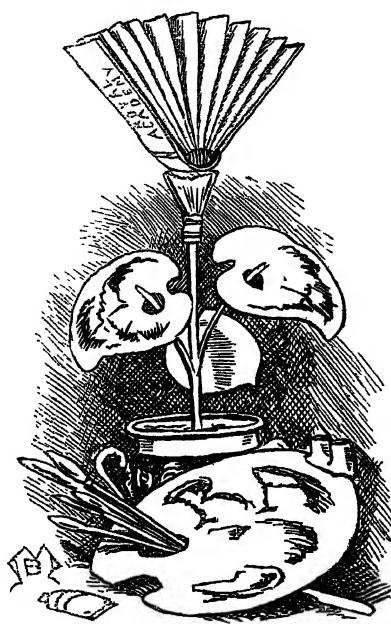
For every competitor who completes two months—a first-class carriage funeral.

By Order,

(Signed) { A. SMITH, Secretary to the Directors.
B. BROWN, Manager of the Race and Funeral Department.

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

Prefatal remarks—Advice—Starting on the round—Galleries.



THE One Hundred and Eleventh Royal Academy Annual and First Exhibition under Sir FREDERICK's Presidency.

With that disregard of rank and title which should always characterise Art, the Academicians give priority of visiting to the distinguished Private View before they admit the General Public. There is also a "Press day," and the Private View is a "Crush day" after two o'clock, when the Academy, having lunched, is full.

Of course, on Private View day everybody goes to see every other body. As to the Pictures—hang 'em!

I will start the visitors with just one observation, which each person can adapt according to his company. Here it is:

There are as many Ages of Art as there are of Man; but the chief Age is the Average, and since the very commencement of the Academy, it may be fairly said that this is the first year when the show of Pictures is, on the whole, far above (or below) the average.

I will only add that my purpose, as your Guide to the Academy, is to save your valuable time, by directing your wandering attention to Number So-and-So in the books; not by any particular rule, but at haphazard.

General Advice.—First look at a Picture without reference to the Catalogue. Settle in your own mind all about it, its subject, what it *ought* to mean, its drawing, its painting. See if you recognise the style. Then refer to the Number in the Catalogue, and prepare for astonishment. Your immediate remarks will generally be—"Is it, indeed? Well, I should never have thought that was the subject! And whose is it? No! Surely not!! Well!!! I had no idea it was *his*!!! I will not begin with "Number One"—that may safely be left to see after itself; but I will point out

No. 22. *A Well-stocked Larder.* H. M. PAGE. How the Page in the larder must have gloated over these provisions! Visit this picture about luncheon time.

Then go at once—for I'm sure you're dying to know what Professor HART, R.A., has painted this year,—go at once to Gallery No. III., No. 198.

It is difficult to find: almost a hidden gem. "Not half a bad picture," said some kindly disposed critic. He was right. It is not half a bad picture, it being only about a quarter of the size of the one last year. "Small by degrees and beautifully less." He is evidently taking *his own line*, instead of that devoted to the Academicians; and the Hanging Committee, acting on my advice, given cordially and gratuitously last year, have done their best *celere Hartem*. Perhaps it is Professor SOLOMON HART's own suggestion. If so, I admire not so much SOLOMON's *hart* as the "Judgment of SOLOMON."

Pass on to

No. 208—and *guess what it is*. My first impression was that various coloured Boys,—such as the "Blue Boy," &c.,—having been painted by various distinguished artists, and named after their clothes, some rare original genius had hit upon the idea of depicting a Yellow Boy without any clothes—a Bilious Boy. Then his attitude is that of rapt attention to something in the distance. Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, who is the only historical Boy who ever listened in rapt attention—this "wrapt attention" serving him for clothes—to anything?

You will, of course, answer, "WHITTINGTON," when the distant bells rang, "Turn again," &c. Of course, WHITTINGTON was very poor, and he might have pawned his clothes. But—no—it is not WHITTINGTON, and for what it *really* is, I refer you to the Catalogue, where you will find what Mr. J. R. HERBERT, R.A., meant by it. To me it will ever be, "The Bilious Boy."

No. 261. *A Marionette at rest when the organ isn't playing.* This

is the idea suggested by the central figure. It is called *A Justice in 1500*, and is by Mr. CHESTER LOOMIS.

This picture, by LOOMIS,
Not the best in the room is.

GALLERY NO. IV. And look at—

No. 294. "Ahem!" CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A. "Ahem!" is not its title; but after one glance at the figures you will find that to be the expression. Pass on quickly to—

No. 307. *Nausicaa and Her Maidens Playing at Ball.* ED. J. POYNTER, R.A. A disap-Poynter. The visitor will, probably, have heard, that, in this picture, are to be seen all "The Beauties of the Day." Perhaps so; he may find them, but it will take him all his time to discover the Beauties of the Picture.

No. 379. *Science and Measurement.* H. S. MARKS, R.A. Elect. His diploma picture. Capital. Very glad to find that Mr. H. S. MARKS is "one of the Elect." One of these days we shall see his likeness in the painted window of a Cathedral.

GALLERY NO. V.

No. 394. *Gehazi, servant of Elisha.* J. E. HODGSON, A. Evidently the first of an intended series of Comic Scripture Characters. From this point of view, a success. But hardly sufficient to encourage its continuance.

No. 398. One of the many gems in this Gallery. Stay, Visitor, and try to make out what it is intended to represent. Its title might be *His First Cockle*. Dedicated to Captain BURNABY. Mr. HERBERT SIDNEY is the author of this medical composition. But, really, one may expect anything from a gentleman who will provokingly call himself HERBERT SIDNEY, instead of SIDNEY HERBERT.

No. 442. Painted by ROBERT BATEMAN. A prize of a free admission on any day will be given to the person who hits on the subject of this picture in the first twenty guesses. Queer materials—a Bogie—a sheep's head, and a Gentleman on the ground suffering from a violent fit of indigestion.

Only more with which to conclude the first visit. Go to Gallery No. VII. and see—

No. 613. By ERNEST CROFTS, R.A. Historical picture, showing how Madame TUSSAUD obtained NAPOLEON's carriage. Her emissary has awaited his opportunity, has ridden up and said to the Emperor, "Sir, you *must* come out; we've bought it." "Oh, then," replies the Emperor, rather annoyed, "I'll come down at once." And he did. The carriage is now at the TUSSAUD'S, Baker Street. Bravo, ERNEST CROFTS! In Real ERNEST, CROFTS! So ends the first visit.

MUSTY PHRASES.

"But when he taunts me with his quotation of some musty phrases of mine thirty or forty years ago, I must remind him that we had elements then," &c. &c.—Lord BEACONSFIELD on Reciprocity.

When Venus yields to us her "place of arms,"

JOHN BULL must own he pins small faith upon her;
Though from Berlin, instead of war's alarms,

Somebody (who was 't?) brought us "Peace with Honour."

And still we seek, by help of *Tancred's* views,

Of which we are doomed to bear the cost and brunt here,
From dark Afghans, and not less dark Zulus,

That blessed boon, "A Scientific Frontier."

What joy, when to the winds reporters scatter
Speeches and sayings of more show than quality,
We are free to laugh to scorn the "idle chatter
Of" (thanks, Jew!) "irresponsible frivolity."

So let us own, as fact's hard ground appears

Below the glare of rhetoric's firework-blazes,
We need not go back for quite forty years

To feed to heart's content on "musty phrases."

Nosology.

AFTER the recent deaths of children lodged over stables, it is no wonder that public attention should have been called to the fact that "a sneeze from a glandered horse in the shafts of a Hansom cab may be certain death." Of course that depends a little on circumstances; but the probability of it is strong enough to warn anyone to take care how he trusts himself in a Hansom cab. It is wise, no doubt, never to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but it would be wiser always, ere you seat yourself behind a possibly infectious animal, to look a Hansom cab-horse carefully in the nostrils.

THE FASHION OF THE SEASON.—Letting Houses—alone!

THE KITCHEN-RANGE-FINDER.—The Policeman!



PERILS OF AESTHETIC CULTURE.

Uncle John (suddenly bursting on newly-wedded pair). "HULLO, MY TURTLE-DOVES! WHAT'S THE ROW? NOT QUARRELLED YET, I TRUST?"

Edwin. "OH DEAR NO. WE'VE BEEN GOING IN FOR HIGH ART, THAT'S ALL."

Angelina. "AND DRAWING FROM CASTS OF THE ANTIQUE."

Edwin. "AND ANGY'S NOSE TURNS UP SO AT THE END, AND SHE'S GOT SUCH A SKIMPY WAIST, AND SUCH A BIG HEAD, AND SUCH TINY LITTLE HANDS AND FEET! HANG IT ALL, I THOUGHT HER PERFECTION!"

Angelina. "YES, UNCLE JOHN; AND EDWIN'S GOT A LONG UPPER LIP, AND A RUNAWAY CHIN, AND HE O-C-CAN'T GROW A BEARD AND MOUSTACHE! OH DEAR! OH DEAR!"

[With difficulty restrains her sobs.]

MR. BULL ON FREE TRADE.

THE more I've to pay for my imports, the worse;
The less, why the better, of course, for my purse.
Best of all 'twere to get them for nothing, no doubt—
And I couldn't lose money by doing without.

If I can do without them, perhaps 'twould be well
Not to buy goods at all where in turn I can't sell.
Prohibition's mere thrift; I save all I don't spend,
Though I mayn't force my neighbour his tariff to mend.

But suppose I can't do without this thing or that,
If I don't get it cheap as I can, I'm a flat.
Did I not let it into my ports duty free,
F'er Lord BATEMAN must own that a donkey I'd be.

He who sells me things cheap in so far does me good;
Though not doing so much as he might if he would.
Because I can't get all I want of the man,
Fools would have me refuse to get all that I can!

Trade free upon both sides beats Trade free on one;
But by half if 'tis better, half's better than none.
And who but a simpleton e'er can suppose,
That for spiting my face I would bite off my nose?

THE REASON WHY.

(According to M. POUYER-QUERTIER.)

THERE is a depression in French trade—

Because Civilisation is jealous.

Because M. BRASSEY is a *farceur*.

Because MM. les Anglais drink gingere-beer *en malice*.

Because a "treaty is the negation of liberty."

Because the consumer will not fraternally kiss the producer.

Because Frenchmen are *chassés* from Lestarré Squarr by "le 'igh

price."

Because the Captain of a Boulogne and Folkestone boat is *un gros Bouledogue d'Abion*.

Because French Political Economists are so much *trop généreux*.

And, lastly, because an export trade of fifteen millions a year with *ce gros bête* JOHN BULL is a mere *bagatelle* that does not count.

May and her Minstrels.—A Dialogue.

May to Punch. They sang the "merry month of May,"

Those utterers of false notes!

Punch to May. And what did you do?

May to Punch. Up at once,

And caught them by the throats!

NOTE.

WHAT we want for the British Drama generally is not so much native talent as *imagi-native* talent.

AUDACIOUS 'ARRYISM.—OUR friend 'ARRY objects to the title of a recently-published novel, *Airy Fairy Lilian*. He says that he can't imagine a fairy all over 'air, though he might an 'obgoblin.



DIZ-INTERRED.

HAMLET (*taking the Skull in his hand*). "ALAS, POOR YORICK! I KNEW HIM, HORATIO. * * * * HE HATH BORNE ME ON HIS BACK A THOUSAND TIMES; * * * * AND NOW, HOW ABHORRED IN MY IMAGINATION IT IS! MY GORGE RISES AT IT!!"—*Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.*

INJYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
By FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VII.

A difficulty—Hurried diary—Waterproof—Balloons—The Joggah—Polkar—Expense—Jimmivizlah Hills—Landscape—Hard lines—Poetry—Prose—Guddee—Guddee—Races—Sillih—Zenana—Question.

FORTUNATELY, I always travel with two waterproof pillow-cases, which can be rolled up the size of a walnut-shell, or be expanded into giant balloons. Filling these quickly, I climbed on to the window-sill, and just as RUMMI, SNEEKHAR, and the *Peelahs*, led by BOBBI KHAN, were breaking in the door of the back kitchen, I floated like the celebrated Mr. HOME, the spiritualist, out of the window. On arriving at the torrent, I carefully placed beneath me one of the inflated bags—(another time I shall carry inflated bags with me—balloon breeches, so to speak, Turkish fashion—but I'll have 'em made)—so as to protect me from the rude sharp-pointed rocks, and



RESTING, AND BEING THANKFUL.

I landed at a small village on the south side of the lake, far away from all turmoil. Here I purchased a *Joggah* (a small pony, about 12 h. 2 in.), and went out for a ride to explore the (to me) new country, much cheered by the natives, specially the youngsters, who always admire pluck.

Wednesday.—POLKAR has turned up again. He is a regular *duffadar*, and no jolly error. I can only get him in profile, as he puts on more "side" than any other Injian swell of my acquaintance. He has £254,321,000 a month, which is more than I spend in six weeks.

Friday.—Jolly hot, as it always is on a Friday in this country. Came in sight of the Jimmivizlah Hills and the Grove Nahgalaree. The Jimmivizlah Hills are not an A.R.A.ngement in colours, but a rhapsody in blue, green, and yellow. (If I ever catch RUMMI again, I'll make his eye an arrangement in much the same harmony.) They are one of those gorgeous bits of colouring that every artist has attempted, and no fellow can understand. Let me pause to describe the scene, and no extra charge for the style. Behold—



The sunshine quickly streaks the sky with a Tangerine-orange glow, while the snow-tipped peaks deepen with an increasing lilac hue, tender and soft as the blush of a cabdriver when offered sixpence under his legal fare, bringing out into strong relief such

"hard lines" as are only known to the first-class player, who has lost a close game of billiards by his adversary's fluke. The background forms a vista of aerial blue of a gentle honeydewed limpidity; while, lucid as my own glowing description of Nature's wonders, up jumps, hot and hot, from his Ovenly bed, the Sun, red as the one underdone side of an eightpenny chop on the bars of the silver gridiron in a City grill-room. He is not to be trifled with, this Sun-God! Here he is, not rising, but setting for his portrait to me, who love him dearly.

Sunday.—Went to hear GUDDEE GUDDEE, the native missionary. Could have done it a jolly sight better myself.

Went to the Races afterwards, and had a bet with SILLIH BILLIH, who really knows nothing at all about the odds. *Experientia docet*, and I *doctored* him hot.

Left a card on the Zenana. She is one of SOBADDI SING's Queens. She came to the window. Cocked my laughing eye, and shot a glance at her out of it. She disappeared. Poor Zenana! how she'll miss this bold Britisher when he has gone home again.*

"Though I'm an Artist," I said to a whole *Harum Skarum* full of 'em, "though I'm an Artist, I can't take you all!"

How she cried, and laughed, and went into hysterics! But I couldn't stop. Too jolly clever by half for that!

* *The Zenana.*—From Editor to F. P.—Dear F. P.,—Didn't you say that Zenana was something to eat, and also that it meant a harem? Isn't there some confusion here?—Yours truly, THE EDITOR.

F. P. to the Editor.—No confusion with yours jollily. "Zenana" (*vide* HOOKHI WARKAR's *Injian Dictionary*) means "a luscious fruit; the Queen of the Seraglio; and the Seraglio itself." Now, then, where are you? Eh?—Yours triumphly, F. P.

THE NEW BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

LORD BATEMAN was a noble Lord,
Wot held Free Trade pure fiddledee;
So he up and he moved in the House of Peers,
In favour of Sweet Reciprocity!

He inaudited here, he meandered there,
For a good two hours, or, some say, three,
In the style of oration called roundaboutation,
Until his hearers they wos wearee.

For forty long years he had held the opinion,
And still his belief in that same wos strong,
That the jade Free Trade, deemed so fair and lovely,
Wos a vain delusion with led men wrong.

We'd abandoned our old lady-love, Protection,
In favour of a minx wot wos far too free:
We had boasted of her beauties unto foreign countries,
Wich those foreign countries had failed to see.

He would not go back to the old love wholly,
He wasn't quite a dodd, ah! nay, not he:
The name of Protection he would rayther not mention,
But he warmly recommended Reciprocity.

Wot wos right in love must be right in Commerce.
Wot man would marry an unloving bride?
He failed to see wy 't wos only in trading
That the reciprocity wos all von side.

Then up and answered another noble Lord,—
Wich his name likevays it began with a B,—
And he "sat on" poor Lord BATEMAN in a scientific manner,
Wich filled the beholders with mirth and glee.

Says he,—"Reciprocity's a hollow phantom,
Though I svore twos a substance vonee, I know;
But you wont raise the dead with a dusty recital
Of my musty phrases of forty years ago."

Then Free-Trade's old loyvers they cheered and chuckled,
And the gallant GRANVILLE he smiled for to see
The Bogey young DIZZY so solicitously vamped up,
So ruthlessly demolished by the old Lord B.

But the crusted Lord BATEMAN, his sad face veiling
From his country's sorrows and his party's crimes,
Vent homevard, and endeavoured to solace his sorrow,
By buying a stuffed dodo, and by burning of his *Times*.

THE RUSSIAN ARMS.

On the Shield—An Iron Crown. *Supporters*—A couple of Drum-Majors wielding Knouts proper. *Motto*—“Nothing like Russia leather.”



RATIOCINATION.

Country Doctor. "DID YOU TAKE THAT BOTTLE OF MEDICINE TO OLD MRS. GAMBITGE'S?—BECAUSE IT WAS VERY IMPORT—"

Surgery Boy. "OH, YESSIR. AND I'M PRETTY SURE SHE TOOK IT, SIR!"

Country Doctor (after a pause). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, SIR?"

Surgery Boy. "WELL, I SEE THE SHUTTERS UP AT THE 'OUSE AS I PASSED THIS MORNING, SIR!!"

Tributes, and How to Acknowledge Them.

In these hard times, when everybody who can do anything is getting up performances for something, suppose Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord BEACONSFIELD, on the give-and-take principle, were to show their gratitude to their Tribute-payers, and their sympathy for suffering, by getting up a performance of 'Twixt Axe and Crown for some suffering body, or place, or country, or craft, or interest, or other?

Suppose Mr. TURNERELLI were to set the idea going!

THE FIDDLER'S PECULIARITY.—The longer bow he draws, the truer his note!

OUT OF RANGE.

LORD BURY has attained a rare and rapid proficiency in the great official arts of snubbing and sneering. The other night he snubbed Lord TRURO for being curious about Range-finders, and General WRAY, for saying that only twenty-one sets had been served out to the Infantry. He began by sneering at General WRAY as "some what of an enthusiast":—

"He was formerly Chairman of the Committee on Range-finders, and, like many persons who took up a crotchet somewhat warmly, he was extremely enamoured of all the recommendations made by his Committee."

Now, seeing that this Committee had tested the effect of Range-finders, and found that their adoption meant accurate firing instead of random, the unofficial mind would be apt to conclude that General WRAY's eagerness to see Range-finders brought into use was rather to his credit than otherwise. But Lord BURY ingeniously makes it appear that the General is a troublesome and conceited person, who is only angry because "a great many details recommended by the Committee had not commended themselves to the judgment of those responsible for the administration of the service, and had consequently been rejected," after the Committee's central recommendation for the adoption of Range-finders had been carried out.

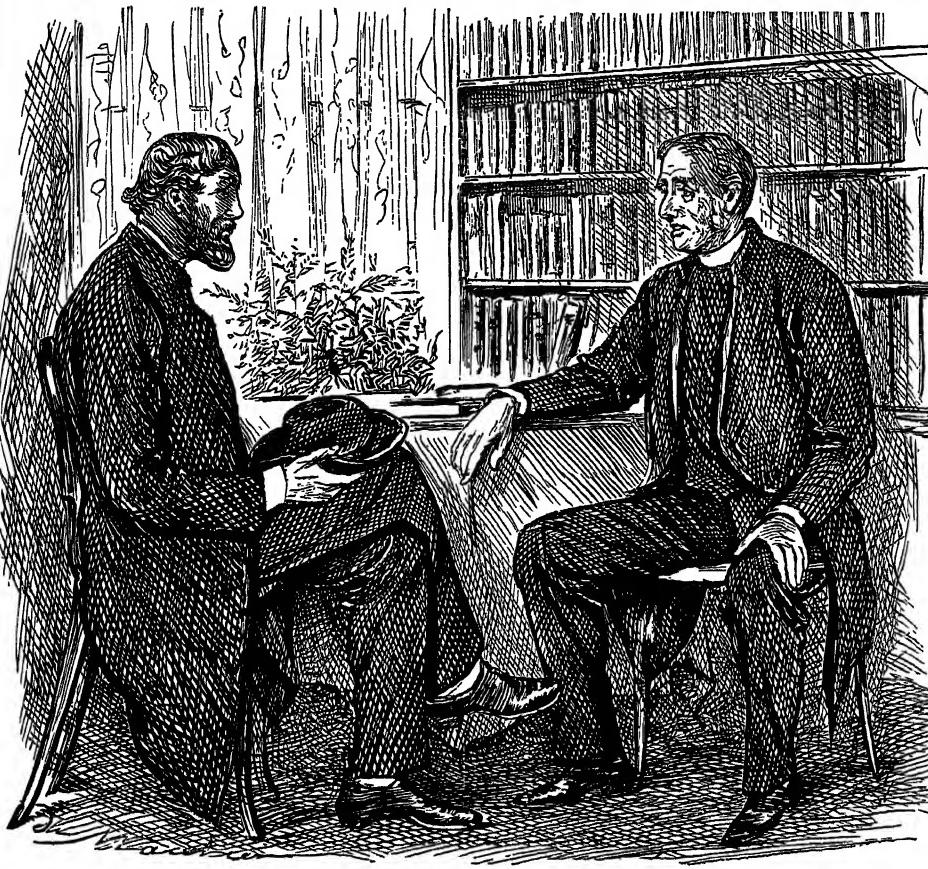
So far is this from being the case, that General WRAY, finding the formal adoption of the Range-finder at the War Office had not been followed by its adoption in the Infantry, writes to the *Times* to say so. Lord BURY calls this, in the regular official style, "devoting a portion of his time and talents to writing letters to the newspapers against the War Office," and then proceeds to expose General WRAY's recklessness of statement:—

"General WRAY maintained that only 21 sets of Range-finders had been ordered in all. Now, the fact was, that 179 sets had been ordered, and there would have been 279 ordered had not Captain WATKIN desired 100 of them to be kept back in order that he might introduce into them some slight improvements which he had invented. Range-finders had been ordered in considerable numbers, and 179 had been either ordered or served out to the troops. General WRAY had evidently omitted from his calculations the Artillery Range-finders, and considered only those served out to the Infantry."

It will hardly be believed, in the face of this crushing exposure of the wretched General, that General WRAY's statement was, precisely, Lord BURY's admission, that only twenty-one sets of *Infantry* Range-finders had been served out—*Infantry* Range-finders being a distinct article from *Artillery* Range-finders! Thus Lord BURY, in this masterpiece of official snubbing, contrives to charge General WRAY with a gross mis-statement, while himself admitting the truth of what General WRAY had stated! Could the art of official answering go farther? Unfortunately, General WRAY has devoted another "portion of his time and talents" to a letter to the *Times*, not "against the War Office," but explaining Lord BURY's explanation.

It is to be hoped that Lord BURY will sit corrected—not merely in this particular matter, but for the future. Besides Infantry and Artillery Range-finders, there seems to be a third kind of range-finders much wanted—range-finders for official dealing with facts.

A MORE RISKY GAME EVEN THAN LOO.—Zulu.



HEDGING.

Rector. "AND WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS?"

Candidate for Curacy. "WELL, SIR, I'M AN EVANGELICAL HIGH CHURCHMAN. OF LIBERAL OPINIONS."

SALISBURY ON THE SITUATION.

(At the Biennial Banquet of the Middlesex Conservative Registration Association.)

SIR CHARLES, and the rest,—in your presence my attitude
Is one of profound and unspeakable gratitude.
We've been five years in office: foes wish our removal;
But while we retain your support and approval,
We stand in small fear of that fractional faction
Whose only desire is to hamper our action.
We found England's honour a-tremble, like jelly,
Now 'tis firm as Mount Atlas,—just ask TURNERELLI.
We've shown "proper pride," as the servant-girls say,
When they're sore at not having it all their own way.
We know our right place—at the top—and have taken it,
And snarling of Russians or Rads has not shaken it.
You wise men of the South like our course in the East
(That up North they're such noodles is funny, at least).
You're awake to the Nation's true honour and glory,
Intelligent, loyal—in short, truly Tory.
Foes say we're aggressive. Such malice one scorns;
But we're bound to hit out if men tread on our corns—
Or interests—and we've so many of those,
That we cannot let strangers step too near our toes.
That Bulgarian business! I will not revile
Those Britons whom Turkish atrocities rile.
They're the noblest of fellows,—the silent ones, namely;
But as for their *spokesmen*, the few who fought gamely
On platforms, in pamphlet, and speech, why, their action
Was simply the outcome of blackguardly faction.
They pooh-poohed our advice to our client the Turk,
And helped him our claims and his duties to shirk,
Till my delicate counsels he would not pay heed to,
And,—but stay, where the deuce will this argument lead to?
I will not pursue it, but simply remark
Bulgarian's bite may be worse than Turk's bark,

Though to say so *may* make hot philanthropy gush.
Then as for our Treaty. I care not a rush
By that compact to hold like grim death to the end.
We have given up lots, some may fancy too much,
But let them look out who our Treaty would touch!
If we stick to our text, 'tis our earnest and sure hope
The Turk will yet turn out a blessing to Europe.
Now then for home politics! What *would* you do
If the Libs should come in? They're the raggedest crew.
There are scarce two among them subscribe the same credo,
So they cannot pull sweetly together, as we do.
(Lord DERBY? Pooh pooh!—a good riddance, of course.
Eh! The Derby-Day's near! Yes, but *he*'s not the horse.)
Lord HARTINGTON? Squeezable! Leaders who yield
To their followers, fail in a well-stricken field.
No, GLADSTONE—yes, goose him!—will rally, and then
With his henchmen, those smart but most pestilent men,
Messrs. FAWCETT and CHAMBERLAIN, *he*'ll make it hot;
And the country will go at express pace to pot.
We, we are the men, and your duty is plain,
Ne'er to let gushing GLADSTONE befool you again.
But keep in (for a little while longer) Lord B.,
And after him, hand the reversion to *me*!

From Egypt.

DECREE.

WE, KHEDIVE of EGYPT, by the advice of our Council of Ministers, decree that—

ART. I. No taxes of any sort shall be levied henceforward from the population of Egypt, whether native or European.
ART. II. The Creditors of the Government shall be paid in full.
ART. III. The KHEDIVE is charged with the execution of the present Decree.

ISMAIL.

CHERIF, President of the Council of Ministers.

PATERNAL PUNISHMENT.

A CLAUSE in the new Mutiny Act, identical with one in the old, awards capital punishment to any soldier who "misbehaves or induces others to misbehave in manner in this Act not specifically mentioned." This, according to Major NOLAN, is popularly known in the Army as the "Devil's Clause." Empowering Courts-Martial to punish an obnoxious party for an offence created for the nonce by judge-made law, perhaps may appear extremely diabolical to civilians; yet, certainly, an inclination to administer justice in such sort is not entirely peculiar to the military mind. Perhaps it would be rather too often exemplified in the sentences of ecclesiastical tribunals if the presidents were Clergymen authorised to convict accused persons of heresy or misconduct for deeds and doctrines "not specifically mentioned" in any legal document, but decided in Court to be wrong or false dogmatically, off-hand. Of course it would not do to say that a condemnation of that kind was a judgment pronounced under a "Devil's Clause," although, to be sure, the victim of it might well be pitied as a poor devil.

Royalty Set to Music.

THE *Athenaeum* of April 26th, among the contents of *Blackwood* for May, enumerates "The Life of the Prince Concert." Who can the "Prince Concert" be? The only Prince we know answering the description would seem to be H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH—the only scion of Royalty, as far as we are aware, who frequently figures in the orchestra.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S "HONORARY MEMBERS."



THE recurrence of another Exhibition of the Royal Academy, with its varnishing day, and its Press day, and its private view, and its stately banquet, and its large Catalogue, and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful), and its small Catalogue bound in cloth, with pencil, and its umbrellas, parasols, and (crutch) sticks, with their neat numbers and perfect string adjustments, seems to be a fitting opportunity for satisfying a growing desire on the part of the Public to be supplied with some account of the duties, privileges, and prerogatives of the "Honorary Members." These are five in number; namely, the Chaplain, Professor of Ancient History, Professor of Ancient Literature, Antiquary, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. We shall treat of each of them *seriatim* and seriously:—

Chaplain.

Besides saying the Grace at the Annual Dinner, the Chaplain's presence is indispensable at all christenings and weddings in the families of the Academicians. He is at all times ready to form a class for reading the Fathers with any Members of the Academy who may desire to investigate the patristic literature of the first four centuries; and he is the acknowledged referee on questions of casuistry and controversial theology.

Professor of Ancient History.

It is his prerogative, in conjunction with the Professor of Ancient Literature, to be present when the Paintings and other works of Art are arranged by the Hanging Committee. The two Professors have to satisfy themselves that every picture or sculpture which purports to represent some ancient historical incident or character is correct both in its conception and details. If any mistakes are detected, they have absolute power to remedy them on the spot. The Professor of Ancient History is at home in his dressing-gown every Monday morning, from half-past ten to twelve, through the Season, to suggest subjects to artists both in painting and sculpture; and at all times he may be consulted either by letter or telegram.

Professor of Ancient Literature.

His duties are, in all respects, the same as those of his Brother Professor, but, in addition, he is willing to read the great Authors of Antiquity in the original tongues (including Sanchoniathon, Orosius, and Manetho) with any Members or Students of the Academy who may wish to profit by his assistance, twice a week, from seven to eight A.M., during the months of November, January, and February.

Antiquary.

The Antiquary must be, at least, sixty years of age. Like his two colleagues, the Professors, he assists the Hanging Committee by

scrutinising all the details of armour, weapons, costume, furniture, personal ornaments, and kitchen utensils—*Cinque-cento*, Renaissance, Jacobean, &c. His private collection is at the service of any intending exhibitor, one evening in each week, between Michaelmas and Lady Day. On these occasions, the Antiquary, who always appears in a fancy-dress, after tea and coffee have been handed round, and cigarettes distributed, gives oral explanation of the more remarkable objects in his museum.

Secretary for Foreign Correspondence.

He prepares all the letters, invitations, diplomas, and complimentary addresses, which the Academy despatches to Foreign Sovereigns and Ambassadors, and to the Honorary Foreign Academicians. He devotes one morning a week to this duty; and has a small table set apart for his use (with dictionaries, &c.) in the Lecture-room. Privately he renders inestimable service to the Academicians and Associates by assisting them in their correspondence with foreign purchasers, critics, and connoisseurs, with the principals of the scholastic establishments at which their sons and daughters may be receiving their education, and with the proprietors of furnished-houses and lodgings when the time arrives for visiting the various agreeable sea-side resorts with which the Continent of Europe abounds.

The Honorary Members receive no salary, and there are no great perquisites attached to their offices, for the beautiful old custom of presenting them with early dew gathered on May morning by the two junior Associates and the Secretary has been for some time in abeyance. They are invited to the Annual Dinner and Evening Receptions; tickets of admission to the Exhibition, as also to the Winter Lectures and Winter Exhibition of Old Masters, with copies of the Catalogues (the 1s. 6d. edition), are sent to them by the hands of the Academy Beadles; and they have the privilege (by which they may be readily recognised) of entering the galleries with a stick or umbrella in their hands,—a privilege which is not extended to their wives and families.

OUT OF COMPLIMENT TO THE ORGANIST.

IN the last Number but one of the *Saturday Musical Review* occurs this paragraph:—

"The Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH paid a very high compliment to Mr. E. J. HOPKINS; for, after hearing a performance on the fine organ at the Temple Church on Saturday"—

Well, what do you think was the compliment to Mr. HOPKINS? That their Royal Highnesses expressed themselves, &c., &c., or gave him something for himself, or stood a drink, or encored the performance? No; this was it—

"They attended divine service on Sunday."

And, we suppose, worshipped HOPKINS. What was the hymn? Was it this, to the old tune—

"Pretty, pretty, pretty Player HOPKINS,
How do you do-o-o?
How do you do-o-o?"

Fancy attending divine service "out of compliment" to HOPKINS or HOPKINS, or any "kins" whatever! Sermon, for the occasion, by the Right Rev. Dr. SNOB.

Strong Imagination.

WRITING on Mr. HENRY IRVING, the *Theatre*, says—

"In the words of a scholarly critic, Mr. IRVING is the most imaginative actor of our time."

We quite agree with the scholarly critic. That Mr. IRVING must be the "most imaginative actor," has been sufficiently proved by his "imaginings" he could play *Macbeth* and *Claude Melnotte*, and it will be set beyond all doubt if he only appears as *Romeo*.

By the way, who is the "scholarly critic" abovementioned? He must be rather a satirical rogue.

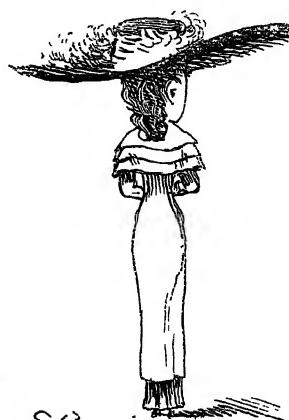
Infants for Confirmation.

Two of the hundred-ton guns bought by the Government are announced to have arrived at Woolwich. They are to throw projectiles of 2,000 lbs. each, propelled by a proportionate quantity of powder, and expected to pierce at least three feet of iron target, on which they are now awaiting trial. Let us hope they will stand it; for, otherwise, after all they have cost, they will prove mere two-penny busters.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—The Government throwing cold water upon Rivers (WILSON).

THE MAY QUEEN SITS CORRECTED.

(With the Clerk of the Weather's Compliments to the Poet Laureate.)



HEY must wrap and cloak me warmly, cloak me warmly, Mother dear,
For to-morrow is the iciest day of all the sad new year;
Of all the sad new year, Mother, the snowiest, blowiest day—
And I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

Spirited Foreign Policy.

QUEBRY—Could Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, or any Government that ever was, put up with a more contemptuous and complete snubbing from the KHEDIVE than Lord BEACONSFIELD'S has done? Que diable allait—its faire dans cette galère, if they meant to allow themselves thus quietly and unresistingly to be thrown overboard?

THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND VISIT.

Visitors personally conducted by our Own Guide, Counsellor, and Familiar Friend.

No. 64. *Portrait of an English Gentleman*, who is going to write to the Times to complain about the confounded East wind. He is holding a rough draft of the letter. Expression admirable. W. W. OULESS, A.

No. 102. *Esther*. EDWIN LONG, A.

One hundred and two.
O Esther, for you
Who'd not be a Jew?

Ajew, Esther!—no, au revoir!

No. 124. *Adversity*. JAMES SANT, R.A. Adversity! Pooh! not a bit of it! Only made up for the part. Look at the light in her laughing eye. Just the sort of Beggar Maid that a King might do worse than fall in love with. A regular Slyboots, who knows that pity is akin to love.

No. 152. *Freedom and Imprisonment*. J. S. NOBLE. Hounds in kennel, and Huntsman outside.

"Oh," said a Lady, standing by me, "look at this picture of POYNTERS!"

Polytely I explained to her, her very natural mistake.

"Hounds, Ma'am,"—which is better than the old-fashioned "Zounds, Ma'am!"—"not pointers."

GALLERY III.

No. 173. *Interviewing the Member*. ERSEKINE NICOL, A. The Artist may give it this title, but it is really an unreported incident in the life of the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON, who is here represented in our national hunting-dress—pink and tops—trying to induce some Irish peasants to accept him as their countryman. They are straining their ears to hear how he pronounces "Arrah!" and "Bedad!" They evidently don't believe him.

No. 188. Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Do not refer to the Catalogue to see

What P.R.A.
Meant to convey,

but examine the picture. Here is an angelic creature, or a genie, of French extraction, who has rubbed her wings against a rainbow, and taken off some of the colour, using her finger as the stopper to a green bottle, while she regards an *athlete* writhing in agonies at her side, with pitying but somewhat puzzled expression, as though she were saying to herself, "He has had half the bottle; it didn't agree with him. Will the rest keep till to-morrow, if I cork it up?"

Now refer to the Catalogue, and prepare for a pleasant surprise.

No. 214. *The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P.* JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Brayvo, J. E. M.! But where was your motto for this first-rate portrait? It should have been "Resignation."

While Resignation gently slopes the way,
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
He'll be in power ere next three years are past.

GROSSESMITH'S DESERTED GREENWICH.

No. 245. *Ripening Sunbeams*. VICAT COLE, A. Charming subject to treat, and charmingly treated. Let me suggest a few others of a kindred nature, such as, e. g., Ripening Cucumbers, Forcing Strawberries, Earthing Celery, Cutting Teeth, &c., &c. Observe the ripening Sunbeams in the foreground!

No. 254. *Major Le Gendre Starkie of Huntroyde*. JAS. SANT, R.A. Looks more Starling than Starkie. Evidently LE GENDRE is saying to his *belle-mère*, "Oh, ya-as—aw—ya-as—don'tcherknow?" &c.

No. 274. *Portrait of a Lady*. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Give it a name, Sir. I will. Call it Chloë.

"Better be off with the old Chloë, before you are on with the new."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Of course this is the New Chloë.

No. 310. *An Interesting Story*. Portraits of Mrs. WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT and Family. JAMES ARCHER. The work of an Archer who can draw belles as well as bows. But his title should have been *Not in these Boots*. Look at the central object in the picture, the little Girl's bronzed leather boots. The sweet child, who has been compelled to wear them, is looking up imploringly at her mother, evidently wondering why on earth she should have been made to get herself up like this, "when it isn't Sunday, you know, Mamma?" Perhaps Mamma is reading aloud *Puss in Boots*, which they've all heard before.

No. 331. *The Laurel Walk*. H. T. WELLS, R.A. Now, Mr. Wells, look to your Laurels.

No. 374. *By the Seaside*. Portraits. WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A. Three boys by the sea—not the size of life-buoys by the sea—with a Lady and a baby all sitting on the top of a walking-stick-stand, on the sea-shore. It might have been called Harbour Dues, or *Sea-port-rates*.

No. 369. *Portrait of a Gentleman in Disguise*. DEWEY BATES. DEWEY BATES? Who gave him that name? His fairy Godmother must have been some Dewy Eve. The name of the "Gentleman in Disguise" will be found in the Catalogue. Observe the pipe in his hand. It wants colouring.

No. 396. *Enid and Geraint*. H. M. PAGE. "He would dine out last night with a bachelor party at some City tavern!" sighed his patient wife ENID, as she sat next day by his bed-side. "And what a headache he has got, poor fellow! But it serves him right. It's a lesson that'll do him good."

No. 402. *Nellie*, daughter of ARTHUR BASS, Esq., M.P. JAS. SANT, R.A. Charming, rosy-cheeked little girl, anything but "BASS'S PALE,"—though, I'm afraid, those four apples will be too much for her. "What ho! Apothecary!"

No. 403. *The Return of the Victors*. Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A. The Return of Thee, Victor, Sir JOHN! Here we are again!

Happy and glorious,
Merry, uproarious!

This is what "The Wearing of the Green" was in the olden time. Here's a motto:—

"Sir JOHN. Fear no colours!"

Henry IV, Act v., sc. 5.

No. 404. *Companions*. F. S. WALKER. With verdure clad, or Greens to the Green, superfluous.

"And whereso'er we go, like June's twin peas,
So we are coloured and insufferable."

As You Don't Like It, Act i., sc. 2.

No. 409. *The Roum-i-Sultana*. VAL C. PRINSEP, A. A very Rummy Sultana—as she's a delicate-skinned European. She is lying helplessly in a Red Room—the Red Roum-i-Sultana—while a brown slave is kneeling before her with a feather fan. Evidently "jolly hot," and thermometer up to 180°.

Says the Roum-i-Sultana, "In this here weather,
My girl, you might knock me down with a feather."
Which the girl did—there—you see them together.

No. 422. *Study of H.H. Sujan Sing, Maharana of Oodeypore*. VAL C. PRINSEP, A. A Brown Study, of course Capital picture of SUJJANA SING. But I don't think much of his study, which is evidently most faithfully represented. There's only a carpet on the wall, another on the floor, and a very uneasy chair—no writing-table, and no books! I don't call this "a study." While rapt in his brown study, he is sawing off one of his fingers with his scabbar!

No. 451. *Rev. R. R. Chope, M.A., Vicar of St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate*. ARTHUR S. COPE. Portrait of a Clergyman dressed for some Fancy Ecclesiastical Ball. He wears a Gothic surplice, a highly ornamented stole, a Master of Arts (Oxford) hood, and the beard of an Archimandrite. Quite first Chope!

"What Artist shall paint me
In vestments?" cried CHOPE.
"No better investment
Than getting A. COPE."

MIXED OCCUPATIONS.—Those of the Members of the Legion of Honour.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Lords, Monday, May 5.)

COULEUR DE ROSE picture by Lord SALISBURY of the Treaty of Berlin moving to execution; a showy, if not solid, work of High Art, fitting this Season of Exhibitions—the general impression being that the progress of poor B. T., to execution, like most such progresses, is at a pace rather funereal than lively.

Lord SALISBURY's picture—if one could quite trust it—must be admitted to be a cheerful one. But the more common view, we fear, comes nearer the mark. Like another celebrated subject of the hangman's high art, who, as the poet sings—

"Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,
And often took leave, and was loth to depart,"

the Berlin Treaty seems—not to put too fine a point on it—in no hurry.

Inter alia, Lord SALISBURY tells us "a Commissioner has been sent to Asia Minor to ascertain the reasons for local reforms there—which, however, cannot be carried out till the Turkish finances are upon a better footing"!



"THE GINTLEMAN THAT PAYS THE RINT."

Tourist (who is staying in the Neighbourhood for the Fishing). "Is it possible that you keep the pig in the house with you?" Pat. "And why not, surr? Sure, isn't there everything in it that the Cr'athur would want!?"

"The Greek Kalends" used to be the classical synonym of "to-morrow-comes-never." "The Turkish pay-day" ought to be the modern equivalent.

Lord THURLOW called attention to a working-men's petition for the "opening of Public Museums and Picture-Galleries in London on Sunday afternoons," in a Resolution that—

"Seeing the excellent results that have followed upon the opening of such institutions on Sunday afternoons in Dublin, Birmingham, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Hampton Court, Kew, &c., this House is of opinion that it is highly desirable that the prayer of this petition should be granted, even if only in part and as a tentative measure, in order to provide the working-classes of London with an alternative to the public-house on the many inclement Sunday afternoons when places of out-of-doors recreation, such as the public parks, are of no avail for the purposes of health and recreation."

Lord THURLOW summed up with pith and point the case for public galleries against public-houses, as places of Sunday resort and recreation. *Punch* has long held a general retainer on the same side, and is quite satisfied with the argument of his noble junior on Monday.

Lord POWERSOURT bore witness for the change, on behalf of Dublin, where the National Gallery has been open on Sunday afternoons for fourteen years, without a single complaint.

The Earl of ABERDEEN said that publicans were in favour of the opening of such places, which didn't look as if they looked on the public gallery as the natural enemy of the public-house. He was against anything that tended to secularise the Lord's Day—and turn the London Sunday into a Parisian one. He would extend Saturday half-holidays, and keep such places longer open on the sixth day of the week instead of opening them on the seventh.

Lord RIPON said that Sunday, in his view, was a feast, not a fast. The real alternative for the poor man in bad weather, whatever Lord ABERDEEN might think, was Public Gallery v. Public-House.

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD said the change wanted more consideration than appeared on the surface. We have fifty-two half-holidays in the year as it is. The most divine of institutions is that which secures a seventh day's rest for man. You can't keep up that without the religious sentiment. This step has always been defeated

in the other House. A majority of the Members for great towns have opposed it. The working-classes regard it with suspicion. There is no evidence that the great body of the people want it. Under these circumstances, he must oppose it.

The Duke of SOMERSET could not see on what principle the doors of the British Museum and the National Gallery could be kept shut, when those of Kew and Hampton Court were set open.

Lord DEEZY followed on the same side, and threw the weight of his cool common-sense into the scale of the Resolution. "If public-houses were to be open on Sunday afternoons, they should not have a monopoly."

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY summed up, clerically, *contra*. If their Lordships gauged the opinion of the working classes, they would find that they shared the alarm that the change would deprive them of their day of rest.

On Division, the Resolution was lost by 67 to 59—no more—with all that weight of Bishop and BEACONSFIELD the other way! In other words, the Resolution, lost for the moment, is marked for carrying—as a blazed tree for cutting down—in the near future. *Punch* rejoices, and, *en attendant*, leaves the Archbishop to exchange congratulations with Brother BUNG. (See his Cartoon.)

(Commons).—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in compliance with the sensible suggestion of Lord HARTINGTON, postponed his Motion arraigning the foreign and colonial policy of the Government. Sir WILFRID, had he not done this, would have proved himself Sir Wilful. The Government policy having been threshed last week, does not need to be threshed over again.

Sir STAFFORD assured Mr. FORSTER that Sir BARTLE FRERE had been distinctly told what he was *not* to do—*i.e.* annex—and what he was to do—*i.e.*, protect our South-African Colonies. (But who can say if Sir BARTLE FRERE will see his way to obey the positive instruction without violating the negative?)

Mr. CROSS informed Dr. KENEALY—that zealous guardian of our laws and liberties—who naturally feels for the oppressed, and the really deserving, that he had satisfied himself that MORAN, the Chester labourer, condemned to prison for not contributing to his children's support in the Workhouse, was not a proper object of

public sympathy. He was in communication with the Chester Magistrates, whose sentence on the man had, he thought, been too severe.

Before going into Ways and Means,

Mr. GLADSTONE rose to give his reasons for thinking that the Government ways of raising the wind were bad ways, and their means mischievous means. In 1860—which year had been referred to in favour of the policy of the Budget—heavy war expenses were provided for, partly out of new taxes, partly out of balances, or loans. This year, except £2000 for cigars, not a penny was to be raised by new taxation. All was to be met by postponing payments, and incurring new liabilities. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER defended himself, and contended that so far from contradicting, he had actually followed the financial principle of 1860. On this point Chancellor and Ex-Chancellor pelted each other with figures, long after the weary House had cried, "Hold, enough!"

Sir W. HARCOURT said the Opposition's principle was briefly, "Meet your liabilities," the Government's, "Shirk them."

Mr. LOWE did a little dissection of the Budgets with his own sharp scalpel. There were two opposite principles—tax or borrow. "Tax" was the sound and unpopular principle—his and his friends'. "Borrow" was the unsound and popular principle—that of the Cabinet.

Before a small knot of legal Members, the Criminal Code was brought on for Second Reading.

Sir HENRY JAMES regretted the small attendance; praised the Code as a whole, but contended that on many points it would still want careful attention *in transitu*.

After a general *consensus* from the Lawyers present that the Code had been much improved by careful judicial overhauling, but that many points in it would still be better for Counsel's opinion, and a rather alarming promise of a general concentration of their lights upon it in Committee, the Bill was read a Second Time.

On this—the first step towards the greatest legal advance in our time, which the country owes mainly to our last-appointed and anything but "puny" Judge, Sir JAMES FITZJAMES—*Punch*, as Solomon—embodiment of Judicial wisdom—congratulates STEPHEN, embodiment of codificatory clearness.

Tuesday (Lords.)—Earl CADOGAN assures Lord GRANVILLE that Sir BARTLE FRERE is effectually tied up, as far as H.M. Government can tie him, *not to make more war or mischief in Zululand than he can help*.

But still Lord GRANVILLE did not seem happy, so, "*Deus ex machina*," Lord BEACONSFIELD, descended to say that Sir BARTLE

is fully informed of the leading principles on which the Cabinet would wish peace to be established between His Majesty King KETCHWAYO and Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA.

(The nuisance is that Sir BARTLE, as a second with a taste for leading, is apt to pooh-pooh the leading of his principals.)

Some of their Lordships actually had the audacity to try and upset a decision of Lord REDESDALE's, who said if any noble Lord ventured on that sort of thing, he should throw up the Chairmanship of Committees then and there. The House shuddered, shrank, and succumbed amidst a chorus of repentant submission, led by Lord BEACONSFIELD.

Jove in his chair,
Of the sky Lord Mayor,
As a mighty big-wig may show;
But a greater than Jove
Is Lord REDESDALE, the cove
Who rules Lords' Committees below!

What has come to the Lords—or what are the Lords coming to? Last night, all but opening the Public Galleries and Museums on Sundays, and to-night all but letting men loose to marry their wives' sisters, and getting the Prince of WALES and the Duke of ENNIBURGH to fly in the face of the Bishops, and presenting monster petitions in favour of the unhallowed change, on behalf of the Bucks and Norfolk farmers, of all people! Bucks might be supposed to hanker after matrimonial licence—but solid Norfolk dumplings!

Anyway, Lord HOUGHTON was allowed to move the Second Reading of his Bill to legalise marriages with deceased wives' sisters, and to give his reasons for it; and though the Bishop of LONDON—and fourteen Bishops at his back—protested, they could only muster 101 to 81—a miserable majority of 20! What is that against the chance of consolidating two mothers-in-law into one!

(Commons.)—After letting a Steam Tramway Bill through Second Reading, the House actually did a stroke of work other than asking questions, and not getting them answered, and passed several sections of the Valuation Bill through Committee. But in the Lower House, too, the Demon of Destruction is loose. Think of the Commons, by 106 to 65, accepting Mr. HERSCHELL's Resolution for doing away with Actions for Breach of Promise!

Oh, ye gods of love and little fishes of law! Oh, ye injured females! Oh, ye attorneys, big with bills of costs and righteous indignation! Can such a thing be? But have not Indictments at Common Law gone; and why should Actions for Breach remain? And, after all, it is only "an Abstract Resolution."

There's many a spill 'twixt Resolution and Bill.

MRS. GINGHAM EXPOSTULATES.

"I believe—at least it is the popular belief—that there is only one article a cabman never returns, and that is an umbrella; and I think that is quite fair."—*The Prince of Wales at the Meeting at Willis's Rooms, in aid of the Cabbies' Benevolent Association*.



If there is a loyal party, Mr. Punch, which that is me, As you'll never ketch a-making rude remarks on Royalty;

But when I read sech words as these a-falling from our Prince, It ain't no use dis-guising it—it reglar makes me wince.

Which what the dear had got to do a-wast-ing ryal time, Along o' sech a hojus lot, ekal to any crime, I can't conceive, but do believe he must ha' bin misled By them as should know better, or was off his ryal 'ed.

Jest fancy Cabbies—drat 'em! —bein' feasted, and the rest,

At WILLIS'S—the willius! and along o' England's best, With Cardinals, and Lords, and Turks, and Proosians!—deary me, If I'd a bin among 'em, wouldn't I have let 'em see!

I'd a' hup'd with my umbrella, and i' said, "My noble Nobz, A cabby is a bragian brute what sarces, cheats, and robs; Take a lone woman's word, my Luds, they're wile deceiving dodgers, Which the proper sort to deal with 'em is me and Mrs. PRODGERS.

"Honest and pussewering? Bless yer Ryal 'Ighness' heart, Old Nick hisself's a saint to 'em. You jest as well might start The Burglar's Own Benevolent, as aint a mossel wus, Than scamps as drink and overcharge, and chaff and cheat and cuss."

That's jest 'ow I'd a put it, and the Prince, which 'e aint no dunce, Would soon a seed as I was right, and chuck'd it up at once: Bless 'im, he is the sweetest dear and werry best of fellas, But I do not like his notions 'bout the stealing of umbrellas.

Which if there is a willany I'd drop on 'ot and strong, That's it,—a haggravatin' game, as common as it's wrong, You a-palliating on it—and in Cabbies!—ALBERT E.! Could I deem you was but joking, what a relief 'twould be!

Your hutterance in the Ouse o' Lords concerning o' that Bill About Diseased Wives' Sisters, I must own, give me a chill. If folks may go and take their Wives and 'brellas where they likes, Why what a hawful world 'twill be! It's wus than wars and strikes.

Do think of it, my dear, dear Prince, and drop them 'orrif Cabbies! To lose my 'brella'd break my 'art, like partin' with my tabbies; And to let a Cabman bone it, and be told 'twas all quite fair!—No; I can't believe you meant it: it's too dreadful, I declare!

An Error.

THE KHEDIVE speaks excellently French, but his English is not so perfect. He says he never accepted the Rivers-Wilson policy, that he was misunderstood, and he reports the conversation thus:

His English Friend. KHEDIVE, you accept the Rivers-Wilson policy?

Khedive. Sare, I shall go in for de Reverse Wilson policy. Ca's esayique.

Easily Done.—Lord BEACONSFIELD says he would like to see English Art employed on historical subjects. Let him buy *Punch's* Cartoons of his own Political Progress.

On the whole, though he firmly believes, with Colonel MAKINS, that the persons who would chiefly suffer by the change in the law would be eloquent junior counsel, speculative attorneys, and newspaper proprietors—and, he ought to have added, knowing and disagreeable females—*Punch* is inclined to back them against the law-reforming energy of the House, even with Mr. HERSCHELL “up,” and declines to halloo over the abolition of Actions for Breach, till he sees them abolished. Threatened laws, like threatened men, live long; and the Action for Breach has a tremendous array of bad reasons at its back, if it have some very good ones warring against it.

Wednesday.—Another day of wonder. A Bill read a Second Time, without a division, and with the formal consent of the Government, legalising the formation of Volunteer Corps in Ireland. Perhaps a General Election may account for more than a Borrowing Budget. But in any case it was a comfort to see Orange Lions lying down by Home-Rule Lambs and O'CLEARY, and KING-HARMAN, and O'SHAUGHNESSY, and Major NOLAN, and HENRY, in harmonious chorus for once with PLUNKET, and MACARTNEY, Black Protestant BRUEN, and Attorney-General GIBSON!

What with to-night's Bill and Mr. SHAW-LEEFVRE's for giving more power to the Bright-Clauses of the Land Act, last week, *Punch* is constrained to ask himself, are we coming back to the days “when MAIAUCHE wore his collar of gold,” or is the Millennium on its way to us, in Milesian garb? Anyway, an Irish night that ends in a Second Reading instead of a row is such a comfort, that *Punch* can hardly get over the recurrence of two such miracles in a fortnight sufficiently to return thanks for them in properly devotional and grateful language.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord SHAFTESBURY Moved Second Reading of the Habitual Drunkards Bill, authorising dipsomaniacs to consent to their own confinement in dipso-lunatic asylums, with due provision against foul play.

Anything that can be devised for the restraint and cure of these most miserable of all maniacs,—now treated among us as responsible and rational beings,—is worth trying, and there is experience in America which seems to warrant some hope from such places of restraint and treatment, duly inspected and secured against abuse,—to which like private lunatic asylums they are obviously open, unless closely watched. But will so purely permissive a Bill work? Doubtful.

(Commons).—The most noteworthy among the rush of questions

was Dr. KENEALY's as to the authority for an alleged message of sympathy from Her MAJESTY to Lady BARTLE FREKE.

Sir M. H. BEACH did not see why Her MAJESTY should not express her sympathy with any of her subjects—nor does *Mr. Punch*.

Mr. RYLANDS, too, elicited the interesting intelligence that Government did not see why they should be in any hurry to fill up the six vacant seats this Session.

We don't ourselves contemplate immediate Dissolution, then?

Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. FAWCETT mean to step between Mr. DILLWYN and any Liberal acceptance of his Motion implying that the QUEEN has been acting with unconstitutional independence of her Ministers in Indian matters.

The House did a stroke of work in Committee on the Discipline Bill.

Two strokes of work in three days in the Commons—to say nothing of the Lords' doings! This is indeed a week of wonders!

Friday (Lords).—Has the Christian Briton been doing the Heathen Chinee? Lord CAERNARVON says he has. Lord HAMMOND agrees with him (and he ought to know, having held all the keys of the F. O. ciphers for so many years); Lord SALISBURY doesn't.

Punch does not pretend to unravel the skein of complicated interests in dispute between two equally sharp customers, JOHN BULL and JOHN CHINAMAN must be left to settle their difficulties over the Chefoo Convention; and may the best man win!

(Commons).—A night to be noted of the British Landlord, and not with a white stone. The Beginning of the End of Distress. The abolition of that ancient feudal Landlord power—of making a clean sweep of everything on a defaulting tenant's holding to the exclusion of all other claims—moved by Irish BRENNERHASSET and backed by Scottish BARCLAY, was resisted by Norfolk Conservative C. S. READ, only on condition of changes which will transform the law from harsh and unfair to comparatively mild and just. Before long English Distress will have to follow Scottish Hypothec, and then the biggest nail will have been driven in the coffin of Landlordism as it is. The sole defenders of the present law, case-hardened lawyers like Mr. GREGORY and Mr. RODWELL, fought as men do in covering a retreat. There is no mistaking the extra-Parliamentary signs of the times, and last night's debate told the same story. Mr. PELL's speech and Sir W. BARTLETT's and Sir THOMAS ACLAND's, and those of all the English Squires with heads on their shoulders, proclaim that Distress is doomed. Would *Punch* feel as sure of its disappearance from England as from Law!

ASTROLOGY V. METEOROLOGY.



NDER your lave, Mr. *Punch*, Honner'd Sur, I bags to purtest agin them there Voorcasts as appares vrom daay to daay in the *Times* pyaaper. I got a specimen o' one on 'um afoor me now, in witch there be no less nor 'leven proffysize fur differnt dixtrix in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Waazies. Very ofsun fair's foortold fur one, foul fur another, waarm here, cold there, in zum parts snow, in others raain, starm, or caam, frost, and snow, or thunder—an-lightnun, as the case med be, and wind in zo many quarters oppersite waays. Now, Mr. *Punch*, you must know I regularly takes in ZADKIEL's Almanac, and have a took 'un in, man and buoy, a matter o' varyt year. ZADKIEL, he gies the same sart o' proffysize as them voorcasts, what'a calls his “Weather Predictions,” in a teeable for aitch munth in the year, one arter another. Ees; but there bain't ne differnce in they for north nor south, aist or west, in the British Ilunds. They be all alike in the same month for all over the United Kingdom, and simmuntly all over the world. What's the sense, then, o' foorecastun peculiar weather in purickler pleaces, hereabouts or thereabouts? and what do the Clerk o' the *Times* Weather Office mane by flyun like that there in ZADKIEL's veass? Meteorology? Yaa! What's that to the Vices o' the Stars?

I be, honner'd Sur, yure timble Servant to command,

JACOB HÖGGREEN.

P.S.—I belaves in ZADKIEL, I do. Why, in coorse a Prophet as can foortel the news must be yeable to purdiet the weather. Stands to razon.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

SCENE—London. TIME—Sunday. Intelligent Foreigner and CHARLES (his friend) discovered perambulating the streets.

Intelligent Foreigner. My faith, but yours is a wonderful country! But why are the streets so deserted? Where are your artisans? They are not at work?

Charles (his friend). Of course not. It is Sunday.

Intelligent Foreigner. I see, they are at your noble British Museum, admiring its natural history, its superb statues?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The Museum is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then they are in your fine National Gallery, enjoying your grand pictures?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The National Gallery is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then they are at your spacious South Kensington, studying the industrial arts, eh?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The South Kensington Museum is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then of course they are at home?

Charles (his friend). Well, no, the truth is, our proletariat have not much of a home for Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Ha! Hold! How stupid I am! You are religious, you English. They are at church!

Charles (his friend). Well, no. They don't go much to church. Besides, it is past one, and all the churches will be closed by this time. They always are after service on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner (puzzled). Then where are they? What is open on Sundays?

Charles (his friend). Oh, the public-houses. You will find plenty of them open on Sundays, after the hours allowed by the Act!

[*Changing the conversation.*

A Right-Down Clever Horse.

(With Mr. *Punch*'s Compliments to Mr. Lorillard.)

HOWEVER much you lose on him,

You can't be in the hole;

Their tin though all the talent drop;

'Tis only on Parole.



THANKS WHERE THANKS ARE DUE.

(Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns at Home.)

Mr. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "HOW KIND OF MADEMOISELLE SERRURIER TO COME TO US, MY LOVE, AND SING TO US IN THIS FRIENDLY WAY, WITHOUT BEING PAID FOR IT, I MEAN! I'LL GO AND THANK HER."

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "GOOD HEAVENS, YOU GOOSE, DON'T THANK HER! TELL HER SHE HAS MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION, AND THAT WE HOPE TO HAVE HER AGAIN SOON—AH, YOUR GRACE, GOING AWAY ALREADY?"

The Duchess. "YES. THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR A PLEASANT AFTERNOON!"

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "THANK YOU, DUCHESS! HOW KIND OF YOUR GRACE TO COME TO US!! MADEMOISELLE HAS A NICE VOICE, HAS SHE NOT?"

The Duchess. "CHARMING! I ONLY WISH I COULD AFFORD TO ENGAGE HER FOR TUESDAY! I'VE ONLY GOT AMATEURS, YOU KNOW. BY THE BYE, I SHALL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU A CARD, IF YOU CARE TO COME."

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "OH, THANK YOU, DUCHESS! WE SHALL ONLY BE TOO DELIGHTED, &C., &C., &C."

Madeleine Serrurier and her Mother, who think Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns a tremendous Swell, are waiting for her Grace's departure to say,

"NOUS VOUS REMERCIONS INFINIMENT, MADAME DE TOMKYN, DE VOTRE SI AIMABLE ET SYMPATHIQUE ACCUEIL!"

To which Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns will reply, "OH—ER—NE LE MENTIONNEZ PAS. JE SUIS SI CHARMÉE DE VOUS ÊTRE UTILE, VOUS SAVVY! ER—BONG JOOR!" (Clever Mrs. P. T. ! !)

PRINCIPLES AND PREPOSITIONS.

"The dearest duty of humanity" is, according to—

The Earl of Beaconsfield (when called upon to do so)—To ex-plain.
Mr. Gladstone (when there's a chance of getting in a word)—To re-train.

The Czar (with the Holy Empire on his shoulders)—To sus-tain.
Sir Wilfrid Lawson (in front of a glass of water)—To ab-stain.

The Khedive (offered accommodation at seventy-five per cent.)—To dis-dain.

Sir Garnet Wolsey (after six months in Cyprus)—To re-main.

The Chairman of Committees (after the Lords have once questioned his authority)—To re-gain.

Sir Robert Peel (when he has lost his temper and has to keep his dignity)—To main-tain.

And Her Majesty's Ministers (losing their grip on Office before approaching Dissolution)—To re-tain.

THE SAME THING.

"THE Treaty of Berlin not being executed? Fiddlesticks! Don't we see it 'hung up' in all directions?"

More Light!

(To the Metropolitan District Boards.)

A PROPOS of the exhibition of the Electric Light at the Albert Hall—how about the painting up of the names of London streets on London street-lamps? Must we wait for an electric shock to set that great small improvement going?

As an inducement, *Punch* hereby promises to associate with the improvement the name of the District Board that inauguates it, as the names of the inventors of electric lighting apparatus—JABLOCHOFF, and RAPLEFF, and LOUTIN, and WILDE, and SIEMENS, and WEIDERMANN—have been coupled with their luciferous inventions.

The Other Way of Looking at It.

PATERFAMILIAS (*log.*)—We've been passing through a period of depression. Bread has been cheap; coals comparatively cheap; most necessaries of life, except meat, and even most luxuries, cheap. In the meanwhile we've passed through a period of depression. Now, they say, there seems to be a turn of the tide, business reviving, and some signs of a beginning of better times. Um! I suppose that will mean a plaguy rise in the price of everything!



“FRIENDS IN DEED!!”

MR. BUNG. “WE’VE HAD A NARROW SQUEAK THIS TIME, MY LORD! DON’T KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD HA’ DONE, WITHOUT YOUR GRACE AND THEM THREE BISHOPS!”

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lalla Rookh—Chicken Hazard—A Trio—Unequalled—Auctioneers' Joke—The Muggars—Cropin-Hat—Subscription-Tiger—Rail—Maranatha—Bar-gain—Off—Anecdote—Consultation—Judicial Appointment—Congratula-tions—Brilliant Design—More next week.



PORTRAIT OF RATLAM, WITH THE DICE-BOX.

Sir ORGHUSTUS SALAR JUNG is the best-dressed man here. I always said so. The next best is his great rival, who rejoices in the name of the Rajah RITOON-RALLOO-RALLOO-RALLIDI-FALLOO-RALRI-TUMTOO-RAFFALOO-RAIL-Doo.

Last Sunday, when we all three went to hear *Guddee-guddee*, each one of us *endimanches*. My! It was a caution!—all the people, as we walked along the street, exclaimed,

"Gollee, ain't um spisee-spisee!"

Sir SALAR had on a blue necktie, but the Rajah RITOON-RALLOO, &c., sported a flaming amber satin scarf, with a Star of India pin. The whole lot he bought cheap in the *Lofar Arcade*, a celebrated lounge for flâneurs in these parts.

I came upon him on Saturday night, buying them a bargain, and tapped him on the shoulder. He blushed a deep crimson; and when an Indian *does* blush, he frightens a thin-skinned, lily-coloured European. It's for all the world as though he were going into a volcanic apoplexy. However, I promised, for a consideration, not to tell where he got the bauble and the scarf.

"Arcades ambo!" said I to him, alluding to the fact of his having bought both the artides in the *Arade*. But the Rajah didn't laugh. He is a man of no education—can scarcely spell his own name, and is what Sir SALAR told the Government he was—a regular out-and-out *Duffadar*. However, as it was a real picture to see us three going to *Guddee-guddee* all in our Sunday best, with RUMMI's brother, the Rajah's head-servant carrying our devotional library, I drew it, and I really think it is, if not the biggest, at least the best thing I've ever done.

Several offers already for it, but I'm still open to another. The hammer isn't down yet, for, though a simple cuss, I am downey as a hammer. (This is a *burstah*, i.e., an overpoweringly uproarious jest that sets tables in roars, splits sides, and, in fact, plays the "very joosie" with a convivial party. It is well worth one-and-sixpence an hour, as a joke, merely for auctioneers.)

Spent the evening with MUSTAFUN. There is no theatre here, but a travelling company of *Muggars* (play-actors—chiefly low comedians) gave us a performance in the Great Hall.

This was quite a little surprise for MUSTAFUN, who had, fortunately, invited a party of over a hundred people to drop in during the evening.

Knowing this, I had previously arranged the programme to finish with a performance of Nautch-girls in the grand Nautical burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan*, in which I myself had coached the representative of *Captain Crosstree*, with an imitation of whose cocked-hat I afterwards went round to the Rajahs, the Khans, and all the tip-top swells, for a subscription *pour les pauvres*.

I had arranged with the Manager of the *Muggars* to share, after deducting ten per cent. of the gross receipts for the poor, ten for the Author, and ten for the *Entrepreneur*. To this he, with a truly liberal spirit, had agreed, also undertaking to take the part of *Captain Crosstree* himself. And while he was having his great scene, and the audience were in ecstasies of delight and in the greatest good humour, I went round with the hat. Didn't they stamp up! Rajah!—I mean Rather! I took a cool hundred on the spot; and anything cool in Injia—except the conduct of the *coolies* (whence their name)—is, I need

hardly say, real *jam*, *Jam-Jam*. After deductions, as above mentioned, this still left seventy pounds clear to divide between the Manager and myself; so that I didn't make a bad thing of it, he having undertaken to pay all exs., including special Nautch-girl ballet, new scenery, dresses, and a few Stars of India for the first piece.

I left early, before the entertainment was over, being rather pressed for time, &c., in fact, having business of importance in quite another district, more than three hundred leagues from this.

I hear there were difficulties after my departure, and that the Manager of the *Muggars* was caught in an attempt to escape by a back window, with his share of the money, and without having paid his company. Such is life in Injyable Injia!

I hear, also, that the mean, cowardly rascal attempted to incriminate me! This was base of him, knowing full well that at the very moment he brought his cruel charges against me, *I was miles away from the spot, and not likely to return*.

What became of him I have not inquired.

On by rail to-morrow.

Diary for Two Days.—Pumped out with work. Railed to Thar and back again. Don't like the railing here. Not my line at all. If it were, wouldn't I make a *pottar mhanji* (that is, a considerable sum in rupees) out of it. Dusty, dirty, hot as be blowed.

At the third Station I was awoke out of a short nap by, what I took to be, a gruff voice asking for my ticket.



Before I had pulled myself together, I found that the gruff voice was a roar. The roarer was at the window. It was a tiger taking the tickets! He had taken the other passengers' tickets—poor devils! and, luckily, was too unwieldy to get through the narrow window. He was a first-class tiger. I had the presence of mind to look out of the other window, and shout "All right! go ahead!" and

the sudden jerk of the train, as it moved on, threw the beast under the wheels. This is a curious story—quite true.

Arrived, and called on the Maranatha. He is a furious old cuss, and much addicted to strong waters, and stronger language. In a hospitable humour he asked me,

"What you take?"

"Your portrait," I replied, readily.

"Rupees?" he inquired, silly.

"Certainly!" I answered. "A pint of fresh ru-pees; and the sooner you shell out, the better."

He shrieked with laughter, for he understands English. When he had partially recovered, he said,

"I buy that joke with pictifite."

"Done!" cried I. And we shook hands over the bargain.

He paid half down on account, and then sat for his portrait.

Left sitting.

I will here give a little anecdote, which exhibits a nice trait in my character, and speaks well for the Government.

I was one day chatting with a few notables—who were not nameless *there*, but shall be so *here*,—and, in the course of conversation, someone observed that there would probably be a vacancy on the Indian Bench.



AT THE R.A.—TRIUMPH OF REALISTIC ART.

Blenkinsop (complacently gazing at a Bust of himself by a fashionable Sculptor). "It's NOT SO MUCH AS A WORK OF ART THAT I VALUE IT, BROWN; BUT THE LIKENESS IS SO WONDERFUL, YOU KNOW!"

I smiled, but made no reply.

"It's easy work," observed the eminent individual, who was then on his way back to England to advise the Government. "A Judge out here has a pleasant time of it. Cool drinks, and a nice bar. No Wigs."

"That exactly suits the present administration," said I, with an uncontrollable twinkle in my left eye. "No Whigs, eh?—all Tories?"

They had a jolly appreciative laugh at this.

"Who's the right man for the left place?" asked the second Head Swell, suddenly.

It was not for me to speak out, so I thought the more, like Sir Paul Parrot in the play.

"You're a good judge," continued the same distinguished individual, turning to me.

I blushed.

"I am," I returned, modestly; "I own the soft impeachment." And, to hide my blushes, I quaffed a beaker of the best iced *punkah* (a delightful drink, which ought to be introduced into England), and heaved a gentle sigh out of my bubble-bubble.

"We want," said Head Swell Number Three, "an unbiased, unprejudiced sort of cuss."

"That's me, GEORGE," I replied, good-humouredly, and then hummed

"Who shall be fairest?"

Then the chief put it squarely to me,

"Would you accept the place?"

Now, I am not every man's money. I'm not to be had cheap. So I shook my head dubiously, and replied,

"Well, if the Government were in a difficulty—if they were reduced to such straits that to serve them would become a duty—then *noblesse oblige*—and, if asked, I would give them the straight tip."

"You would?" he returned, heartily shaking my hand.

"I would," I replied.

He sailed next day.

Imagine my astonishment when the first vacancy on the Injial Bench was offered to Mr. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, Junior Counsel to the Treasury.

My friend, the Injial Swell, met me in the street.

"Thank you for your advice," he said. "We've acted upon it."

"Hm!" I exclaimed.

"Why, you gave us 'the straight tip' for the appointment, and I thoroughly understood what you meant by that, though it was so wrapped up."

"I'm delighted," I replied—for I knew there is something in store for me, just a penn'orth of patronage; but "mum" is the word,—though for myself I do not care for JULES MUMM, but I swear by *Pommery très sec*, and *Vive La Veuve Pommery!*—but this by the way—"I'm delighted. The Government, reduced to straits, has selected the very best Straight of the lot. Straight's his name and straight's his nature. He goes straight, he'll keep straight, and return straight to England. Brayvo, Sir! and, to quote the Bard of *Trial by Jury*, let me add—

"And a good Judge too."

And that's how it's done. Of course I don't go into motives. The surface does for me. I'm satisfied with STRAIGHT, and don't descend to the *Strata*.

I wish Mr. Justice STRAIGHT all success, and hope he'll find Injia as injable as I did.

Private Diary.—Wonder what's become of RUMMI? *A propos* of the small book in which I make my particular and confidential entries—my "aside book," so to speak—I am thinking of getting up a Company for painting Injians. Not on canvass; but for painting themselves, an operation in which swells of both sexes at present are most lamentably at fault. They don't understand how to get themselves up; and, the result is, that a dark Lady who has been at the rouge-pot, is made game of by all the little boys, and they call her *rouge et noir*.

Now I see my way to a Beautiful-for-Ever scheme. Establish a Company. Capital, 300,000 rupees. *Cards of admission to Subscribers only, to whom alone will the address be given.* We shall name it after the small note-book in which the brilliant idea was originally registered—*Our Private Dyery*. Secret entries.

Next Day.—Wet. At home preparing Prospectus and designing a pictorial advertisement. Thinking hard. Will "thinking hard" lead to *softening* of the brain? Question. Refer it to a sub-committee, and go on thinking.

A Cheer for Cabby.

We may soon be enabled to take a cab without fear of incurring an overcharge, or the alternative of an altercation. At the Dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, eaten on Monday last week under the presidency of the Prince of WALES, it was announced that the moral character of Cabmen generally had greatly improved, and that they had of late, as a body, become remarkable for honesty, of which some remarkable examples were cited by His Royal Highness. It is agreeable to receive this good account of Cabby, which ought to secure, at least, Hansom contributions to his Benevolent Association.

SIGNS AND SQUALLS.

We learn from the Almanacks that the Sun in May is in Gemini—the Twins. Of late it has been impossible to see him anywhere. His sojourn with the celestial infants, however, may have accounted for the late squalls.

A SAW FOR THE TIMES.—No man should live beyond the means of his Creditors.



MARCH OF EDUCATION.

Newsboy. "PALL MALL, GLOBE, STAND—"

Old Gent. "ANY NEWS, MY BOY?"

Newsboy. "ECHO, SIR, OR EVENING STAN—"

Old Gent. "BUT IS THERE ANY NEWS THIS EVENING?"

Newsboy. "YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A PRESSEE, DO YOU?—SHAN'T!" [Exit.

Old Gent (to himself). "DEAR ME! 'A PRÉCIS'! THIS COMES O' THOSE SCHOOL BOARDS!"

THE WREATH IS NOT IN PAWN.

THE Liberal Press ought really to know its duty better than to abuse the earnest and energetic promoter of the Working Men's Tribute to Lord BEACONFIELD—the unweared TRACY TURNERELLI—to whose complaints *Punch* feels bound, by every consideration that should weigh with a good citizen, to give the fullest publicity.

Not only has T. T. been (as he writes to *Punch*, "his best friend") the mark for the slings and arrows of "outrageous abuse" from "certain sections of the Radical Press," but the august "Tribute" itself has been made the butt of wholesale falsehoods:—

"These manifold misrepresentations have at last culminated in the public assertion, that 'THE GOLD LAUREL WREATH IS 'IN PAWN!', and that, the money not being forthcoming, 'the manufacturers refuse to part with it!'"

"To this assertion—which Messrs. HUNT AND ROSKELL, as you will see in their letter, designate as 'a calumnious invention, entirely devoid of truth in every way'—I beg you, in common justice, to allow me to state in your paper—whose readers are Englishmen, and, no doubt, lovers of truth—that, at this moment, about £200, the proceeds of 'penny' subscriptions, are in the hands of the Leamington Priors and Warwickshire Banking Co., Leamington; that £100 more, the fruit of penny subscriptions also, are daily expected, and that, having amply secured the cost of the Wreath, I have ordered a MAGNIFICENT CASKET to contain it, the price of which is also nearly covered, and of which I beg to be allowed the honour of sending you for your acceptance a free complimentary copy of a Photograph, by the Autotype Company, London."

Punch is proud to acknowledge the receipt of the Photographs here alluded to, of the Wreath, whose cost is thus amply secured, and that of the magnificent Casket thus magnanimously ordered in the faith of the great heart of TRACY TURNERELLI!

WEAREES OF THE GREEN.—If the rude street-boys call the English red-coated Volunteers "Red 'Erins,'"—will they call the Irish Volunteers, who, of course, will wear the national colour—"Green 'Erins'?"

TAKING STOCK.

JOHN BULL *loquitur.*

HOLD hard a bit, my clamorous friends!
I'm sick and tired of show and shouting,
I must take stock of means and ends,

And noise won't ease my grave misgiving.

How do I stand? Who'll tell me that?

I want to see how things are going;

When times are hard and business flat,

You can't set matters square by crowing.

We've had a lot of that of late,
It's pretty pastime while you're at it;

But its net profits, up to date,

I own I can't quite reckon, drat it!

Now he who crows and don't know why,

I hold to be a noisy noodle,

So I'll look round before I try

Another bout of Cock-a-doodle.

To be top-sawyer everywhere,
Seems, I admit, a niceish notion;

But I must say I do not care

For such continual commotion.

I fancied I so strong had grown,

That, not desiring raid or robbery,

I might in quiet hold my own,

And not go kicking up a bobby.

The Liberals' *laissez-aller* style
May be set foreign critics sneering,

But could not BULL afford to smile

At bogus journalistic jeering?

French *blague* and German banter? Pooh!

Would Russia make a *casus belli*,

Of endless cock-a-doodle-doo

From my smart friend, the *Daily Telly*?

And now they tell me I'm A 1,

Cock of the walk, and all the rest of it,

Somehow I don't enjoy the fun;

The crowing seems about the best of it.

Account of the hatched eggs I ask,

Since with the hen-house costs I'm saddled;

The tellers rather shirk their task,

Till one suspects that half are addled.

And really I can't see the pull

Of paying through the nose for *crowding*.

I know I've stumped up lots, but BULL

Likes some clear notion of what's owing.

STAFFORD is shifty, I'm not clear

About his new book-keeping system.

That both ends don't quite meet, I fear;

Figures ain't facts,—not when you twist 'em.

Tancred's large dreams my fancy fired,—

VIEWS have a charm, when they're extensive,—

But can he make 'em good? I'm tired

Of fireworks that come so expensive.

The daring game asks daring hand,

Good business needs close calculation;

Big bounce and bad finance might land

Even JOHN BULL in liquidation.

(Left thinking it over.)

Just the Difference.

THE Portsmouth Correspondent of the *Daily News*, wishing to reassure the inhabitants of ports and coasts where stray torpedoes may be picked up, explains that "these projectiles are perfectly harmless, their heads being empty."

There is just this difference between torpedoes and those in charge of them: the one are dangerous for the very reason which makes the other harmless—namely, because their heads are empty.

Over a Grave.

"His heart we have broke with our rancours and spites,
And Obstruction invented to worry him;
But the Saxon we'll show what Home-Rulers unites
For once round their Leader—to bury him."

GREAT KNOX AND KNOX-LITTLE.



The following announcement in a diurnal newspaper may perhaps in particular concern persons of the Romanesque persuasion :—

"St. BARNABAS, PIMLICO.—The Rev. Mr. KNOX-LITTLE has announced to his congregation at St. Alban's, Manchester, that he has declined to accept this London vicarage."

A KNOX-LITTLE capable of accepting a cure of Ritualistic souls would seem to be so much less than a little Knox, as to be nothing of a KNOX; that is to say, JOHN KNOX. Only, were the Rev. KNOX-LITTLE, a member of the brotherhood comprising Mr. MACKONOCHEE and Mr. TOOTH, there would at least be one point of resemblance between the little KNOX and the great KNOX—the Ritualist and the Reformer. If the Presbyterians expressly repudiate Prelacy, the Anglican sacerdotalists practically set their Bishops at defiance. So far, it may be said that—

"New Priest is but old Presbyter writ small."

WHAT WE HAVE COME TO—NEARLY!

(A not very exaggerated Report of recent Proceedings.)

THE Barnes Mystery was yesterday again the subject of inquiry before the South Surrey Bench of Magistrates. The Counsel already engaged in the case reappeared for the Prosecution. The Prisoner was defended by Mr. BROWNE BEATER.

Mrs. CONSTANCE GOODMAN, the next witness called, said that she was the wife of a Linendraper who had been established in the neighbourhood for five-and-twenty years. She remembered speaking to the last witness at his house between five and six in the afternoon of the first Sunday in March.

Cross-examined by Mr. Browne Beater. She had never been a Respondent in the Divorce Court.

Mr. Browne Beater. Oh, I suppose you are too drunk to remember? You know you are dead drunk now?

Witness (indignantly). I was never tipsy in my life.

The Chairman. Really, I can see no ground at all for bullying the Witness in this way. The Bench feels it right to interfere for her protection.

Mr. Browne Beater (interrupting). You shut up! (Laughter.) However, I have taken a note of your objection.

Cross-examination resumed. The Witness said that her husband had never been in the Bankruptcy Court. She denied that he was in the habit of using short measures. She had six children. None of them had been convicted and sentenced to penal servitude. Her daughters were perfectly respectable. They were married women.

Mr. Browne Beater. Oh, I dare say! (Laughter.)

Counsel for the Prosecution. I really must protest against the line of examination my learned friend has adopted. It leads to nothing, and can only cause pain to a number of perfectly innocent persons.

Mr. Browne Beater (hotly). I will not be bullied. (Laughter.) My learned friend had better mind his own business.

The Chairman. I really think that—

Mr. Browne Beater (interrupting). Who cares what *you* think? (Laughter.)

The Chairman. You really must not speak to the Bench in that disrespectful manner.

Mr. Browne Beater. I shall speak as I think proper. I have a duty to my client. (To *Witness*.) You know that you have come here to swear away the life of my client!

Witness (in tears). I am sure I would do nothing of the sort. I would not hurt a fly.

Mr. Browne Beater. Hurt a fly, indeed! Come—how many glasses of whiskey have you had this morning?

Witness. I never drink whiskey.

Mr. Browne Beater. Never drink whiskey! Don't tell me that. Everybody drinks whiskey when they can get it. (Laughter.)

Cross-examination resumed. She was sure she had seen the witness between five and six. It was not between eleven and twelve at night. She had never kissed him.

Mr. Browne Beater. Your husband is not very jealous, eh? He doesn't mind you kissing other men, I suppose?

Witness (indignantly). I am a respectable married woman with a large family of children, and—

Mr. Browne Beater. Married or not, you are not here to bully me! (Laughter.) You have a married sister in Australia whom you have not seen for twenty years?

Witness. Yes. She has not corresponded with us for a very long time.

Mr. Browne Beater. Now be careful and tell the truth for once, if you can. Was this sister of yours transported?

Witness. Certainly not. She paid her own passage-money—or her husband for her. She did not go out at the public expense.

Mr. Browne Beater (to Clerk). Put that down. Her answer is the most important bit of evidence we have had yet.

Cross-examination resumed. Her sister was a respectable married woman. She had never been in prison. Her parents were dead. She had not been accused of poisoning them. She washed her face and hands more than once a week, many times more. She was not bald on the top of her head. No brother of hers had been convicted of obtaining money on false pretences.

Mr. BROWNE BEATER said he thought that would do for the present, the Bench agreed with him, and the Court adjourned for refreshment. After luncheon the cross-examination of the Witness was resumed by Mr. BROWNE BEATER with increased vigour, if possible.

Conversions.

THERE are advertisements about Town, representing how a Jockey was converted by seeing *New Babylon* at the Duke's, (this no doubt took the Prince of WALES to see it the other night); and how somebody else was converted by seeing *The Woman of the People* at the Olympic.

Yet another Conversion. All the people who declared that *Niniche* could never be converted into a possible piece for the English Stage, have been to *Boulogne* (at the Gaiety); have witnessed the conversion of *Niniche* into *Zuzu*; have acknowledged the errors of their ways; and have entirely recanted their former opinions. Who shall say that the Stage is not a great moral teacher?

Pleasant and Cool.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM so astonished to hear my visitors—comparatively few, strange to say, for the time of year—abuse the weather! For my part, I consider it particularly seasonable. I have been here in this den longer than I can remember, and never felt so comfortable, except occasionally at a rare Christmas like the last, which doesn't yet seem over. The bracing temperature makes me feel quite in the latitude of that region whence I derive my familiar title of

THE POLAR BEAR.

The Zoo, May 8, 1879.

(*Thalassarctos maritimus.*)

NOT SO BACKWARD AFTER ALL.

WHEN we are told that the Kentish hop-grounds, "like everything else, are very backward this year," in one point at least they seem to be more forward than their Kentish neighbours, the labourers, and their Northern countrymen, the miners. "Many of them," we read, "have finished striking."

THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Personally Conducted by Our Own Guide.)



No. 80. *Orphans.* G. A. STOREY, A. Orphans! Well? And who made them so? Oh, you Storey!

No. 213. "Shall I throw him over, or shall I not?" ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. Young Girl bored by an admirer, who is lying in a very insecure position on a parapet behind her, reading a little composition of his own aloud. With one sudden jerk of her head or hand she can instantly topple him over into the river.

No. 220. *The Prescription.* JOHN PETTIE, A. Four Doctors having been called in, depute their senior to read the Prescription to the bilious young Prince. N.B.—A very fine and striking picture, but it certainly might be this, just as much as *The Death Warrant. Très-grand, PETTIE.*

No. 233. "Queen's Bishop." His Lordship's name is TROLLOPE, which recalls that eminent Bishop of Barchester, Dr. PROUDIE. Observe the Bishop's little kids—I mean in his left hand. FRED. G. COOMAN.

No. 416. *Summer Time.* MARCUS STONE, A. Stone being sat on by a young Girl.

No. 362. *Some other time.* MARCUS STONE, A. Same Girl grown up. Five o'clock tea out-of-doors. She is wishing she hadn't put on those blue boots, as she can't walk about on the damp grass, and the stool will be of no use to her. "But all the same," she says, to herself, "I am a very pretty girl."

No. 367. "Bathing not Allowed. Police have Strict Orders," &c. ALFRED ELMORE, R.A.

No. 421. "Love me, love my Dog." G. A. STOREY, A.

GALLERY VI.

No. 464. *Sundown.* CECIL LAWSON. Unless "Sundown" is a misprint for "Sandown"—the Catalogue is under revision—this picture is meant to indicate the time of day as seen by Mr. LAWSON, who must, surely, have been "up to the time of day" very late the night before. Some people have described it as "after TURNER," but it is more suggestive of "After Supper."

No. 465. *Hesitation.* C. W. COPE, R.A. "The Girl who hesitates is lost"—and a pity this Girl wasn't, on her road to Burlington House.

No. 477. *A Sussex Village.* J. W. OAKES, A. Just the place for Oaks.

No. 487. *The Nervous Knight.* BRITON RIVIERE, A. "I see you!" he exclaimed, peering forward into the darkness. "Here, I say! Come! No larks!" There were no larks: it was a bat.

No. 507. *Taking their Leaves; or, "I feel just as happy as a bright Sunflower!"* ALFRED PARSONS.

No. 509. *No Bodies! or, Rainbow Bridge.* W. G. DAFFARN. Only two peacocks' tails visible, the poor birds being out of sight, wedged into the rocks.

No. 528. *Subject from Crabbe's "Tales of the Haul."* JOHN G. NAISH. What three nice clean respectable fishermen! So true to nature—or to Naish-er.

No. 531. Lady in a reverie, unconscious of the approach of a goblin bird through the open window. Motto, "Keep up your pecker!" Or if that isn't an open window at the back, and if it isn't a goblin bird, then what is it? *Goblin* tapestry, perhaps. For further particulars ask the Artist, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 540. *Turnips and Tops; or, How my Mother sold her Mangel,* by JOHN R. REID, which has been purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, under the terms of the

Chantry Bequest. It ought to be the *Do-try* Bequest not the *Shan't-try*.

No. 549. *My Native Land, Good Night.* H. O'NEIL, A. Hope both mother, with the toothache, and child, are going for a change of hair.

No. 555. *The Place to Catch a Jolly Good Cold.* STUART LLOYD.

GALLERY VII.

No. 559. *Miss Noble.* J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Very kind of her to sit. *Noblesse oblige.*

No. 579. *Signor Piatti; or, Reading at Sight, and Puzzled by a Foot Note.* FRANK HOLL, A.

No. 582. *The Remnants of an Army.* ELIZABETH BUTLER (née THOMPSON). The picture of the year. Let us write Mrs. BUTLER, R.A.—i.e., "Really Admirable!"

No. 599. As the Picture tells its own story, I have nothing to say for it. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

Nos. 609, 614. *The Two Alexanders; or, the Bilious Brothers.* JOHN PETTIE, R.A. What ALEXANDER is 609? No, not "what ALEXANDER," but ALEXANDER WATT.

No. 628. *Hiding Behind the Door; or, Practical Joke in the Olden Time.* R. HILLINGFORD.

No. 651. *John Hare, Comedian.* VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. A hare from the Artist's brush.

No. 663. *On the Wye.* Wye not? HERBERT LYNDON.

No. 779. *What's o'Clock?* LINNIE WATT.

Little Miss HORNER
Sat in a corner,
Eating a bit of cheese
She put up her thumb,
To a boy who cried "Come!"
And asked, "What's o'clock, if you please?"
Watt's Hums.

No. 832. *A Moment's Reflection; or, in the Swing of it.* HENRY HOLIDAY.

No. 857. *Adam.* Also by H. HOLIDAY. In spite of the quotation which this is intended to illustrate, this is quite a Holiday view of ADAM, who is represented as taking it very easy, or to quote the apposite line of the venerable *Josephus Miller*, it is, "ADAM taking his otium cum dig."

GALLERY IX.

No. 1218. *Mrs. Langtry*—after E. J. POYNTER, R.A. J. J. CHANT. Happy POYNTER, R.A., with Mrs. LANGTRY after you!

No. 1221. *Portrait of a Gentleman*—after SEYMOUR LUCAS—Etching. VICTOR LHUILLIER. I suppose that SEYMOUR LUCAS was trespassing as well as etching, or else why should the Gentleman have been after him?

GALLERY X.

No. 1280. *Going to the Front: India, 1878; or, Training in the Way they should Go.* I hope the Artist is following the example of his own soldiers, and also "going to the front." WALTER C. HORSLEY.

No. 1391. *A Turk trying to Find his Way to the North Pole.* ALBERT GOODWIN. On dit, purchased for the Colney Hatch collection.

No. 1385. "Absconded." FRANK HOLL, A. "And so as to escape observation," said the cunning swindler, to himself, "I have put on a pea-green overcoat, a light grey frock coat, yellow trousers, a very decided white waistcoat, and, to make assurance doubly sure, I am wearing a brilliant scarlet necktie with two big ends!"

No. 1395. "All safe—barrin' the Door!" LASLETT J. POTT.

No. 1423. *The Right Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Lincoln.* EDWIN LONG, A. Property crozier against the wall—evidently for ornament not use, and a metal cross fastened by an evident elastic band round his Lordship's neck. He wears also his scarlet Doctor's University hood. Bravo, Mr. LONG! "Keep up the Christopher!"

No. 1426. *Geo. Grossmith, Esq., Senior.* WEEDON GROSSMITH.

There was a little man,
And he had a little son,
Of whom, if you've not seen him, you have read, read, read;
And then he had another,
The former's little brother,
Who has taken, as you see, his father's head, head, head.

No. 1430. *A Sardine Fishery.* ROBT. W. MACBETH. Fishing for sardines, and let us hope, at the same time, making the tin.

No. 0000. "Not in it!" W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Newman Among the Red Hats.

(POPE altered.)

His virtues are so cardinal and rare,
We wonder how the dickens he got there!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"• CHAWED • UP •"

TUESDAY, MAY 13.

MR. DILLWYN'S "WILL-O-THE-WISP" MOTION ON THE ROYAL PREROGATIVE
WAS VEHEMENTLY OPPOSED BY MR. GLADSTONE, LORD MARTINGTON &
PROFESSOR FAWCETT.

the scoundrels who swindle are the only things lower than the screws that run. Such are these "gatherings," properly so called—foul sores, in which all the evil humours of the "Great Wen"—as COBBETT called London—come to a head. The low publican, and his still lower customers, call the varieties of villainy that go on at these places, "Sport." "What is sport to you, is intolerable nuisance to us," say all decent people within the radius of these Saturnalia of scoundrelism. Of all the noxious growths of the Turf, these suburban "gate-meetings" are about the most poisonous. The Jockey Club has power to knock them on the head, and doesn't.

A Bill has passed the Commons, putting these focuses of foul play, for ten miles round London, under magisterial licence. Lord ENFIELD moved Second Reading of the Bill to-night. The Jockey Club opposed, through the Duke of RICHMOND, Lord ROSEBERRY, and Lord RIBBLESDALE.

Punch could wish noble Lords better employment.

Lord GRANVILLE and Earl MORLEY felt constrained to back the Bill. They loved sport, but thought these meetings anything but sport—decidedly a serious nuisance. So, though the Jockey Club opposed, and the Government—in the Lords—cold-shouldered,

MONDAY, May 12 (Lords).—What are suburban "gate meetings?"

Hear, in reply, the Report of Lord ENFIELD, which, as an Enfield, should hit the mark. They are speculations of Sporting Publicans, for the benefit of low bars, low betting-men, welshers, sharpers, roughs, and pickpockets, at which

(Mr. CROSS and his Under-Secretary having supported the Bill in the Commons), and Lord ST. LEONARDS protested against interference with the profits of publicans and the sport of sinners, the Lords, for very shame, passed the Second Reading by 84 to 57.

Punch, in the name of all decent dwellers in the suburbs, thanks them.

(Commons).—Questions and notices. The pleasantest bit of news elicited to-night was that the Whitsun holidays would begin on Tuesday, the 27th—the day before the Derby—and last till the Monday week after.

Then into Supply.

Mr. RYLANDS tried to cut down the Secret Service Money. If he only knew the excellent uses that money is put to, he would hardly expect *Punch* to support any movement for stopping its supply. Why the very furniture (in the highest aesthetic style) of the luxurious apartment in which Mr. P. is now writing; the very Pommeroy très sec, with which he shakes his overkindled imagination; the very Hayannah, on whose blue clouds his spirit floats heavenward, like Venus in Mr. E. BURNE JONES's picture at the Grosvenor—only that she is coming down, and he goes up—where were all these, but for the S. S. M.?

"But that we are forbid
To tell the secrets of our Downing Street,
We could a tale unfold!"

But Mr. *Punch* is not the man to take and tell.

Various Scotch and Irish bones—Queen's Plates, Fishery Board, &c., &c.—snarled over by various jealous dogs, Irish and Scotch—but nothing got by either out of the other's mouth.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord SALISBURY assured Lord STANHOPE that he did not believe the SULTAN had renounced any of his rights. (Or his wrongs either—*Punch* is prepared to add.)

He might not see his way to exercising his right of garrisoning the Balkans just now, but not seeing your way to exercising a right was very different from renouncing it.

(Commons).—Mr. DRILLWYN and Mr. COURTNEY raised the Prerogative *Ignis Fatuus*, which the House had the pleasure of hunting from five till half-past two in the morning. Very funny to see Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Marquis of HARTINGTON vainly trying to clasp their several extinguishers on the random sparks that went playing through the waste places of Constitutional history in the most erratic and bewildering manner. To complicate matters, Lord ROBERT MONTAGU started a Will-o'-the-Wisp of his own, the illegality of the Cabinet, in place of which he wants to bring back the Privy Council with its old Constitutional functions.

Everything was done to snuff out Lord ROBERT's Will-o'-the-Wisp. They even tried to count him out—in vain. The House liked the evening's play so well that it is going to have another night's Will-o'-the-Wispings.

Much good may it do the Collective Wisdom.

It will at least save *Punch* the trouble of distillation. There is no such thing as essence of *Ignis Fatuus*,—though some have assigned this origin to *Flap-doodle*, the well-known fools' feeding mixture.

Wednesday.—To put all Ireland into an Ulster is the purpose of Mr. SHAW's Irish Landlord and Tenant Bill—a survival of poor ISAAC BUTT. Its end is fixity of tenure; its means to make Ulster Tenant-Right compulsory all over Ireland.

This is rather more than Government can be expected to stand, even with a General Election before it, and the Irish vote still open to arrangement.

Mr. WATERLOW opposed for the City Companies, Sir J. LESLIE for landlords in Ireland, Mr. WHEELHOUSE for landlords in general, Mr. J. LOWTHER and the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL for the Government. Sir P. MCKENNA and Col. COLTHURST, Lord F. CONINGHAM and Mr. MACARTHY, Sir P. O'BRIEN, Mr. BLENNERHASSET, and Mr. JUSTIN MACARTHY supported, in the name of Home Rule, and the general desire of the Irish tenant to make it as "aisy" for himself, and as hard and hot for his landlord, as possible. Of course, the elements of Opposition were too strong for the mover, and the Liberal bigwigs standing aloof, Mr. SHAW had to submit to be ridden down by 283 anti-rent-chargers to the 91 he managed to muster between Irish Home-Rulers and English Advanced Liberal vanguard.

Thursday (Lords).—In the approaching joust between Lord BEACONSFIELD and the MACCALLUM MORE, the barriers will be set up outside the "scientific frontier."



TWO ASIDES.

"AH! THERE GOES BROWN, WHO USED TO LIVE IN NEWMAN STREET! NOW HE'S AN A.R.A., AND EVIDENTLY FAR TOO GREAT A SWELL TO REMEMBER THE LIKES OF ME!"

"BY GEORGE, IF IT AIN'T JONES!—A Q.C., IF YOU PLEASE, SINCE WE LAST MET AT PADDY GREEN'S, AND OF COURSE MUCH TOO HIGH AND MIGHTY TO RECOLLECT MY HUMBLE EXISTENCE!" [Think mainly of each other, and pass on.

A little episcopal passage-at-arms à propos of cathedral foundations. The Bishop of CARLISLE wants to give Deans and Chapters of "new foundations" the same powers to revise their statutes as Deans and Chapters of "old foundations." The Archbishop of CANTERBURY protests against the farce of empowering Divinity Doctors to doctor themselves. Not a Dean and Chapter of an old foundation had ever shown the least disposition to do anything of the kind. What was wanted was a Royal Commission to look into *all* Cathedral foundations, new and old alike, and say where they wanted repairs.

The PREMIER agreed with the Primate, and solemnly promised the Commission.

(Commons).—Among to-night's "mixed occupations" was Army Discipline Bill Committee, in the course of which the Member for Dundee, much trodden on, turned, and smote the Member for Oxford between the joints of his harness, to the great joy of the House—not that it loves Mr. JENKINS much, but that it hates Sir W. V. HARcourt more, and is glad to see him get what he is in the habit of giving—sharp sauce. All the same, let the fearless JENKINS look out for squalls, and—

"Take care what he's at, nor with HARcourt make free,
Or 'tis oh for the Member for Bonny Dundee!"

Then the O'CONNOR DON moved—as a Don had the best right to do—the Irish University Bill, another of the BUTT survivals. The New University is to include only four faculties—Arts, Law, Mechanics, and Engineering; is to have Professorships, Scholarships, and payment by results. Religious Teaching is to be under the most stringent safeguards. Its expenses, to the tune of from £40,000 to £50,000 a year, are to come from the Irish Church Surplus Fund.

The Bill was received with general civility, and general reserve. Thus far it has not got further than promise, from its start in compromise. It is true, the £50,000 a year may do a good deal to grease the way for it.

Friday (Lords).—

"And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain!"

Such, in Essence, was the gallant deed of the MACALLUM MORE to-night. He summed up into a slashing two hours' speech all the Opposition has been saying in all its arraignments of Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Cabinet-men, since "Peace with Honour" was brought back from Berlin. And very well the MACALLUM MORE did it. The only question that occurs to one is, Was it worth doing, all over again?

To be sure, the MACALLUM MORE has been kept out of it all, nursing his gout on the shores of the Mediterranean; and it was hard upon him to be kept in that state of suppressed speech, which is as bad as suppressed gout. Now that he has blown off the steam, let us hope he will be better.

But it was something to have the pleasure of leaving that sting in the tail of a two hours' talk:

"Yes, my Lords, you are beginning to be found out. The people of this country are beginning to see that you have not obtained for them what they expected. It is not we, the Members of the Opposition, who are accusing you. Time is your great accuser; the course of events is summing up the case against you. What have you to say—I shall await to hear—what have you to say why you should not receive an adverse verdict at the hands of the public, as you certainly will be called upon to receive it at the bar of history."

No wonder Lord BEACONSFIELD called this, "if not malevolent, envenomed." The venom is what makes stings sting. It would be as idle to attempt bottling Lord B.'s stale defence, in the shape of Essence, as the Duke of ARGYLL's stale attack, or Lord KIMBERLEY'S *crambe repetita* served cold to empty benches, or renowned SALISBURY's slogging counters. Only *Punch* must preserve Lord GRANVILLE'S neat rapier-thrust, that the MACALLUM MORE had not been "flogging a dead horse," as the Marquis had elegantly put it, but flogging something in the shape of a Government, which he hoped was not quite dead yet,—whatever it might be after Dissolution.

It was quite an "extra night," and no wonder the galleries were crowded, with such stars in the bill, however stale their parts.

(Commons).—In the morning, Committee on Army Discipline Bill.

In the evening, Sir W. V. HARROD tried to put the Government in the hole, on their concession to the Russians of three months over the Berlin Treaty limit for evacuation of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. But Sir STAFFORD held on tight to the SALISBURY interpretation, that when you talk of "an evacuation in nine months," you mean one that begins at the end of nine months, not one that's finished in the course of them.

Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN tried to get a Committee on Brewers' Licence Duty, which he thinks a hardship. The House agreed with Sir STAFFORD (by 115 to 53), that Brewers were rather let off too easy than weighted too heavily, and that, on the whole, as Sir WILFRID put it, they were the best-off trade going.

And why not, while they brew the best of beer? grumbles a *Basso profondo*.

INJYABLE INJIA:

OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST;

BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER IX.

Advertisement—Walls—Suggestion—Visit—Imperial—Payment—Sahib—Shoes—Umbrella—Booty—Bowers—Silence—Albany—Royal Highness—Tic—Hanki—Chamberlain—Khanooldars—Sallee—The Roof—View—Difficult—O'Richard—Hit—Sittee—Piano.



Went to see TOOBOP ANDAR TIZZI, at one time the most powerful among the dusky Native Rulers. He was formerly a full sovereign, but has lost quite seven-eighths of his power. Poor TOOBOP ANDAR TIZZI owns only the power of a Half-Crowned potentate now. He was a great gambler at one time, and lost the bulk of his property to RAJAH TOSSAR. This makes him penurious and stingy. He asked me whether Government would pay him for sitting. I replied that I would lay his claims before the Imperial Government on my return.

No one is allowed to approach him with shoes on. I left mine, with my umbrella, at the door. There were two holes in my stockings, which annoyed me, because it shows that she . . . , no matter—it reminded me of home, where my roughest expression is "Darn my old socks!" When I came out again, they were gone. No one knew anything about them. No one had ever seen the Sahib's shoes, or umbrella.

"Was the Sahib quite sure he had them on when he came?" they asked. Yes, the Sahib was. And the Sahib was equally sure he had not got them when he left.

I have never seen them since. Catch me taking off my shoes again as a matter of Court etiquette. If I do, I'll pocket them. The Rajah's head-man—or rather foot-man—as it is he who collects all the visitors' shoes, and gives them to his grasping old master—said to me,

"Rajah be as big as Sahib some day. Take Sahib's place."

"Why?" I answered, unsuspectingly.

"Cos," he replied, "Rajah stand in Sahib's shoes."

And then, ere I could recover, he had bolted. It suddenly struck me that I had heard his voice before. Could it have been KUMMI? No time just now to inquire. But I will.

His master has got quite a wonderful collection of the shoes which he has taken as his booty. Side-splitter this; a trifle old, but all the better for keeping.

This morning saw the Bowers of Silence. As there are "sermons in stones," I am delighted at the notion of these Bowers. The head keeper is a functionary well known all over Europe by the name of DHUMM KRAMBHO. A more charming retreat for one whose ears have been pierced by the idiotic chatter of Society, I cannot imagine. I have taken rooms in the Bowers of Silence for some time.

It is an establishment something between the Albany and an almshouse, where your poor bedesman will ever pray. Only here they don't ever pray, but ever play, at Double Dummy. There are three others besides myself, and, as we are perfect Trappists in our observance of the rules—never speaking except with our fingers, and occasionally our noses—so all our repartees are down on the nail—and you can imagine what a jolly quiet time we have of it, and, living by the rule of Thumb, what is the silence of the Bowers in these Bowers of Silence.

The name is supposed to be derived not from the English word "Bower," meaning an Arbour of Refuge amongst honeysuckles and roses, but from an Anglo-Indian word signifying the Polite People—that is, the Salaamers, or Bowers. Here is the illustration of my meaning. This is how the Silent Bowers salute one another whenever they meet.

Monday Morning.—I have never seen a more perfect specimen of Injia beauty, even in this land of perfect specimens, than H.R. WYEREE SALLEE HOO RAO, the lovely Princess Regnant of the Khanoodlar people. She is herself a true Khanoodlar, and heart-whole as I am, and proof against all assaults of the fair enemy of mankind, yet I own I was very nearly taken prisoner by this Gracious Lady. I might this day have been King of the Khanoodlars, and monarch of all I surveyed, had I only popped the question.

The Khanoodlars are, however, a rum sort of people; and when I said I wanted to paint their Queen, I was given to understand that no interview could be granted to a foreigner, except in the sight of all the people.

I was not sorry to hear this, as had our interview been a *tête-à-tête*—her head against mine—why, I should have lost my own utterly, and have been now FUZZELI PRINCEPS, the First King of the Khanoodlars. So, of course, I said to Her Royal Highness that she had only to command, and her humble servant would obey.

She appointed the following morning, early—4 A.M.

"Oho!" thinks I to myself—"no one will be up at that hour. Is this a trap?"

However, at the appointed time, I presented myself, and my box of paints, &c. at her private residence.

I was to be shown up the instant I arrived.

"You are the first person who has ever dared to '*show me up*,'" I said, pleasantly, to TIC DHOLA ROO, her head Chamberlain, who replied with a wink. Up we went. Upper and upper.

"Where are we now?" I asked, as I paused, to recover my breath, on the tenth landing of the house, which is higher than any HANKI-PANKI mansions.

The Chamberlain—a mute—motioned me upwards. I shouldn't like to have none but mutes about me if I were a Queen. Hang it all, it would be too funereal, or too *ereal* without the *fun*. "Yet," as I said to old PAH TIKLAH, "with enough mutes I'd undertake anything!"

TIKLAH roared, "No—si j'étais roi, moi—mute me no mutes—it should be *mutatis mutandis*."

(N.B.—Latin *jeux de mots*, two rupees extra. Rajahs at a distance, please take notice.)

Presently we passed through a trap-door—(it was a trap, after all, so my surmise was right)—and stepped on to the roof, which is shaped like a gigantic cocked-hat very much turned up at the edges, where the *Ranee-guttars* (*i.e.*, receptacles for catching the storm-drops) are. Perched on the apex, holding a parasol, sat the beautiful and accomplished Queen of the Khanoodlars.

"Here," she observed, "all my subjects can keep their eyes on us, and see what you are doing. There must be no scandal about Queen WYEREE SALLEE HOO RAO!"

From the roof one could see all over Injia. A magnificent sight, but rather too much of a good thing all at once, and before breakfast. To refuse to paint, and to retire, would have been an insult punishable with death; and the mute Chamberlain was at hand, as grim as the black servant in the drama of *Pauline*, which, years ago, in KEAN's time at the Princess's, used to make me shiver in my boyish pumps. So, keeping my head as best I could, I took up my position in the *Ranee-guttar* on the north side, and set myself to work. She has the loveliest hands and feet, even in this land of beauteous extremities.

Well, if ever I am reduced to extremities, I shall return to Injia; and if the WYEREE SALLEE HOO RAO, the Queen of the Khanoodlars, is still of the same mind as she was on the nineteenth of the month, when, in answer to my singing (I always sing at my work) this line—

"Nana, wilt thou gang wi' me?"

she murmured, *sotto voce*,

"Ma réponse est, deux fois oui."

I shall know where I am. By the way, I was astonished at her proficiency in French; and we rattled on pleasantly enough, the blacks not being able to make out what the "merry joosse" we were talking about. Then she sang to me—

"O Richard! O mon roi!"

with such feeling, and with such a glance out of her left eye that hit me right in the "gold" of my heart, and nearly knocked me off my perch into the street below—a drop of some two thousand feet, or so.

But I pulled myself together, and observed, "Ma reine, bien que nous sommes sur le toit, nous ne sommes pas 'tiled'"—which, though she didn't understand it, she saw was meant to imply how necessary was caution.

I have had three sittings from this lady on the top of her house.

A CARDINAL POINT.

MOST Venerable Cardinal NEWMAN, your Eminence has well earned your Scarlet Hat. It is to yourself, probably, that the POPE owes the reflecting portion of his British converts—or reverters, if you please. A thoughtful man, if any dogma that you subscribe appears nonsense to him, naturally asks himself whether is the more likely, that you should credit an absurdity, or that he should be an ass. The strongest argument in the view of an enlightened Briton for the creed of your choice is the fact that you chose it. If, instead of going over to Rome, you had turned Plymouth Brother, no doubt you would have had quite a following.

Yet where would you, with all your influence, now be, but for the working of that very Liberalism in spiritual matters against which you testified so eloquently, the other day, at Rome? You have gone on striving against it "thirty, forty, fifty years." But suppose you had succeeded in confuting that same Liberalism precisely half a century ago. You would have effectually prevented Catholic Emancipation. Would there then have arisen any Tractarian Oxford Movement? Would you ever have written Tract No. 90? Is it probable that you would have stuck tight to the "City of Confusion"? At this moment might you not be Archbishop of CANTERBURY—successor of St. Augustine in that see, instead of succeeding his namesake at Hippo in *partibus infidelium*?

When Christianity was, in your young days, as you say, "the law of the land," was it not the Christianity of the Church by Law Established, and as defined by *Parson Threepwood*?

Your Eminence is a Cardinal who has the courage of his opinions. MR. DARWIN'S Theory of "Development" is not exactly yours. Nevertheless, with regard to sects, if not to species, are you not sufficiently well assured that the struggle for existence will result in the survival of the fittest? May you live to see it!

ENGLAND'S REAL DANGER.

SENSATION SCENE FROM LORD R-B-T M-N-T-G-U'S GRAND CONSTITUTIONAL DRAMA, "FOES OF THE CONSTITUTION."

SCENE—*A Secret Chamber in Downing Street. Cabinet Ministers discovered, in midnight conclave, cloaked and masked.*

The Prime Minister (referring to evening paper). Yes, Gentlemen, we are unearthed at last; and our hours, "as an illegal body, assembled in violation of the law," are numbered. But we will die hard. At daybreak I will call upon the Bolivian Consul-General, and conclude one more secret treaty for my own amusement, before I am "disolved."

The Lord President. Nobly determined! You see I am not prepared easily to yield my authority in the Cabinet. (*Throws back his cloak, and displays a belt packed with revolvers.*) The spirit of DANBY is still alive here!

The Lord Chancellor. It is pleasant to one who has passed, as I have, a long career in official crime, to note that you, too, are prepared to meet argument by force. [*Shakes his hand warmly.*]

Lord Privy Seal (producing the insignia of his office). But if there is to be no more chicanery, what am I do with this?

The Home Secretary. Take it to ATTENBOROUGH'S. If you are convicted, I will square the matter. Take it all in all, we have had a good time of it.

Postmaster-General (grimly). We have. There's not a Chief of Police in Europe who has had so much tampering with gum and hot water as I. I shall miss my morning's pry. And that reminds me, how are we off for money?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fairly. I have brought all the spare cash in the Treasury with me. I couldn't conveniently carry more in two carpet bags. (*Empties gold on table.*) See. It is something to be able to renew your bills at a crisis, after all.

Indian Secretary. Excellent. Why, LYTTON doesn't remit us larger sums than this. By the way, what do you say to finishing up with three more frontier wars?

Colonial Secretary. Nothing could be better. I can spring a couple more to-morrow myself. (*Turning to the War Secretary.*) I suppose I can have a *corps d'armée* or two?

War Secretary. Certainly, if you'll pay handsomely for them, and remember yours truly (*bows*). Will anybody find him the money?

First Lord of the Admiralty. I will, with pleasure, out of the Navy Estimates. I should like to finish up with one good downright job. There'll be a little consideration, of course?

President of the Board of Trade. Certainly. You shall take it out in posts for your relatives. Leave that to me. Is there any more business for us to-night?

Foreign Secretary. Nothing that I know of. I suppose you are all open to that little *douceur* from the Prince of MONACO? Shall we adjourn them?

[Takes up a dark lantern. The rest put on their masks.]
The Prime Minister. Adieu, then, my Lords and Gentlemen. (*Looking from the window.*) But let us descend the stairs cautiously, for we are watched. I notice Lord ROBERT MONTAGU and Seventy Members of the Privy Council lurking about behind the adjacent lamp-posts. Softly then!

[They descend to mysterious music as the Curtain falls.]





"LUCUS A NON," &c.
(AIMING DRILL.)

Musketry Instructor. "Now, THEN! HOW DO YOU 'XPECT TO SEE THE HOBJECT HAIMED AT, IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR HEYE CLOSED?"

POLICEMAN "A" ON POPULAR ART.

Royal Academy Constable loquitur.

YES—pictures is peculiar. I've seen a tidy few,
All in the way of business. Well—I don't care if I do—
Though I'm no erickit, there ain't much but what I've seen and
heard,

And if you want my views of Art I'll tell you like a bird.
Do I think the people like it? Well, now there you're asking wide.
They fancy that they do, you know, and there we'll let it slide.
A young 'un rayther makes believe in tackling his first weed,
But knowing 'tis the thing to like, in time he may succeed.
There's lots of make-believe about. Bless yer, I've heard remarks
From purty lips, on pictures, as you'd think was meant for larks;
And I've seen your reglar knowing gents a-waggle their eye-glasses,

And laying down the law like fun, as you might take for asses,
Along o' their queer blunders. But, you see, this Art's a fake
As isn't A.B.C. to folks of ordinary make.

It's rayther up to rumminess, is Art, in many ways.
And a dead hand at starting what I think they call a craze,—
That flock-together sort of fad which seizes men in lots;
It may be forrin postage-stamps, it may be chaney pots;
They don't half understand it, and, what's more, Sir, seldom want,
But they gush about it hot as soup, in a sort of stylish cant,
Which their "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "precious!" and "love-ly!" and the rest,
Would make you think each beating heart was bustin' from its breast.
Lor'! I've seen 'em scrouting round what's called "the picture of
the year"—

It's mostly something awful Swell, or else pertikler queer—
And if I could tell you half I've heard while keeping of 'em moving,
You'd wonder what some of 'em got by all their eager shovin'.
You see Art fogs a lot of them—there ain't a doubt of that—
But there isn't very many likes to own it plump and flat.
It's quite the thing to have a taste, while puzzlement's bad form,
So they peeps and peeks and potters, and they gushes soft and warm,

Think mouldy faces quite the chese, and moony eycs divine,
And vulgarisms lovely,—if they're hung upon the line.
Bless you, the Public's a queer set, they don't care where they're led,
So long as him as marshals 'em has a swell figger-head.
You work the horacle to-rights, and simply peg away,
And you can make the world believe most anything you say.
You see a landscape, or a girl; you know what's what at once,
You don't go asking which to like, unless you are a dunce.
If someone swears your taste's all wrong, you ups, Sir, and says you,
"Humbug!" And then you tells the chap what he may go and do,
Namely, be blowed. But when it comes to canvas, oh dear me!
I do assure you, Sir, it's quite another cup o' tea.
That's where Art rumminess comes in, and parties lose their pluck,
And lean on one another's minds, and end in getting stuck.
It's like eating what the swells calls caviar—"Eugh!" says you,
"It's blessed beastly; yet I s'pose I ought to like it, too!"
And so you taste and taste again, and swear it's really prime,
Although, perhaps, your stomach goes agen it all the time.
That's just how people who have eyes are got to make believe
That gogglesomeness makes the charm of Venus or of Eve;
That mud and mist are lovely things, and only licked by fog;
That there's worlds of hidden beauty in a bull's-eye in a bog;
That there is something sweet in smudge, or divine in doleful dumps,
When sense can see, with half an eye, they're simply off their
chumps.
However, Sir, if 'twasn't for yer make-believe and fad,
I do believe that, after all, Art wouldn't be half bad.
I'm not a blooming Philistine—that's what the learned Nobbs
Call duffers as ain't got no taste and likes to spend their bobs
On something solid—not at all. But this I'll tell you flat,
I don't believe that fudged-up tastes are worth—well, no, not that!
Purttended partiality for all that's rum and queer
Don't do no good, and it won't draw the Briton from his beer.
White lies and lackadaisy make a sickly sort o' swill;
Honest four'-arf's a king to it.—Well, yes, I think I will.



“A FELLOW-FEELING !”

FARMER GILES. “WELL, SQUIRE, I’VE DONE MY BEST WITH THE FARM, BUT I CAN’T PAY MY WAY ANY LONGER ! ”
SQUIRE. “IN THAT CASE, MR. GILES, NO MORE CAN I ! SO THE SOONER WE LAY OUR HEADS TOGETHER— ! ”

THE CRUTCH AND TOOTH-PICK CHRONICLE.

(Vox Stallorum for 1885.)



THE Inter - University Boat Race will this year be rowed over a course measuring five hundred yards. The competing crews will be increased to twenty-four in each boat, the coxswains will be supplied with lounges, the strokes with armchairs, and the rest of the crews with air-cushions.

The failure of the favourite to win the last Military Steeple-chase is attributed to the languid conduct of his rider. Captain Drowsy was leading until within a score of paces from the Judge's chair, when he dropped off to sleep, and consequently came to grief at the last flight of hurdles.

The Eton and Harrow Match will not be

played this year; a two Elevens cannot be got together from the two schools.

As a shower is predicted in the weather forecast for July, the Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon has been indefinitely postponed.

On the occasion of the production of the new Comedy at the Nil-Admirari Theatre, the stalls were all occupied by the Members of the Afternoon Breakfast Club. The Secretary was present, and, as usual, awakened the members whenever he considered it advisable that they should indulge in a smile.

By permission of H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, Subalterns attending the monthly morning drill at Aldershot will be allowed to carry parasols on parade.

A new "Society Paper" entitled *Simpers* is on the eve of production. A large portion of its space will be devoted to the consideration of the proper height and form of shirt-collars.

The hour for the House dinner at the Junior Service Club has been changed, by special request, from 11:30 P.M. to 2 A.M.

After negotiations extending over several years, the Members of seventeen of the more fashionable Clubs have decided upon offering a reward of a silver crutch and gold toothpick in a jewelled étui to anyone who will invent a process for getting through the day without any effort whatever, mental or muscular.

B. AND C.

(OR, HOME-RULE IN INDIA.)

Downing Street. Lord B. discovered. Enter to him Lord C.

B. Well, C., what is it? You don't look happy?

C. Another of those troublesome Manchester Deputations—about those wretched Indian Cotton Duties.

B. Tip 'em some Free Trade. Say we'll do what we can for 'em, when we've made our "Scientific Frontier" all right.

C. They've been getting up Working Men's Meetings against them, in Lancashire.

B. Hum!—that's awkward—with a General Election in the wind . . . and not a year to run, do what we will. (*After a pause.*) Promise immediate reduction, and total repeal the moment we can afford it.

C. But we can't afford it. At this moment we don't know where to turn for a shilling.

B. Go into the market, and borrow. Money's a drug. India has always borrowed.

C. That's the worst of it. She has borrowed till she can't pay.

B. *Solvitur ambulando.* Let her go on borrowing.

C. I'm afraid those Council fogies will never see their way to taking taxes off with one hand, and borrowing with the other. I know 'em.

B. The less reason you should ask their advice. They're not used to being consulted on High Policy. What did they know of our *grand coup*,—the bringing over those seven thousand black fellows to Malta?

C. But the VICEROY'S Council? They're safe to be against us—tooth and nail.

B. Then draw their teeth and cut their nails. There's a clause in some Act authorising LYXTON to override 'em by Executive Order—when he thinks proper—at least there ought to be. . . . In fact, I'm certain there is.

C. There is. But in this case they'd say it was against the spirit of the Act.

B. Let him take his stand on its letter.

C. But when he first went out he committed himself to these infernal Duties.

B. A man should never commit himself. Luckily, a Statesman can change his mind. Let him repudiate his own "musty phrases?"

C. Then, you know, the House has declared against repeal.

B. Oh, the House! I've a great respect for the House . . . but it can't be allowed to stand in the way of High Policy.

C. We shall have all the Press against us, Home and Native. And then the Bazaars?

B. (*contemptuously*). Sobo and all? My dear C! The Bazaars! And the Lowther Arcade, I suppose? You know your cue. Take care of Home Interests and Indian Interests will take care of themselves.

C. But "Justice to India"?

B. Is a cry, not a policy. Justice! The people out there are not used to it. They won't kick. They'll only say "it was written on their foreheads." I wish people here were as easily managed. But *they're* improving. Wire to LYXTON. Total and immediate repeal. My love to the Manchester men. Good morning. (*Exit C.*) A spoke to *your* Lancashire wheel, Mr. *Juventus Munch*.

AN ILL-STARRING IRONCLAD.

A QUESTION which nobody yet appears to have asked, may be suggested to some minds by the career of that unfortunate vessel, H.M.S. *Iron Duke*. Christened after the no less well-omened than well-conducted Duke of WELLINGTON, she quite contravenes Mr. Shandy's theory of names. The *Iron Duke* had scarcely got afloat before she ran into and sank the *Vanguard*. It is said that, since then, serious imperfections have been discovered in her machinery. She was out of commission for a time, then re-commissioned, and despatched, as a flag-ship, to the Chinese waters, where she lately got stranded somewhere near Shanghai. This run of ill-luck may possibly prompt the inquiry which would once have occurred to many sailors—Was the *Iron Duke* launched on a Friday? Is there no naval Member of either House of Parliament old salt enough to put the question to the Admiralty? It would be quite as wise as some of the interrogatories occasionally addressed by Members to Ministers.

PETITS POIS À LA PÉLERIN.

THE following telegram, dated May 11, was wired the other day from Paris:—

"The French pilgrims arrived at Loretto to-day."

And is Loretto looking up again, really—Loretto, that seemed to have been quite snuffed out by La Salette and Lourdes? Little, if anything, had been heard of Loretto since a legend of that sanctuary, *The Pilgrims and the Peas*, was immortalised by Peter Pindar. As belonging to a nation commonly up to cookery, it may be presumed that none of the pilgrims who have lately travelled from France to Loretto forgot to boil their peas before starting.

Horseflesh v. Humanity.

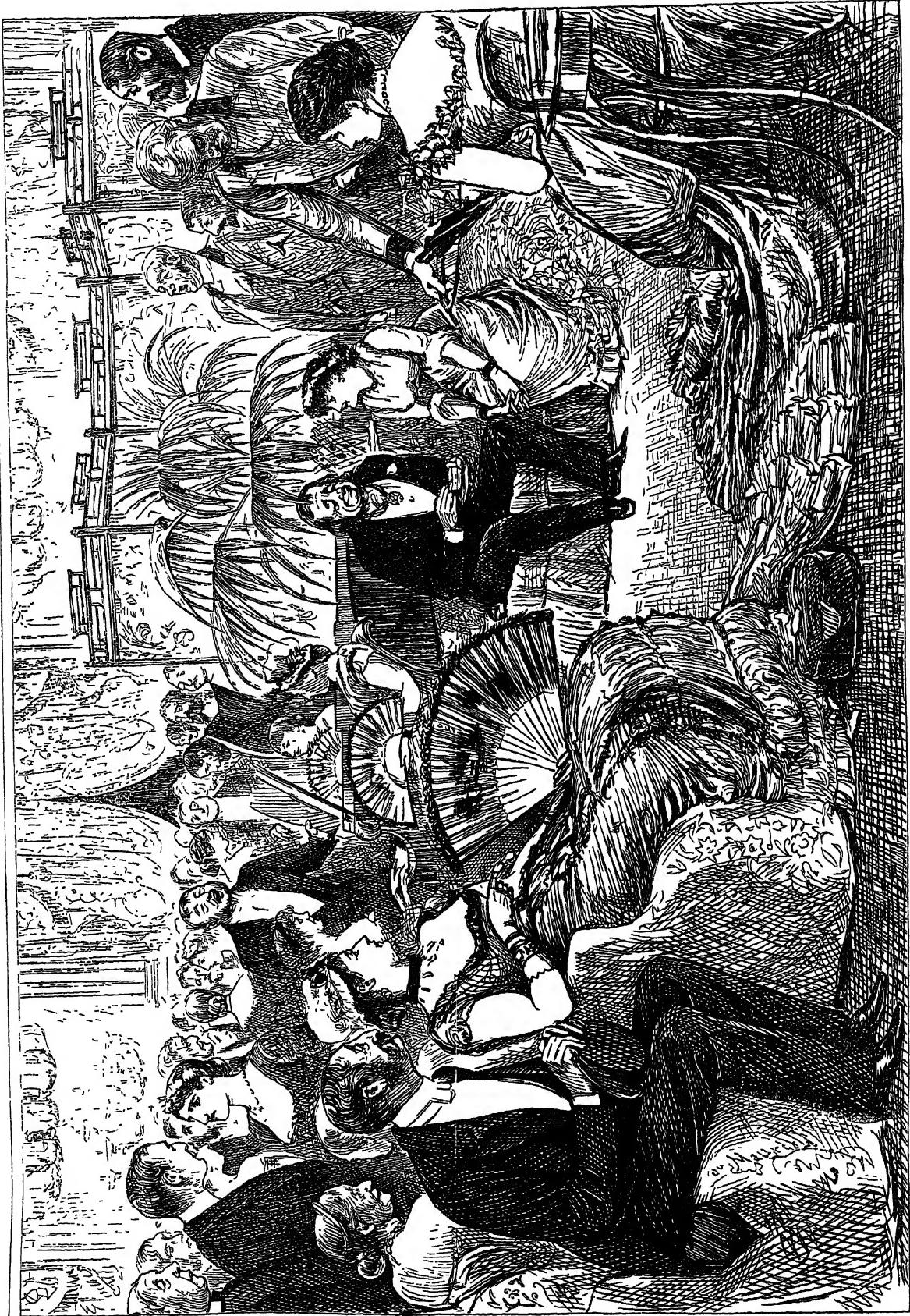
It is announced that the forthcoming Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall will include an additional class formed of Arabs. These, of course, will be all noble animals. The Street Arabs, in the meanwhile, will remain outsiders, in possession of their own Arabia *Infelix* of the slums.

WHICH IS IT?—Fast or Feast (for a High Commissioner)? His Nutal day.

CHANGE OF NAME.—A party called BROWNE—from VALENTINE to ORSON.

THE HEAVIEST HOLIDAY TASK.—To get through a wet Bank Holiday.

A SAVAGE GAME (*that wants limiting*).—Zoo-Loo.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

“WHO'S THAT FRIZZY BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN TALKING TO MY HUSBAND ON THE OTTOMAN?”—“SHE'S A MRS. CADOGAN SMYTHE.”—“INDEEDE! SHE'S GOOD AT FLATTERING PEOPLE, I SHOULD SAY; AND KNOWS HOW TO LAY IT ON PRETTY THICK!”—“AH! YOU INFER THAT, NO DOUBT, FROM HER ATTITUDE AND EXPRESSION?”—“OH DEAR, NO! FROM MY HUSBAND'S!”

CAROL BY A COAL MERCHANT.

MERRY May as Christmas cold!
Thunder, lightning, hail and rain!
Still I'm happy to behold
Pointing North and East the vane.

For the wind that keen and chill
Blows, whichever way it be,
If it blow my neighbours ill,
Bloweth precious good to me.

REPPS AND SARSNET, o'er the way,
Linendrapers, did not well
Spring stocks in so soon to lay—
To miss a sale and mourn a sell.

Winter goods are still the wear,
As in time of frost and snow.
In their furs and wraps, the Fair,
Warmly muffled, wisely go!

Shoot the scuttle on the fire,
Fast of coals use up your store;
Then, since more you will require,
At my wharf apply for more.

Let insensate miners strike,
Free to work their foolish will;
Coals, at whate'er price I like,
You must buy of RUBBLY still.

NOTHING LIKE GAS.

THE following in the *Times* seems only natural:—

"Mr. C. WOODALL, Engineer of the Phoenix Gas-Light Company, writes respecting our abstract of his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons,—'I am represented to have "admitted the superiority of Electricity for lighting small areas." Such an admission would have been directly opposed to fact and my own experience, and was never made by me. I know of no place, large or small, that would not be better and more cheaply lighted by Gas than by any application of Electricity at present available.'"

Fancy any Engineer of any Gas-Light Company admitting anything better than Gas for lighting any area whatsoever, large or small. Anything like Gas! As well imagine a currier acknowledging anything like leather!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(*In Paris, at the Ambiguous Comic, to see L'Assommoir.*)

SIR.—Taking advantage of the first promise of Spring, I went to represent you, Sir, in Paris, where, on Sunday, the 11th, everybody, following my excellent example, was abroad, and all Paris *en dimanche* was enjoying itself in the Elysian Fields, crowding the race-course, and refreshing itself in view of the little Niagara in the Bois.

I stood in sore need of this picking up, for on the previous night I had assisted at the hundred-and-twelfth representation of *L'Assommoir*. By this time every novel-reader is acquainted with M. ZOLA's roman, which Messrs. BRUSNACH and GASTINEAU have dramatised.

I had been told that there was so much in it of a slang peculiar to French *ouvriers* and *rôdeurs de la barrière*, as to render the dialogue almost unintelligible to any but a thorough Parisian. This, however, is not the case. Anyone familiar with GABORIAU's novels will find nothing to puzzle him in the drama of *L'Assommoir*, whatever there may be in the novel, which I have not read.

L'Assommoir is not so much a drama, as a series of dramatic pictures strung together by the strong personal interest felt for each of the principal characters.

The audience is never once *intrigué* by any subtlety of plot, but, from the commencement, our sympathies are enlisted for the unhappy heroine—admirably played by Mme. HÉLÈNE PETIT—and our interest in the fate of the chief *dramatis persona* is in proportion to the development of their individual character.

As far as "plot" goes, I may safely say, that, with the exception of the two final Tableaux, any one of the Acts, seen by itself, would at once convey what must necessarily have preceded it.

The Eighth Tableau stands alone as the most marvellously acted, most hideously repulsive, and, on account of the extraordinary force of the actor's art, most sickeningly revolting scene I have ever seen on any stage. In fact, nothing that I remember approaches it.



"EASIER SAID THAN DONE."

Stout Traveller (in the Eastern Counties). "MY LAD—WHICH IS THE—QUICKEST WAY—FOR ME TO GET TO THE STATION?"

Street Arab. "WH' RUN BO!' TH' ELSE YEOW'LL SARTAIN'Y LEWSE TH' TR'INE ! THERE GOO TH' BELL !!"

It is a marvellous tribute to the artist, M. GIL-NAZA, to say that the spectators, Parisians who go to a theatre *pour s'amuser, pour se distraire*, and who are not easily revolted or scandalised by a stage representation, were so appalled by his entry in the Eighth Tableau—when *Coupeau* returns from the *hôpital des fous*—that it was some seconds—it seemed minutes—before we could summon up sufficient courage to regard steadily that hideous mask of a face, that blotchy, ape-like caricature of what the man had once been; those fearfully wild, staring, wandering eyes, that mad-looking, rough, unkempt hair, those nervous, trembling hands, and the twitching, restless movements of the whole body. Ah! it was wonderful,—it was fearful,—it was admirable,—it was awful,—it was infernal. I am under its influence now; it is a nightmare I cannot shake off all at once.

* * * * *

Nothing would do but asterisks.

As for the performance all round, it is simply perfect. There is not a fault anywhere. The piece is too long, and, in spite of the best acting I have ever seen in any drama, the Sixth Tableau drags, and would be all the better for cutting. Not that we want any less of *Coupeau*, but some of the other parts might be *coupés*.

How *L'Assommoir*, as it is, can ever be done in English, I cannot understand. It is essentially French, absolutely requiring French actors, representing all the actions and manners characteristic of the *ouvrier* class, and of a class still lower, with a French audience, including crowded upper circles and gallery, thoroughly capable of criticising and appreciating the performance.

I am now speaking mainly of the comic element in the piece. There is the difficulty. The Sensation Scene of the fall from the scaffolding, the realistic scenes of the *Lavoir*, and *L'Assommoir* itself, will be, I believe, quite enough to attract an English audience. But who here, or anywhere out of Paris, can attempt to imitate inimitable imitators? Who on the English Stage can possibly reproduce the incomparable "*Mes Bottes*," with his "*Ous qu'est le pain?*" as played by M. DAilly, who must have studied it from

the life. The same insuperable difficulty must arise with the other two comic characters, MM. COURTES and MOUSSEAU, who play respectively *Bec-Salé* and *Bibi-la-Grillade*. And if their antics, their capers, their genuine drollery, which seem so thoroughly natural, so utterly unforced, could be reproduced at a London theatre with Chinese fidelity, would our Pit and Gallery appreciate and enjoy their fun? I doubt it.

I am curious to see what MR. CHARLES READE will do with it at the Princess's, and, as it is said that he has not adapted the story to London life, but has left it where he found it, in Paris, I am afraid the actors have undertaken a task which will tax their powers to the utmost.

For my part—that is, in my opinion, for I am not going to play in the piece, and so should avoid speaking of “my part”—I cannot help thinking, that, as the story is much the same as *The Bottle of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK*, if *L'Assommoir* had been adapted to London Life, where equivalents for all the French characters could easily be found, it would have given any Author, who might have chosen to take up the subject, a fine opportunity for pointing a moral *chez nous*, by bringing it home to our people, and for adorning a tale with some powerful writing, and for filling his pocket with well-earned nightly returns.

The moral to most of those who assisted, the other evening, at *L'Assommoir* was, “I say! Dash it! It's too horrible! Let's go and drink!” And the biggest drink I've had for a long time—much needed, I do assure you—was after seeing *L'Assommoir*.

Of other pieces, and of the Paris Salon, I have not now time to write at length; but this I can say, with sincerity, that some of the worst pictures I've ever seen are to be found at this moment in the Salon, and some of the best acting I've ever seen, even in Paris, is to be found just now at the Vandeville, where they are playing a plotless, undramatic, conversational comedy, by M. GONDINET, called *Les Tapageurs*, in which, by the way, the actresses wear such wonderful costumes as will probably draw the town, in spite of the piece itself being only a *succès douteux*. Who pays for these costumes? They are essential to the piece, and therefore, I suppose, are found by the Management. There are three Acts, and each lady has a different costume, equally startling and superb, for each Act. The first is a dinner-party dress, the second a ball-dress, and the third a morning dress for receiving and paying a visit. The comedy-acting could not be surpassed at the *Français*; and if the piece has a run, it will be entirely due to the admirable way in which these finished comedians succeed in doing nothing, and making it interesting—or at least amusing—without any apparent effort, and also to the curiosity of the outside world to come and see the costumes.

And so I returned once more to my native home, and am now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

N.B.—The Stage management of *L'Assommoir* at the Ambigu is worthy of the highest praise, specially when dealing with crowds, and the movements of subordinates during the speeches and actions of the principals. It is to be remarked, also—though not as a startling exception—how the cruel, heartless line which brings down the curtain on the drunkard's death—I mean “*Bah! un ivrogne de moins!*”—is given to a character of very third-rate importance in the piece; and so with the “tag” which is pronounced by the *croque-mort Bazouge*, a very minor part, as, with quite a professional instinct, he lifts the body of poor *Gervaise*, and says, “*Te v'là guérie du malheur . . . Fais dodo, ma belle!*”

But there was a perceptible shudder, and a sigh throughout the house, at these last words.

By the way, what to me was a novelty in Paris, was, that, after the end of every Act there was “a call,” the curtain rose, and the principals bowed their acknowledgments. Surely, surely, this is an innovation—adapted from the English—eh?

Ambigu-Comique! What a lovely name for a theatre! Mr. Toolie intends starting a new one. Let him call it “The Ambiguous Comic.” Good direction for Cabmen. But it is indeed ambiguously comic when it has such a drama as *L'Assommoir*.

TAXATION MADE EASY.

THE Chinese system of taxation includes a tax on imports, called *Li-kin*. This, originally a war-tax, has now become a source of ordinary revenue. *Li-kin* is an impost which, if Protectionist, appears to be popular. Naturally so. Every one to his *Li-kin*. So CONFUCIUS said. The Chinese tax-payer cannot dislike his *Li-kin*. What fun it would be if Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could devise a tax as agreeable for JOHN BULL! How excellent a substitute a *Li-kin* would be for Income-tax! If Mr. BULL once came to enjoy that form of *Li-kin*, paying the tribute would be at once a duty and a pleasure.

TOAST FOR A TEMPERANCE BANQUET.—“*Phylloxera and Oidium.*”

JANUARY AND MAY (NEW VERSION).

A SEASONABLE ECLOGUE.

SCENE—Out-in-the-Cold. Enter JANUARY and MAY, meeting.



January. Give you good day! Are you indeed young May?

May. I am; and you, methinks, old January.

January. Shouldn't have known you. You're not looking gay.

May. Oh, a young maiden's moods are apt to vary.

January. From smiles to tears; but you look touched with frosts.

And, bless my heart, how very blue your nose is!

May. That is no news. I know it to my cost.

North-easters will produce such ecchymosis.

January. North-easters? Well, I did not know that you

Were ever plagued by Boreas or Eurus.

May. Oh, bless you, yes; and ice, and snow, and storms too.

I feel just now as frosty as Arcturus.

January. How strange! I thought you Flora's favourite, The herald-blast of all that bland and bright is.

May. Hum! yes. But Flora's not in form, not quite; In fact she's laid up with a bad bronchitis.

January. Phœbus! how funny!

May. Do not mention him. He's cut me dead, the inconstant base deceiver!

January. Nay, do not weep; 'twill make those blue eyes dim.

May. Weep? Oh, that's influenza.

January. Or hay-fever?

Pray sniff my Alkaram.

May. Thank you so much.

January. Not quite so sweet as hawthorn-blossom, is it?

May. Pray don't allude to that. It gives me such a heart-ache. I've seen none.

January. Well, well, your visit Will wake the vernal influences.

May. Oh, I'm not quite sure at present what they are, Sir.

I fear that they are frost, and hail, and snow, Bronchitis, influenza, and catarrh, Sir.

January. Dear me! You quite surprise me! Oh, I say, You're all a-shiver! Pray put on my Ulster.

May. Thanks! that is nice! But what a garb for May! Oh, for one shaft of sun to make my pulse stir, And check my—well, my chilblains.

January. Ah, indeed, Bare feet invite them in this shocking weather.

May. But then my rôle's to trip the flowery mead, And fancy doing that in laced-up leather! What would the poets say?

January. Well, as to that, I think they've bubbled us too long already.

Flora in highlows and an oilskin hat—

May. Now, don't be dreadful! [Shows symptoms of fainting.

January (solicitously). Steady, Ma'am, pray steady! Lean on my arm. There, there! Those bards, you see, Have pictured us as typical disparities.

But I've a notion that we should agree.

You see we have so many similaritics.

May. I'm sure you are most kind. A very nice, Dear, cosy, comfortable sort of body.

January. I'm flattered. But your lips are just like ice, Let's go and have a nip of whiskey toddy!

[Exeunt together with bibulous intentions—and small blame to 'em either.

ADVANTAGEOUS EXCHANGE FOR THE VATICAN.—A New Man for an Old Hat.

PLEADERS IN THEIR OWN CAWS.—The Rooks in Gray's Inn Gardens.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



In the Lords (*Monday, May 19*), Viscount CRANBROOK informed their Lordships that he had

called out, the Law Officers advised, till a great national emergency was proclaimed by Parliament, or, in the absence of Parliament, by Order in Council. Then our linked battalions had given way at the first pull, and we found ourselves without files at home to fill up ranks abroad, and had to patch the holes with Volunteers "of sorts."

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE spoke in his usual candid but rather helpless fashion. We ought to have as many regiments abroad as at home, but we haven't—not by 15. Short service means bad seasoning. (As large interest means bad security.) We ought to have power to draw on the Reserves when we want 'em, but we haven't. We, at the Office, don't like patchwork, but we can't help ourselves. If you want a better Army, you must pay for it. But you don't like that. No more do we. We do our best. If bad's the best, what can anybody do better?

Lords LANSDOWNE, CRANBROOK, and CARDWELL spoke sensibly; admitting that things weren't as they should be, but that they weren't quite as bad as they seemed. The new system had not had a fair trial, so must not be condemned off-hand. Short Service meant young soldiers; but better young hands with the colours and old hands in the Reserves, if only we had the power to get the Reserves back to the ranks at a pinch.

"J. B. wants little force to show,
But wants that little strong."

The Lords' talk to-night was much to the purpose.

Everybody seems agreed in what direction amendment is to be tried, so let us hope improvement will come of trying.

(Commons)—Mr. MACARTNEY complained of the pelting of Protestant Mission-teachers by Roman Catholic mobs at Clifden.

Messrs. MITCHELL-HENRY, CALLAN, SULLIVAN, O'DONNELL, and Major NOLAN complained of Irish Protestant Missioners insulting Roman Catholic beliefs, and fishing for Roman Catholic children with old clothes and soup-tickets.

Mr. J. LOWTHER said Government couldn't prevent proselytising by alms—spelt with an "L." But that did not warrant persecution

received intelligence that the bases of peace with the AMIEER had been agreed upon. Cheers—and no wonder. *O si sic omnia!*

Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL was delivered of a ponderously painful argument that, under the 22nd Article of the Berlin Treaty, the Russians had stolen three months' march on England and Europe. He asked for correspondence.

Quoth Lord SALISBURY—

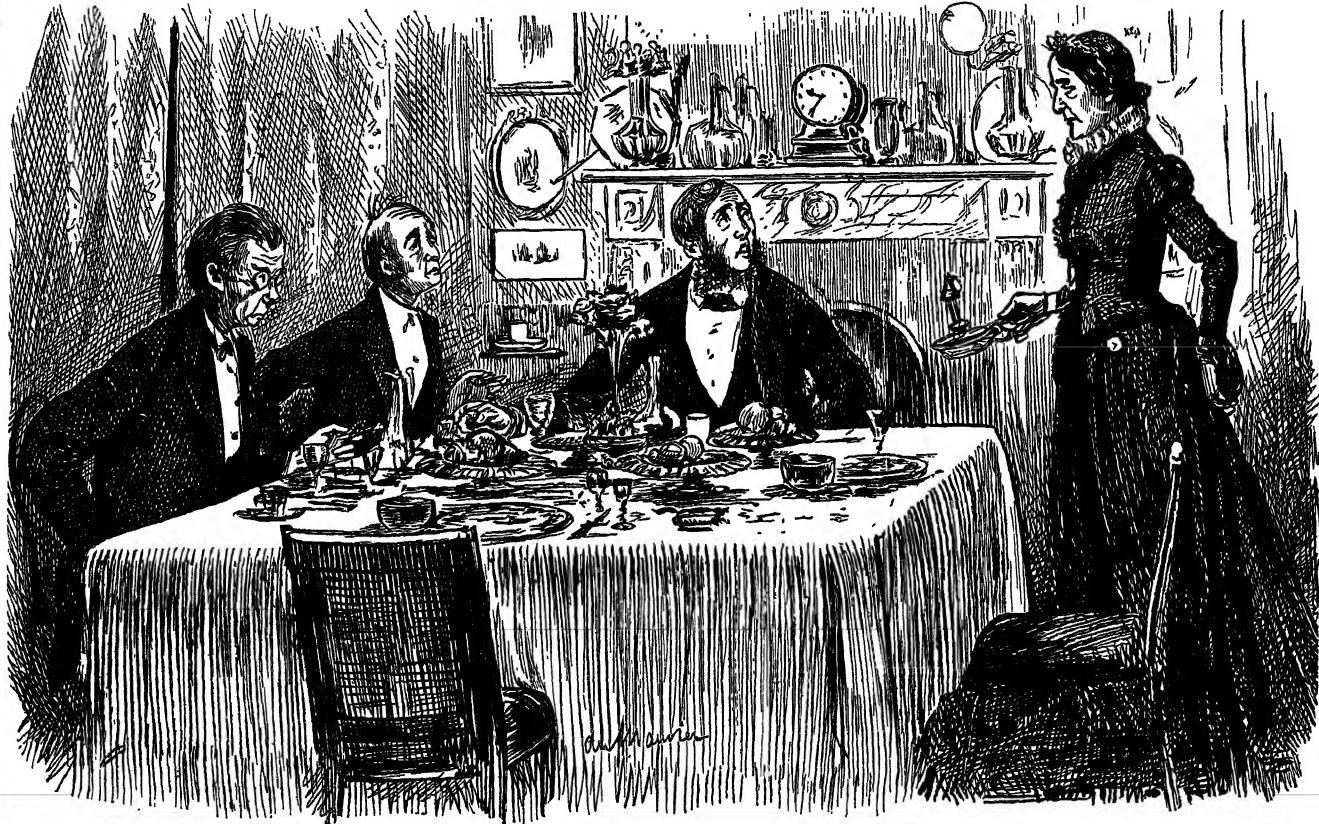
"Occupation ain't evacuation;
The Turkish roads are bad;
Lord STRATHEDEN & C. he bothers me,
And his prosing drives me mad."

As to correspondence—there was none. "Où il n'y a rien," Lord S. et C. perd ses droits."

Lord GRANVILLE thought Her Majesty's Government had done well to give Russia "a long day," though he read the 22nd Article like Lord CAMPBELL. (As did *Punch*, and ninety-nine out of every hundred who read it at all. But Treaties may be loose, and yet tight enough to secure "Peace with Honour.")

Lord TRURO very much to the point on "Our Boys"—not BYRON's play, but the British Army. Of the "force" sent to South Africa, one-third was under age, and not one non-commissioned officer over four-and-twenty. To make up even this "force," we had had to drain regiments at home, till some were bled down to 200 rank and file, and one of our most important forts was left with half-a-dozen men at their posts—like the House of Commons on an Indian Budget night. He wanted investigation, and more power to call Reserve men to the colours.

Lord BURY deprecated exaggeration, and promised inquiry. We had a Reserve of 58,000 men, all counted, but they could not be



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Jones (newly married, to his bachelor friends Brown and Robinson). "No, it's not Youth, nor Beauty, nor Wealth, nor Rank, that a sensible man should look for in a wife. It's Common Sense, united to Experience of Life; and Stedfastness of Purpose, combined with a deep though by no means unpractical sense of the fleeting nature of Human Existence on this—"

Re-enter Mrs. Jones, suddenly. "I'm sorry to disturb you, my love, but it's getting late, and you have an early appointment in town to-morrow with the Consulting Physician of the—ahem!—of that Life Insurance Company, you know."

[Taking the hint, Brown and Robinson depart, each framing a desperate resolve that he will throw himself away on the first good-looking young Heiress of Title he happens to meet.]

by arms—spelt with an "R." (Rather neat for J. L.) They meant to keep the peace, without reference to the faith of those who broke it.

Mr. NEWDEGATE raised—for the second time of raising this Session—the Ghost of Protection, under the plea of a Motion to require the assent of the House to all the Treaties affecting Finance. He argued against the Commercial Treaty with France. It was framed twenty years ago, in anticipation that commerce, all the world over, was about to dance to the tune of Reciprocity. But the world had preferred the old tune of Protection. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* Hence JOHN BULL's distresses. BISMARCK was no fool; and if he gave his voice for "Protection," the House might depend there was something in it. He hoped if we renewed the Commercial Treaty with France, it would be with France only,—no more "most favoured nation" nonsense.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON named the new Trinity of Protection,— "Prince BISMARCK, Lord BATEMAN, and MACIVER,"—and took a lively little caper over the foreign policy of the Government, to an accompaniment of "Question." He seconded Mr. NEWDEGATE, because he thought if the House had its say it would tend to keep the Government out of messes.

Mr. MACIVER blew the old Protection trumpet lustily and loud, after his wont. If trumpets could bring down the walls of the Free Trade fortress, the Member for Birkenhead might hope to be its Joshua. Luckily, lights are needed as well as trumpets.

Taking a leaf out of Sir WILFRID's jest-book, Mr. M. favoured the House with an epitaph on JOHN BRIGHT, "Estimable in all the relations of private life, he gave us sour claret cheap, and ruined the weavers of Coventry." "Abuse," he reminded the House, "is no answer"—nor (Mr. Punch would remind Mr. MACIVER), is stale sophism, a thousand times confuted, argument.

Mr. BOURKE gave the figures which show that our trade with the

Treaty countries had about doubled between 1859 to 1876, while with the non-Treaty countries, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, it had diminished. If the Treaty with France were to lapse, we should be 20 per cent. poorer all round. The more such questions were discussed in the House the better. *Punch* for once says ditto to Mr. BOURKE. "*Magna est veritas,*" Mr. MACIVER, "*et prævalebit.*" A bad lookout for Protection.

Tuesday (Lords).—Their Lordships had a little Irish row of their own—with all the usual accompaniments of that "diversion" contradictions, cross-purposes, wild hitting, and wilder countering—over Lord BELMORE's little Bill to make tenant-right pleadable in Ulster, even in cases of leasehold. The Judges had differed.

The Bill was negatived without a division, amidst general confusion—after such a lively scrimmage as my Lords seldom have the chance of.

The Duke of RUTLAND tried to "draw" Lord B. with the report of a Huddersfield manufacturers' meeting, dilating on distress, and recommending moderate import duties, those on food excepted.

LORD BEACONSFIELD repeated his "swashing blow" to Protection.

We had only twenty-two articles in our tariff. We had thirty-eight "most favoured nation" Commercial Treaties; so that anything we gave one country, we must give thirty-seven. What would be the meaning of a Protectionist tariff that excepted food? If the DUKE wanted to raise the question between Protection and Free Trade, let him do it with proper notice, and have the matter discussed, "as became one of the greatest, weightiest, and largest subjects" (*Punch* would like to know the difference between "greatest" and "largest") "which could engage their Lordships' attention."

(Commons).—In the morning, two clauses of Army Discipline Bill got through.

Mr. Hopwood, for P. A. TAYLOR, tried to put down flogging, but failed, by 259 to 56. Sense and experience are against a change



ENCOURAGING !

Farmer's Wife (after a long look). "Now, THAT 'ON'T BE ANY PLACE HEREABOUTS, I S'POSE, SIR?!"

which kindness and humanity yearn for. It can't be done—not yet, not till soldiers have in them less of the child, and less of the brute. We flog both these—as little as possible, but still we flog them. So say all who have practical knowledge of the military machine. We must keep the power of flogging the soldier—letting loose the cat as little as may be, but not putting it out of our reach.

Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY said as much. Whereat Mr. SULLIVAN was savage with him, and gave vent to some highly coloured pictures of the cat and its horrors.

Mr. DODDS called attention to the anomalies of the Probate, Legacy, and Succession Duties, and moved a Resolution to substitute a uniform duty on personal estate. Mr. BARCLAY seconded.

Mr. GREGORY, shrewd and well-experienced attorney, moved Revision, instead of Abolition; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER agreeing, the House rejected the Motion, by 131 to 59, and accepted the Amendment by 131 to 24.

Wednesday.—The O'CONNOR DON made a bold push for Second Reading of his Irish University Bill. Ireland wanted higher Education, and money to pay for it. He didn't care where the money came from, so it came. He named Church Surplus because that seemed the readiest pail to dip into. But he wasn't particular. He'd take anything he could get. Ireland had Universities, it might be said, to which Roman Catholics were free to go. But what use was that, if they wouldn't go to them?

Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL moved his Amendment, barring any sectarian application of the Irish Church Surplus. The more he studied the Bill, the less he liked it. It was a cover for the foundation of a Roman Catholic University. Irish Primary Education had become denominational. They wanted to make University Education denominational too. Let the Irish Roman Catholics rate themselves for Education, and welcome. But they wouldn't. They wanted a finger in the public purse. They shouldn't have one if he could help it.

Lord E. FITZMAURICE seconded the Amendment. What was wanted in Ireland was not what would satisfy the Roman Catholics, but what would satisfy justice. Ireland had two secular Universities, including one College with Protestant discipline, and Episcopalian services. While this continued the Roman Catholics might

fairly plead a right to a College with their own discipline and their own services. But it was such a College they had a right to, not a new University, while they had two already.

Mr. KAVANAGH said the new University would not be sectarian. The Bill asked no more than was just.

Mr. McLAREN said the Scotch Universities only get £16,000 from the public purse. If the House had given a Million out of the Church Fund last year as a sop to Irish agitators, that was no reason they should give another Million and a half now. The Bill was being hustled through the House. Scotch students and professors paid their own way; this Bill would tip Irish ones by £20, or even £30, £40, or £50. It was gross injustice, that Ireland should get more of what was gaun than Scotland.

Mr. KING HARMAN begged anybody to be brief that wanted the Bill passed instead of talked out, as he did. He believed it was a good and right measure, and would do his best to have it passed.

So said Mr. O'MOREAN, who could not find the cloven hoof of sectarianism from one end of the Bill to the other. "Ask why Irish Roman Catholics did not go to Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges? As well ask if Mahomedans did not eat pork." Ireland wanted a University. Her people contained lots of gold—in the matrix. All that was wanted was an "Alma Mater" to extract and refine it.

Mr. PLUNKET spoke effectively from his brief for T. C. D., the silent sister, who finds in him so eloquent a tongue. If they were going to touch the Irish Church Surplus, let them think of those whose surplice-fees had been so rudely curtailed. These result fees would bring £114 a year per graduate! This Bill might be better than some that had gone before it, but he wanted more time to consider it, and so did the House.

Mr. SHAW said the Irish University question must be settled, and the Bill laid down the only lines on which it could be settled.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pleaded for a longer day. The O'CONNOR DON said he wasn't particular where the money came from. He, as CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, was bound to be particular. He suggested many difficulties in details, and matters in which the Bill was open to question. They had hardly had time to ask the questions, much more answer them.

Mr. LOWE advised the O'CONNOR DON not to press Second Reading now, but was all for the Bill. The University it proposed would be very like the London University as regards government. So there would be no jobs. (Oh, ROBERT, *toi que j'aime !*) They had brought Irish Roman Catholic students to the Secular University waters, but they refused to drink. Let them give them what they wanted—a reservoir of their own. It would conciliate. That was what we all wished.

The brave DON asked Sir STAFFORD to give him a Government day.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he would if he could, but he couldn't; and so the Debate was adjourned—doubtful when to be resumed.

Thursday.—The Lords rose out of respect for Ascension Day.

(Commons).—In answer to the O'CONNOR DON, Sir STAFFORD NORCOTE reviewing the work before the House, showed that the Government had only eighteen Mondays and Thursdays at their disposal, with twenty-eight Bills to get through, and fourteen not read a Second Time! The best chance for his Bill would be to help the Government to pass theirs.

The Irish Members, Mr. SULLIVAN at their head, stormed and grumbled, but there was no help for it. "Works and Days" is as good a title for the House of Commons as for HESIOD, and only

a given amount of work can be squeezed into a certain number of days.

Then to the least injurious feature of "Injyable Injia"—its finances.

Mr. STANHOPE brought forward his Indian Budget, making the least of the deficits and the most of the revenue. He admitted that Government's balance stood three Millions and a quarter on the wrong side, and they had determined to make both ends meet, by reducing expenditure all round. Do what they would, however, they could only cut down a Million—£250,000 out of the Civil Service; £750,000 out of Public Works. As to Army they were going to inquire how much could be saved—and as to Home Charges, the only margin for saving by the SECRETARY OF STATE was £275,000. They meant further to reduce the limit of borrowing power from ten Millions to five.

Mr. FAWCETT Mr. LAING, and Mr. GLADSTONE—the biggest wigs on Indian Finance—expressed their satisfaction that the régime of economy had set in, and recommended the future of India to its saving grace.

Mr. FAWCETT withdrew his Resolutions, as superfluous, in the face of the Government admission of his allegations and its anticipation of his recommendations.

INJYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER X.

Pickles—Painting—Labels—Sketch—Fallals—Joke—No Bargain—Afternoon—Concert—Music—Muttra—Cakes—What next—Blocks—Billih—Letter—Copy—Paint—Friendship—New Portrait—Big Swell—Tippoo—Situation—Thrilling—Bad Language—Escape.

ORDERED a whole box of Injian pickles at CHILLI AND SWALLAH'S, the great Anglo-Injian pickle merchants. Friends in England can give me a few commissions for pickles, and they shall have the real thing hot and hot. CHILLI AND SWALLAH have made a fortune. Which is better—Pickles or Painting? To quote the Injian proverb, in which there is much truth, "Let who will write the labels, I'll sell the pickles." Anyhow, I would rather write "labels" than "libels." My labels will always describe exactly the article within. And my motto, "The greater the Truth the greater the Label."

Note.—Commission for CHILLI AND SWALLAH to do a pictorial advertisement for their new pickle, which is called "Our Own Par Tiklah." Here is my sketch for the label or bottle, which is quite

one of the best things in this line I've ever done. (N.B.—Orders punctually attended to.)

Bought a lot of Fallals (ornaments for young Ladies of my acquaintance) this morning at the Bazaar.

"The girls here seem to live a very Bazaar existence," I said to Old JES-WATIWANT MIBHOY, who chuckled at the *jeu de mot*. I am convinced the old humbug didn't understand it—or else was playing me false—as he wouldn't purchase and make it his own, or even hire it.

"Joke too good for me," he said, winking slyly.

"Let you have it cheap, MIBHOY," said I, ready to clinch the bargain.

"No, no," he replied, "joke too good. You keep joke all to self. No want joke me. No. Got 'nother joke—own joke. Keep it self."

And he chuckled and winked till I thought he'd have had a fit.

Afternoon.—Concert at HULLAH SHAH'S. RAYMIRA Doo sang out like LABLACHE in his best days. ZENANA SOLFA is one of the brightest sopranis I've ever heard. HULLAH SHAH got it all up himself, and directed the choir, which consisted of twenty-four choristers dressed in twenty-four sheets. There are always as many as this in HULLAH SHAH's choir. KHANIM SINGH was in excellent voice; and HULLAH BALOO SHAH, a relation of HULLAH SHAH's, came out as triumphantly as the last trump in an Injian Rubber.

The only fellow who wasn't pleased with the entertainment was MUTTRA, who sat apart, and looked as sulky as an elephant that has lost its trunk at a railway station.

After the Concert, cakes were handed round by BUNNEE SING, the Indian confectioner.

Next Day.—Visited ancient Gnutkrakkur (the City of the Shells), which is governed by an old Colonel. A most artistic spot. Everywhere about one sees huge blocks. On all of them I drew. When I had finished, BILLIH DHÔ—who is known here as "The Complete Letter-Writer," and one of the richest natives, suspected of having enriched himself through his extraordinary facility in imitating handwritings—came up and asked me "what I was going to copy next?" Of course, when he said "copy," he meant "paint" pictures, as all mine are original. But I was down on him.

"Copy!" I returned. "BILLIH DHÔ, my old boy, I'm going to copy you."

He looked suspiciously at me, and I went on:—

"Yes, I'm going to copy you, and make money."

He trembled, but, pretending to smile, asked nervously, "How?"

"How?" I repeated. "Why, by drawing."

"On these blocks?" he asked, still nervously.

"No, BILLIH, my old boy, not on these blocks, but on your bank."

He turned yellow, and almost fainted.

Ever since this, BILLIH DHÔ and myself have been on the best terms. Short reckonings establish lengthy friendships. Knowledge is power. "Vide"—as I said to BILLIH, slyly—"vide Copy-Book."

He shook.

Invited to paint old RAJAH RAL TIPPOO TOPPEE SUAR KHUSSAN SURWAGGARAH, no end of a blazing swell. He wants his portrait done for his own private collection. I found him in his palace, surrounded by his Royal Black Guards, all armed to the teeth.

I was politeness itself to the old scoundrel. I say scoundrel now, though no one will understand the justice of the appellation on seeing the portrait which is hanging up in his marble halls—an invaluable work—though a trifle injured by an accident which I am about to recount—and well worth the while of any picture-dealer, or

Art-speculator, to take a journey to RAL TIPPOO TOPPEE'S Court, and make him an offer. Here is the first sketch of—

THIS STYLE, 500 GUINEAS.

"Five hundred guinea doose large sum," observed TIPPOO TOPPEE, only he didn't say doose, but something much stronger. Doose is a very mild version indeed. In fact, to speak truth, as I can now, I never came across such a thundering, swearing, wicked old reprobate as TIPPOO TOPPEE, and be blown to him. He's got the best picture I ever painted in all my life hanging in his gallery, and exhibited at a rupee a head, while I got nothing for it, "except," as Hamlet says—"except my life, except my life, except my life."

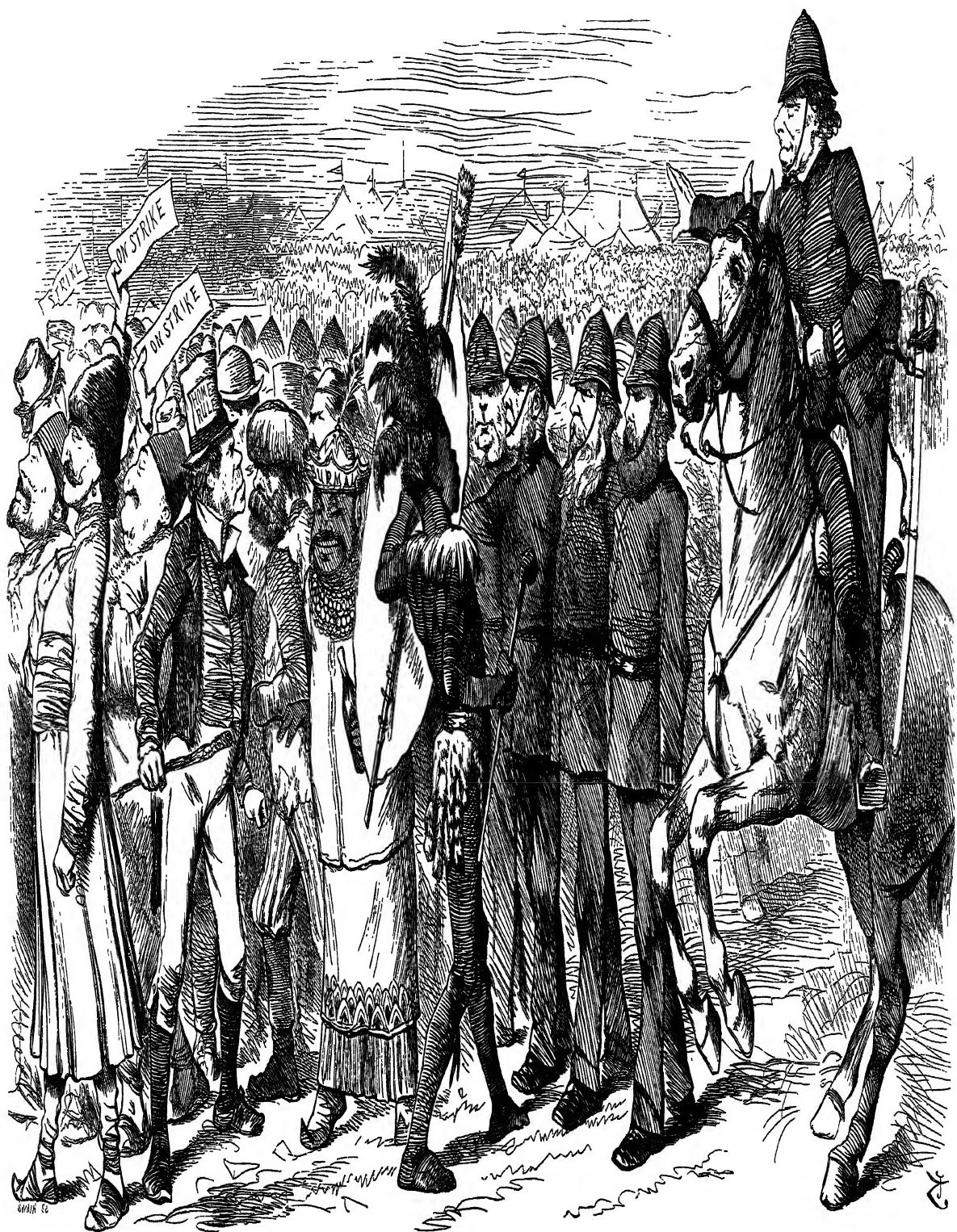
As a painting, the exhibition of that work of Art ought to make my reputation



OUR OWN PAR TIKLAH.

(N.B.—None GENUINE UNLESS IN OUR OWN RARE JAR.)





"CLEARING THE COURSE."

anywhere; but, as a likeness, I regret to say, I so far allowed my natural politeness to get the better of my veracity in Art as to paint him not only not so black as he really was—the old beast!—but actually to represent him as a gentlemanly creature in evening dress, and *décoré*, instead of being a half-clothed, under-bred, vulgar savage, with no more *décoré* about him than decorum. I give a graphic illustration, which tells its own story.

"Five hundred guinea doose large sum," he repeated.

"No," I replied; "not for such a picture."

"You pay me sittee?" he asked.

I was up to him, the old rogue.

"I couldn't think of insulting the great Rajah TIPPOO TOPPEE—the tall palm among all tall trees—by treating him as a model."

At this rejoinder he started up.

"Make ready! Present!" he shrieked to the hundred blackguards. With one action up went a hundred muskets. I was surrounded. The word to "fire!" was not yet given. There was yet time.

"Capital!" I exclaimed, pretending to be immensely pleased with the manoeuvre, though my life hung on a thread; and with the *sang froid* for which I am distinguished, I wheeled about, and saluted in true Volunteer and artistic fashion. There is some one belonging to the Old Maidenly Reserves, whose motto is "Ready, aye ready!" And long may it be so—until we're wanted!

TIPPOO TOPPEE saw the effect my military demeanour had on the troops, and proceeded to address me.

"You think TIPPOO TOPPEE no jam well"—(I substitute "jam" for the word which he really used)—"You think TIPPOO TOPPEE no jam model of a Rajah. You jam fool, Sar! You tell jam lie! Tell black jam truth, or Guards go jam bang-bang, and then jolly old jam painter jam well done for."

I surrendered at discretion.

TIPPOO TOPPEE not unkind to fool of Painter. TIPPOO TOPPEE sitty man. TIPPOO know value of him jam time. Painter charge five hundred guineas for picture. Model TIPPOO charge five thousand to Painter. Painter pay difference, or Guards shoot Painter; and TIPPOO sitty man keep picture as memory of jam sad fate of Painter."

"Rajah TIPPOO TOPPEE," I said, with all that *suaviter in modo* which I so well know on occasion how to use—"Rajah TIPPOO,



À FORTIORI.

Philistine Father. "WHY THE DICKENS DON'T YOU PAINT SOMETHING LIKE FRITH'S 'DERBY DAY'—SOMETHING EVERYBODY CAN UNDERSTAND, AND SOMEBODY BUY?"

Young Genius. "EVERYBODY UNDERSTAND, INDEED! ART IS FOR THE FEW, FATHER, AND THE HIGHER THE ART, OF COURSE THE FEWER THE FEW. THE HIGHEST ART OF ALL IS FOR ONE. THAT ART IS MINE. THAT ONE IS—MYSELF!"

Fond Mamma. "THERE SPEAKS MY OWN BRAVE BOY!"

what a noble, splendid, gorgeous, kind, beneficent, delightful, powerful monarch is Rajah TIPPOO TOPPEE, and send everyone from everywhere to see this picture."

"TIPPOO jam please. Paint jam picture, and hold jam tongue."

But the Guards had not received their commands to carry arms, and the old reprobate himself was armed with a double-barrelled gun; and I confess that, spite of all my British pluck, the way he handled the weapon, sighting it in a line with the back of my head, and then aiming it at different parts of my anatomy, did cause my hand to shake a little occasionally. But I held on. I polished him off, under pressure, in three hours, and then I left him, admiring himself like a sardine preserved in oil.

While he was intent on the picture, I stole out. Not one of the Guards dared move. Indeed, having been for two hours in this strained position, presenting arms, they had become as stiff as wax-work figures; and as old TIPPOO TOPPEE's gun had long since dropped from his hands, there was nothing to fear. I must tell the sequel.

The wretched old dog, thinking I was still in the room, and forgetting that his soldiers formed three sides of a square, two of which were pointing at each other, and the third at himself, suddenly called out, "Fire!"

His voice restored their energy. Obedience with them was a first duty. They fired. The picture was riddled through, and poor TIPPOO TOPPEE got two or three nasty ones—*stingahs*, as they call them here, which made him jump up in the air, and turn round several times before he sat down again.

The other Guards, thinking they were all dead men, tumbled down, but finding that they could move with perfect ease, they arrived at the conclusion—which was corroborated on surgical examination—that they had not been wounded. *The bullets were all found in their turbans.*

TIPPOO TOPPEE was in bed for a fortnight; and, I am informed, made constant use of the word "jam." I fear the lesson has not done him any real good.



THIS IS MY PRIVATE DIARY SKETCH OF TIPPOO TOPPEE, AND EXACTLY LIKE.

you shall have the picture for nothing. It shall be yours to do what you like with. And I will go everywhere, telling the world

THE HORSE ON THE HILL.



As by SINON's guile and the folly of Ilion together,
Once the colossal charger of wood, as a gift to Athene,
Into the walls of Troy was dragged by hands suicidal,
Filled full of warriors furnished for fire and armed for
destruction—
See in the month of May—Meeting the Horse of the Derby,
destructive,
Into Philistia's fortress, suburban Proprietary's stronghold,
Dragged with its lading of luncheons, than warriors
mightier for mischief—
Lobster, and Mayonnaise, Foie-Gras, and Cold Lamb
with its Salad,



AN UNFORESEEN MATRIMONIAL CONTINGENCY.

Angelina. "DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO WONDERFUL AS THE LIKENESS BETWEEN OLD MR. AND MRS. BELLAMY, EDWIN? ONE WOULD THINK THEY WERE BROTHER AND SISTER, INSTEAD OF HUSBAND AND WIFE!"

Edwin. "MARRIED PEOPLE ALWAYS GROW LIKE EACH OTHER IN TIME, DARLING. IT'S VERY TOUCHING AND BEAUTIFUL TO BEHOLD!"

Angelina (not without anxiety). "DEAR ME! AND IS IT INVARIABLY THE CASE, MY LOVE?"

Pommery sec, Ruinart, Perrier Jouet, and Moet and Chandon,
Issuing forth in their might to lay the proprieties prostrate,
Flooring the Snob and the Swell, with the Rough, and the Cad, and
the Coster,
Up on the Hill, by the Ropes, in the Furzes—both gentle and simple,
All, in the largeness of luncheon, o'er-eaten, o'er-drunk, together.

"CLEARING THE COURSE."

"CLEAR it?" By Jove, 'tis a pretty stiff task,
And one that some time and much patience will ask.

Head-Constable DIZZY

Is knowing and busy,

And the men at his orders are fussy and fizzy,
And the big force behind them is sturdy and strong;
But was e'er such a rough and recalcitrant throng,
So motley a mob, or so much in the way,
As cumbers the course upon *this* Derby Day?

"Now, then, you in the fur cap, 'twere well you stood back;
And you feathered and cow-tailed Zulu, big and brown,
Clear out like a shot, or the staff shall come down,
And teach you to tread on the Constable's toes,
And the sernied array of BEN's Bobbies oppose.

Move on! Clear the Course!"—

But the strength of "The Force,"

Will be taxed to the utmost of footman and horse
By this crowd of obstructives—a regular block!
From workman in fustian, to yokel in smock,—
Prompt to strike and to chivey, that pair, if close pressed!—
And the troublesome Turk, who inertia likes best,
What shall make *him* move on? And PAT, ragged in rig,
As perverse as his country's proverbial pig;
And the Muscovite dodger, as stolid as sly;
And the bothering Bulgar, and Greek with an eye

To possible pickings; and ISMAIL, all oil,
Yet purposing not to be spoiled, but to spoil;
And rowdy Roumelian, and starving Hindoo!—
A precious tough job for that cohort in blue!
It would seem we'd the riffs of three Continents mustered
To-day on the Course, and so crowded and clustered,
That clearing the way for the race of the year
Is a task at which Hercules well might look queer.

But the race must be run;!
And a way must be won.
By hook or by crook, half by force, half in fun.
There's the big Derby horse that changed stables—will he
Run at all? In new colours? Be backed?—We shall see!
There are screws in the field, roarers touched in the wind,
And some, it may be, to whom faiths are now pinned,
Pretty safe to break down ere the winning post's gained.
Though backed at long prices and carefully trained.
Meanwhile there's the Course to be cleared! They must do it,
Bobby BEN, and his men. Let us wish them well through it!

Natural Allies.

We understand that Lord BEACONSFIELD has handed the Archbishop of CANTERBURY a handsome cheque towards the collection to defray the Rev. Mr. HORSLEY's costs. His Lordship remarked to His Grace that he admired the man who had shut up *one* Argyll at least, and only wished he could shut up the other.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

PUNCH finds that in his Essence he has proposed a new name for the British Army—*Our Boys*. He should have remembered one difference—*Our Boys* ran; the British Army don't.



"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Old Woman (of the ancient Faith, dropping on her knees). "OH, YER RIV'RENCE, GI' ME A BLESSIN'!"

Ritualistic Curate. "AUGH—MY GOOD WOMAN, YOU MISTAKE. I'M—AH—NOT OF YOUR CHURCH!"

Old Woman. "MUSHA, THIN BAD LUCK T' YE FOR A DECAIVER!!"

[Shuffles off in great wrath.

A RIDDLE FOR THE RACES.

WHAT Horse is he that never stood in loose-box or in stall ;
The Horse that ne'er was fed on hay, to oats or beans did fall ;
The Horse that always answers to the whip, and ne'er says "Neigh;"
The Horse that without saddle or bridle steers his way ?

The Horse whose points and paces no cad e'er yet found out ;
The Horse that's unapproachable by tipster and by tout ;
The Horse faint or for whom the odds ne'er Turfite gave nor took ;
The Horse that ne'er lent sporting scribe a lift towards his book ?

The Horse that wants dumb-jockeying, but needs nor whip nor spur ;
The Horse that's always in the way, yet ever swift to stir ;
The Horse that ne'er could win the Oaks, nor the Turf's blue riband wear ;
The Horse that helps to make mare's nests, but never is a mare ?

The Horse that never makes a noise, that glanders cannot kill ;
The Horse that never said his prayers, for whom Vet. ne'er drew bill ;
The Horse that hath not on all-fours the wherewithal to go—
What Horse is he? The Bicycle? The Locomotive? No.

Cudgel thy brains no more to guess the name of that dark prod ;
But when thou'rt asked that question next, reply, "His name is Fad."

He's the Horse that men call Hobby-Horse, and most men have their own :
Ride yours, and I'll ride mine, and each the other leave alone.

ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG, PRINCE OF BULGARIA (*to judge by his Photos*).—A nice young man for a nasty Diplomatic Party.

DAN KEARNEY.

(*A Californian Adaptation.*)

OH, did you ne'er hear of DAN KEARNEY,
Frisco's roughs who has led with his blarney,
California's crown

Till they've set, upside down,
On the beautiful brow of DAN KEARNEY!

While Respectables thought he was dreaming,
And pooh-poohed all his Socialist screaming,
They find they were crazy
To take it so aisy,
Now they're under the hoof of DAN KEARNEY !

He's all for the Poor, is DAN KEARNEY,
For the Rich—they may kick or may carney ;
They must fork out their tin,
And be thankful to win
Lave to live 'neath the rule of DAN KEARNEY !

Though they thought his red nose looked so simple,
There was mischief in every pimple ;
So now bottom's a-top,
And the Rich may shut shop,
In the illigant realm of DAN KEARNEY !

THE HORSE FOR A SWEEP.

If you plaze, Mr. Punch, affoord me lave to pint out that amung the Hosses enter'd to run fur the Derby, there's one wi' the zummut strikun, and purticulary plezzunt neam o' Zut. Sharf and swate. I daresay you ned know why they crissun'd un Zut. I dwoon't, nor it what colour he's of, but if black, s'pose a wus called Zut praps along o' that. 'Cause why the sayun is "As black as Zut." Therefor, if so be as how Zut's a black un, Zut stands to razon. In that case I should say Zut ned be looked upon as an ixample o' that there "Dark Hoss" you so often rades about in the "Prophets." With which except the dooty of, Zur,

Your most obagiunt Sarvunt to command,
MATHER WAY.

P.S.—Zut! In the old days, when there wus witchcraft in the land, 'oodn't a Zut'a ben the sart o' Hoss for a old 'ooman to come ridun upon down the chimley'stead of a broomstick ?

PACHYDERMATOUS PEOPLE.—Parties in Pig-skin.

A DUEL DANS DEUX FAUTEUILS.

THERE is a fierce fight raging in the French Academy over and between M. EDOUARD OLLIVIER and M. HENRI MARTIN. M. MARTIN succeeds M. THIERS as one of the forty, and makes an opportunity to attack the Empire in his ex-officio panegyric of his predecessor, the great reviver and consolidator of the Imperial Legend.

M. OLLIVIER, in his ex-officio reply, makes occasion to attack M. THIERS for not stepping forward to preserve the Empire after it had thrown over M. OLLIVIER—the most ill-used of Imperial scapegoats. Viewed through English spectacles, and considering the relations of the parties and persons at war, the conflict, if it must include one of the MARTIN family, would seem rather to suggest Madame BETTY than Monsieur HENRI as one of its combatants.

A Happy Return.

PUNCH's prayer to the Durham Miners was, "Strike, but hear me!" They have heard him, at last, and have run down—i.e., ceased striking. He begs to congratulate them on their return to reason—the reason even of the strongest, who, strong as they may be, are yet not strong enough to stand more than a very few weeks' knocking of their heads against a wall.

NOT UNLIKELY.—Large shoals of porpoises have been seen disporting themselves in the Mersey last week. It was supposed they had run in for Protection—at the invitation of the Honourable Member for Birkenhead.

THE NOSE FOR THE TURF.—The one with what looks like "a straight tip," but is a crooked one.



DERBY DAY. (TIME, 11 A.M.)

Swell, from Coach (log). "Now, my man, you must look sharp, or you'll see nothing of the race!"
Coster. "Who are you a-talking to, Mr. Crutch and Toothpick? How do you know but what I hain't a-going to the hoaks?"

SCIENTIA DOCET.

(Not a doubt of it.)

SCENE — Smoking-Room. Enthusiasts discovered discussing recent Treaty.

First Enthusiast. I think it's quite the biggest thing Dizzy has done. We have got everything we wanted, and India is safe for a hundred years.

Second Enthusiast (struck with the idea). Ah! I shouldn't wonder. (Refers to evening paper.) Yes, I see we've got the Khurum, Pishin, and Sibi Valleys, and control of the Khyber and Michni. I haven't looked at the map, but that sounds strong.

Third Enthusiast. Strong! I should think so. Why, we are to have an agent at Cabul, and he'll be able to wire to Simla in five minutes. Why, if a hundred thousand Russians suddenly turned up at Herat, we should know it at Bayswater same evening. Look at that!

First Enthusiast. Splendid! I'll tell you what it's done for Russia. It's given her her quietus. No intervening four hundred miles now. If she's quarrelsome, why there she is right alongside of us.

Second Enthusiast. Just so. And Article III. stipulates —

"That the foreign affairs of the AMEEF shall be conducted under



SYMPTOMS OF A BANK HOLIDAY.

British advice, and that the AMEEF shall be supported by the British Government against foreign aggression."

I like the ring of that.

First Enthusiast. Rather! It will give LYXTON a chance if he knows what he's about. The whole thing's been managed admirably.

Third Enthusiast. Yes. And look at the cost. A mere nothing. Two or three millions down, and a trifling subsidy of sixty thousand a year.

Second Enthusiast. Is that all? Mere child's play. What's a squeeze more or less of that kind out of a rich country like India?

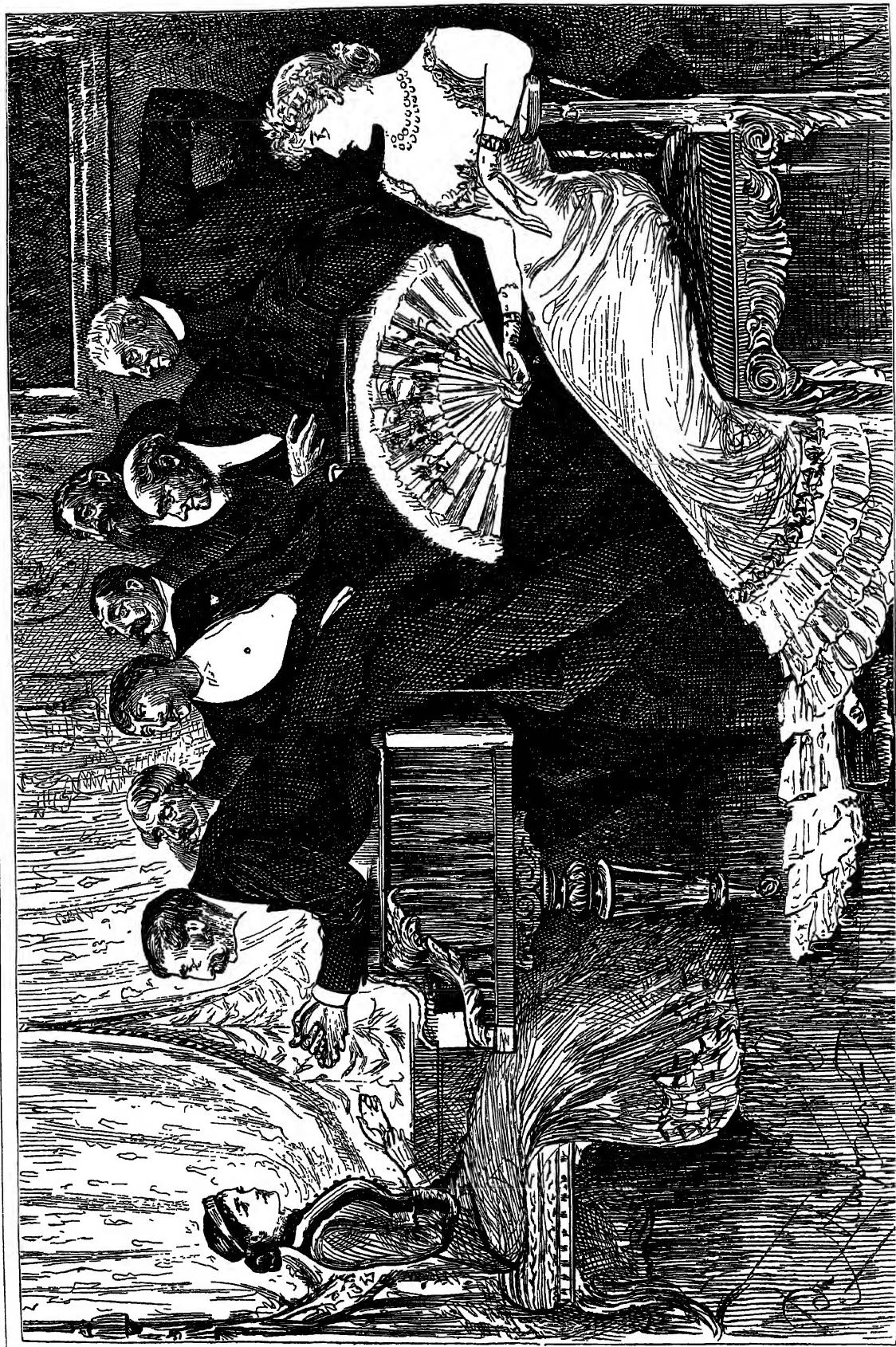
First Enthusiast. Quite so. Well, Dizzy promised us a Scientific Frontier, and, by Jove, he's got it. He's a wonderful fellow.

[Left crowing.]

SOMETHING LIKE A FAMILY MAN.

We learn from one of our contemporaries that JOHN DUNN has no fewer than seventeen Zulu wives, and "a corresponding number of children." Whatever that may be in precise figures, it is clear that this Gentleman must have added a large increment to the already numerous family of the "Dunn Browns."

THE SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.— More Plague than Prophet.

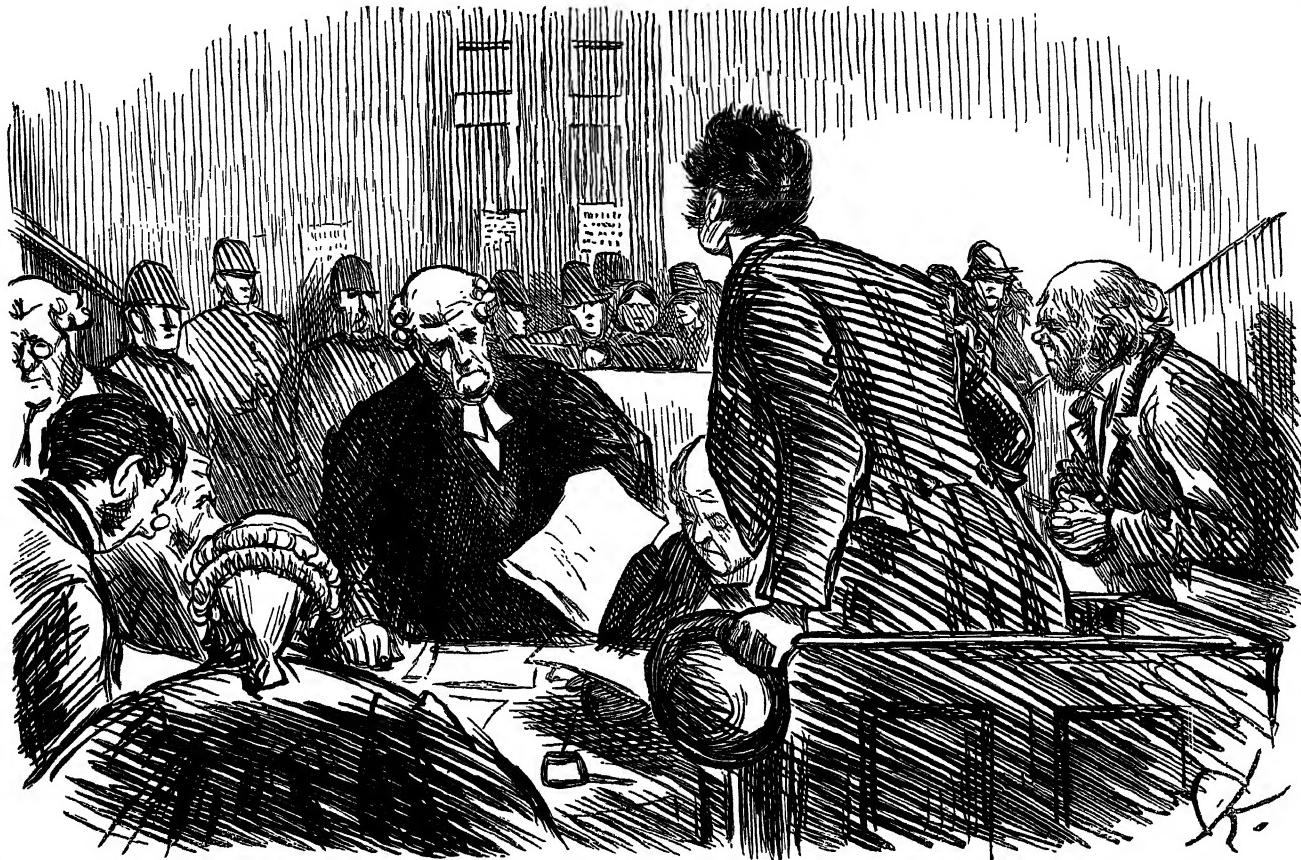


TWO THRONES.

Wit, Wisdom, Strength, and Valour meet
(The Bard amongst them), at thy feet
To kisse in longage, as of old;
Yet turn a rival Queen to gree,
Whose crown is of a purer gold !

And what arraill thy gilded crest,
The silver shunner of thy breast,
The Glories of thy painted wing,
If, yielding to the Bard's behest,
The Nightingale vouchsafed to sing !

Oh! Beauty, peerless as thou art,
And wide thy range, and keen thy dart
And meek the captives of thy bow,
Iron-stout beats the manly heart—
The peasant Bard's extremely so !



‘CIRCUMSTANTIAL.’

Counsel for the Prisoner. “AND YOU TELL ME, SIR, YOU SAW THAT BLIND, HELPLESS FIDDLER KICK THE PROSECUTOR ON THE HEAD ALONG WITH HIS OTHER ASSAILANTS?”

Witness. “I DID, SURR! IN THE THICK O’ THE SHINDY, I SEEN THE OULD VAGABONE A-FEELIN’ ROUND AN’ ROUND THAT HONEST POOR MAN DOWN ON THE FLEWER TILL HE’D FOUND A VACANCY, WHIN HE UPS WID HIS FUT AN’ LITS FLY, THE DIVIL’S OWN SHOE-FULL OLANE INTO THE CENTRE OV’T!!!”

PUNCH, INTRODUCER OF AMBASSADORS,
SHOWS IN “LA SOCIÉTÉ DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.”

“The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, pastoral”—

YES, see them in *Phèdre*, *Tartuffe*, and *L’Ami Fritz*, and then say if “the immortal” is not down on it, as usual.

First, Monsieur PERRYON, Administrateur de la Comédie Française. And you, Les Sociétaires,

Messieurs GOT and MAUBANT and DELAUNAY, COQUELIN Ainé and Cadet, FÈBVRE and THIRON and MOUNET-SULLY, LAROCHE and BARRE and WORMS;

And you, the better half of the Comédie,

Mesdames MADELEINE BROHAN and FAVART and JOUASSAIN, RIQUER and PROVOST-PONSIN, DINAH-FELIX and REICHENBERG, CROISETTE and SARAH-BERHARDT, BARRETTA and BROISAT and SAMARY;

And you, Messieurs et Mesdames les Pensionnaires, who look to step into their shoes, inherit their parts, and equal their reputations, how could you all be more auspiciously presented to the British public than under the wing of *Punch* and the “Immortal WILLIAM?”

Punch is proud to play Polonius for you.

The Sage of Fleet Street takes off his cap and bells to introduce the House of MOLTIÈRE to the Home of SHAKSPEARE.

Happily for us, the House of MOLTIÈRE is to be, for the next six weeks, in the hands of the restorers, cleaners, and decorators. If this rather “eclipses the Gaiety of Nations” in Paris, it illuminates, better even than the Electric Light, the Gaiety of Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD in the Strand.

It brings within his doors, and those of the British public, for thirty-six evenings and six mornings, the pick of the performances of the best company of Actors in the world.

Polonius did not say a word too much for them.

This is the only “company” of actors that really has a right to the name. Others so-called, are not “companies,” but conglomerates.

This is a “Society” of artists, with a past as well as a present,

and a future assured by their present and past; with archives and traditions of glory and of art; art that runs back three centuries, traditions transmitted without a break from the days of the *Grand Monarque*, glory accumulated by an uninterrupted succession of famous players all proud to be associated with the House of MOLTIÈRE.

It is this unbroken chain of memories and traditions; this stability in a land where so many things are unstable; this inheritance of famous names and great resources; this constitution planned by Louis the Great and revised by the Great NAPOLEON, which assures modest competence in life as the reward of good service; that admirable school of the Conservatoire which shapes raw material into actors and actresses before they are allowed to present themselves on the boards, instead of leaving them to learn their art under the eye, and at the expense, of the public,—it is all these together that have given to the “Society” of the Comédie Française a sense of respect for themselves and their art, of a common dignity to support, and a common reputation to maintain, of ties of fellowship, obligations to mutual sacrifice and postponement of self-assertion to artistic completeness, utterly impossible in bodies of actors like ours, brought together and scattered by the breath of caprice or the whiff of speculation, blown about by the wind of popular favour, engaged for the run of a piece, or, at longest, for the space of a season, looking to popularity as the sole source of profit, scampering all the world over for gain, usually hurried in the preparation of their work, and unfinished in its execution, without any of the unity that only long fellow-working can give, or of that respect for art which it requires an atmosphere of art to keep alive.

In one word, the Company of the Théâtre Français is a *Society*; the companies of most of our theatres are accidental and brief assemblages of actors and actresses.

Let us all make the best of our present chance of studying the finished and refined art of this Society while it is amongst us. And if it sets the wiser heads of the B. P. thinking that all is *not* for the best in the British theatre; that we might—if we cannot have our own House of SHAKSPEARE, founded, say, by good Queen BESS, revised by

GEORGE THE THIRD, and so made to reflect at once British glory and British Philistinism, in due proportions—if we cannot improvise a past of high traditions, and a chain of proud associations, or build up, in a day, or a generation, a system which should lift the theatre above the whirligig whims of the moment, and set it on a foundation more solid than the quicksand of popular taste—we may, at least, watch the working of a system which does all this, till we learn to wish for something better than what *Laissez faire*, and Supply and Demand, the Tendencies of the times and the Commercial spirit, have brought us by way of a theatrical art.

Per contrâ. While taking account of all the *Maison de Molière*

INJYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER XI., AND LAST.

Beginning of the End—Sport—Jungle—Arree—Joke—Roar—Lairs—Quit—Tiger—Cab—Home—Homer—Time—Pleasure—Delight—Sorrow—Will he return?—Departure—Adieu—Questions—Reply—Advertisement—Publishers—Marked—Hindoo—Business—Injia Character—Ignorance—Perish—Gull—Mogul—Morality—Bayard—Enjoyment—European—Tartarean—Tag—Tableau—Curtain—Blue Fire.



TUESDAY.—SHEIK ARREE called this morning. Would I go out for a walk with him? Yes, certainly. As an inducement, he offered to show me the lions. I thought he meant the "lions" of the town. Not a bit. SHEIK ARREE is a sporting cuss, and we strolled out towards the jungle.

10 A.M.—In the jungle. Jolly place. No tigers or lions. Don't believe all these travellers' tales.

"You no fear?" asked SHEIK ARREE.

"What, I!" I exclaimed. "I'd like to see myself afraid. No jolly fears!"

"All right!" replied SHEIK ARREE.

"Besides," I added, just to flatter him, and give him a taste of my fine sparkling complimentary wit, not too dry, but with a fair amount of sugar—"besides, how could I be afraid when I came out armed?"

"Armed!" he cried. "You! armed!"

"Yes, certainly," I returned. "Don't I come out with you? And aren't you a Great Gun?"

That joke nearly cost me my life. It set the Lions in a roar!

The whole jungle was up in an up-roar! I had roused the sleeping lions. Fortunately, they only roared at the joke. But if I had not had the presence of mind to hold my tongue, I believe they would have been out of their lairs, and would have torn me to pieces, not out of anger—*au contraire*—but for the same reason that the boy killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, just to see if there were any more where that sidesplitter came from.



has to show us, let us not forget that the English Theatre is the House of SHAKSPEARE; that we can boast, in uninterrupted succession, from his time downwards, a drama as much greater and richer than that of France, as the actors and art of their Théâtre Française are beyond anything our stage can show. And, in lamenting over the results of scratch stage-packs and random theatrical arrangements, let us pay due honour to the Managers already at work among us, who have shown London that shifting companies, and slap-dash rehearsals, slovenly stage management, and reckless casts, are not inseparable from even our unorganised and unsubsidised English Theatre.

10:30 A.M.—Quitted the jungle. Said farewell to SHEIK ARREE. Should like to get a small Bengal tiger, and start the cabriolet fashion again next season. They are cheap to feed, living chiefly on Bengal lights. Begin to think of going home. I feel more like Home every day. I don't mean the spiritualist, but the place. No; I'm more the antique Greek poet than the modern Medium. And why? Because I feel Homer-and-Homer every day.

The time has come for my return. Everybody seems delighted.

Say what you will about Injia not being a place of exile, there is something very pleasant about the notion of "going home!" I fancy the notion is jollier than the reality. When I return Home, who will rush to meet me?

Who run to meet me on the shore?
Who crowd my steps, and guard my door?
Who long to see my face once more?

My Tradesmen.

When I said I was "going home," I can hardly repeat the innumerable congratulations that were hourly showered upon me.

Farewell fêtes would have been got up in my honour to bid me good-bye, and hundreds came into the town from day to day in order to catch a sight of me when I stepped on board the good ship. The hoorahs still resound in my ears. The attentions I received were really too much even for me.

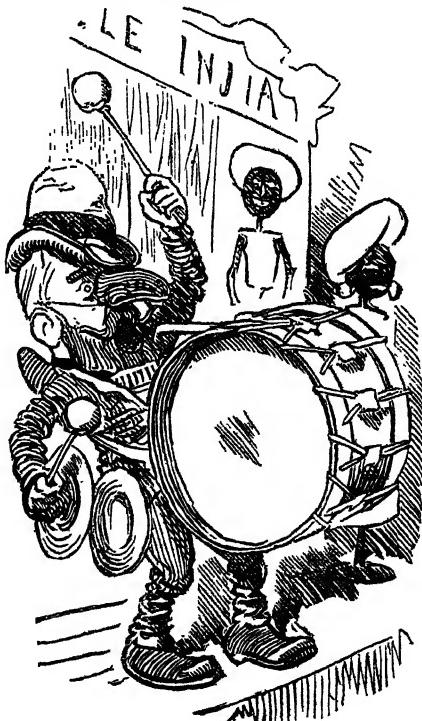
One took my umbrella, another my bags, another my hat, and as I let them take everything for me on board, I was careful to observe that they might also take my ticket for me.

This was done by subscription. There was a large surplus, which amply satisfied my hotel bill.

"Was I ever likely to return?" was the question perpetually asked of me. "If so—when?"

I was importuned to name the day of my coming back, but I couldn't. And when I informed them that in all probability I should never return, their emotion knew no bounds—or rather I should say it knew a lot of bounds, as they jumped for joy, being (as was explained to me afterwards) under a misapprehension as to what I had really said.

Their adieux were most hearty.



HOW DO YOU LIKE INJIA? WALK UP!
WALK UP!

"Well, and how did you like Injia?" The first reply that rises to one's lips after this question has been put to me about five hundred times by five hundred jolly stupid people, not one of whom will care the next minute whether I liked Injia, or not—I say, the first reply, very naturally, is

"What's that to you?"

But, on consideration, there are certain interests to be considered—those of the author (myself), and of the too fortunate publisher of my immortal work; so I frame my reply, as an advertisement, on the old and invaluable model of "Do you want luxuriant hair and



THE NEW DRIVER!!

(GETTING THEM OUT OF THE MESS!)

"whiskers?" "Parlez-vous français?" "Do you beat your carpets?" "Why give more?" &c., &c. And I answer—"How do I like Injia?" Many to whom this question is put would be unable to give any satisfactory information, from the fact of their not having as yet secured a copy of *Injiable Injia*, illustrated with some of the finest engravings ever produced, and published in one unique volume by Messrs. JOLLICHAP, MANANALL & Co., Hall Marked (none genuine without this), for the small sum of—well, for far less than its actual value."

Of course I look forward to giving a lecture on Injia, with a panorama. Open to an offer. I have got some first-rate Injian stories, taken from various sources, chiefly TOMMI DOD's *Injian Peerage*, which I intend to submit to the public; though I fear I may be put down as a prig by those who have either read these tales before, or written them themselves, or become acquainted with them in some other way.

In business the Hindoo and Parsee are first-raters. You can't outdo a Hindoo. There's no Doo anywhere like a Hindoo. A Cockney cheat of a landlord, who speaks of his Inn as a "Hinn," may be a greater Hinn-doo than the real Injian Hindoo, but I question it. And as for work—my!—they are Hindoostrious!

As for the Parsee, their own poet has said—

"Who can as far see
As any good Parsee?"

And in any ordinary matter of business, like the correct change of a sovereign, or passing off a florin for half-a-crown, or a bright new farthing for a gold piece, you cannot easily beat either a Hindoo, or a Parsee.

Yet in all Injians I have noticed a singular and childish unthoroughness—a deficiency, without which the less crafty European—I am speaking solely from my own experience—would not have a chance. Neither Hindoo, Parsee, nor Mahomedan has yet learned the mystery of the Tossing Shilling and the Lucky Sixpence—and I am not going to tell them. As long as the Englishman has this advantage, let him keep it. Once let Hindoo, Parsee, or Mussulman learn the trick of the Lucky Sixpence, and—perish Injia!

Intricate dodges—springs, hooks, cards up the sleeve—and all

kinds of *mécanique*, they do not rest until they have discovered. But such a transparent trick as that of the Three Cards, or the little Pea under the Thimble, or, as I have said before, the Tossing Shilling, the Lucky Sixpence, and the Confidence Trick—these are, and ever will be, a little fortune to their practisers, as long as the Injian retains the same childish cunning, and the infantine suspicious nature that at present characterises him. The Hindoo has before now done the Great Mogul himself, but then the Great Mogul is renowned for his Mogulibility.

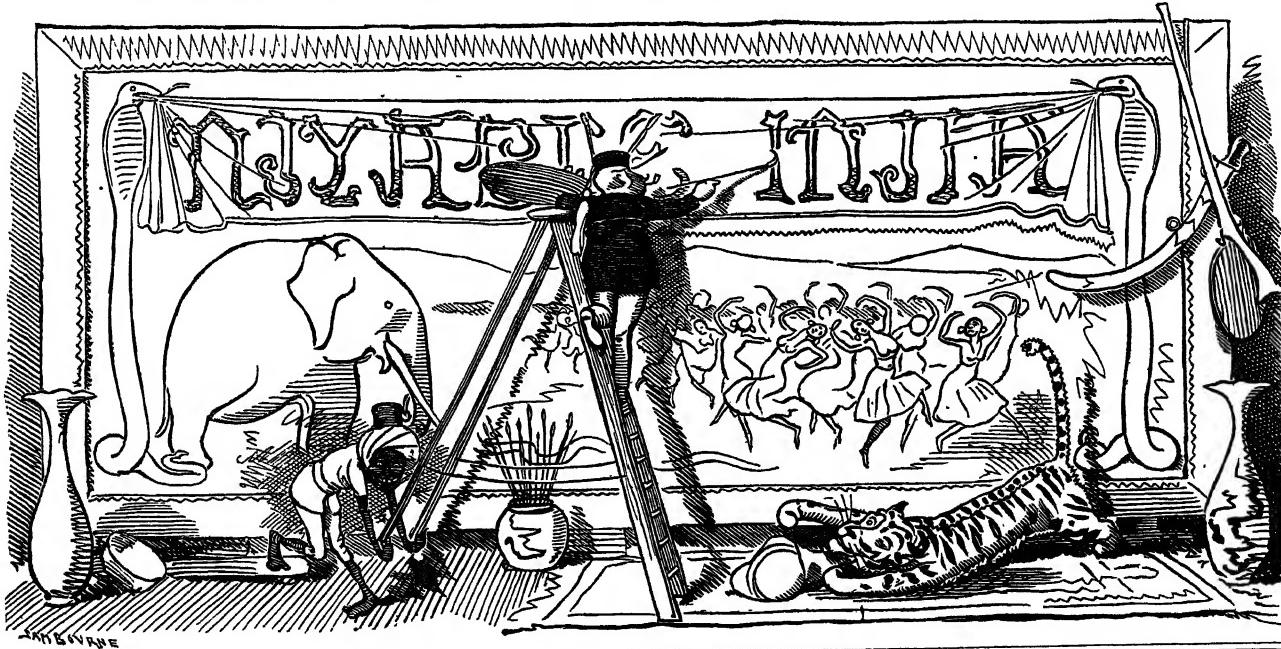
As to morality—well, I, personally, am a *BAYARD sans peur et sans reproche*; a *BAYARD* who would not be enticed by a *Bayardère*; but, if I were not, I fancy I should not have learnt morality in *Injiable Injia*. I don't say they profess to teach it, and therefore perhaps it is scarcely fair of me to say I should not have been a satisfactory scholar.

O tempora! O mores! "O temples! O more ease!" This sums up the religion and morality of *Injiable Injia*.

But the European Christian must remember the overpowering heat of the climate, for which he has but one Tartarean and Plutonic smile, and you can't expect much morality in *that* quarter. It's a sad state of things, and arises from the thin end of the wedge having been admitted years ago. Give them them their jolly inch, and they'll soon take their "merry ell."

Injia is a rummy sort of place, not bad, rather jolly than not, and, when you come to know it, a good deal like Kensington, with an occasional touch of Greenwich, Leicester Square, Cheapside, Rotten Row, and the Thames at Woolwich. I can assure my brother artists that Injia is well worth a visit. Let them all go in a body, and stop there for some years. In the meantime let them contentedly leave English Art in my hands. I'll undertake all commissions in their absence.

Should they prefer staying at home—and if they do, I'm astonished at them, and blush for them—then I will return to Injia. But if I have only induced all my brother artists, including Professor HART, to go out as one man, and remain in Injia, I shall indeed be rewarded for many a toilsome journey, for many discomforts, for many narrow escapes throughout the length and breadth (33 x 14 for a picture) of



William Lloyd Garrison.

Born in Massachusetts, December 12, 1804.

LIVED TO FREE THE SLAVE, AND TO SEE HIM FREED.

Died in New York, May 24, 1879.

TRUE heart and fearless—Freedom's foes that braved,
On Freedom's friends when fiercest down they bore—
Farewell! The citadel of Freedom saved,
What matter if its GARRISON's no more?

HONOUR EARNED BY TRIUMPH.

A DERBY-TIP, prophetic for Sir GARNET—"After Palmbearer came Visconti."—*Bulletin of the Derby*, 1879.

Two W's of War.

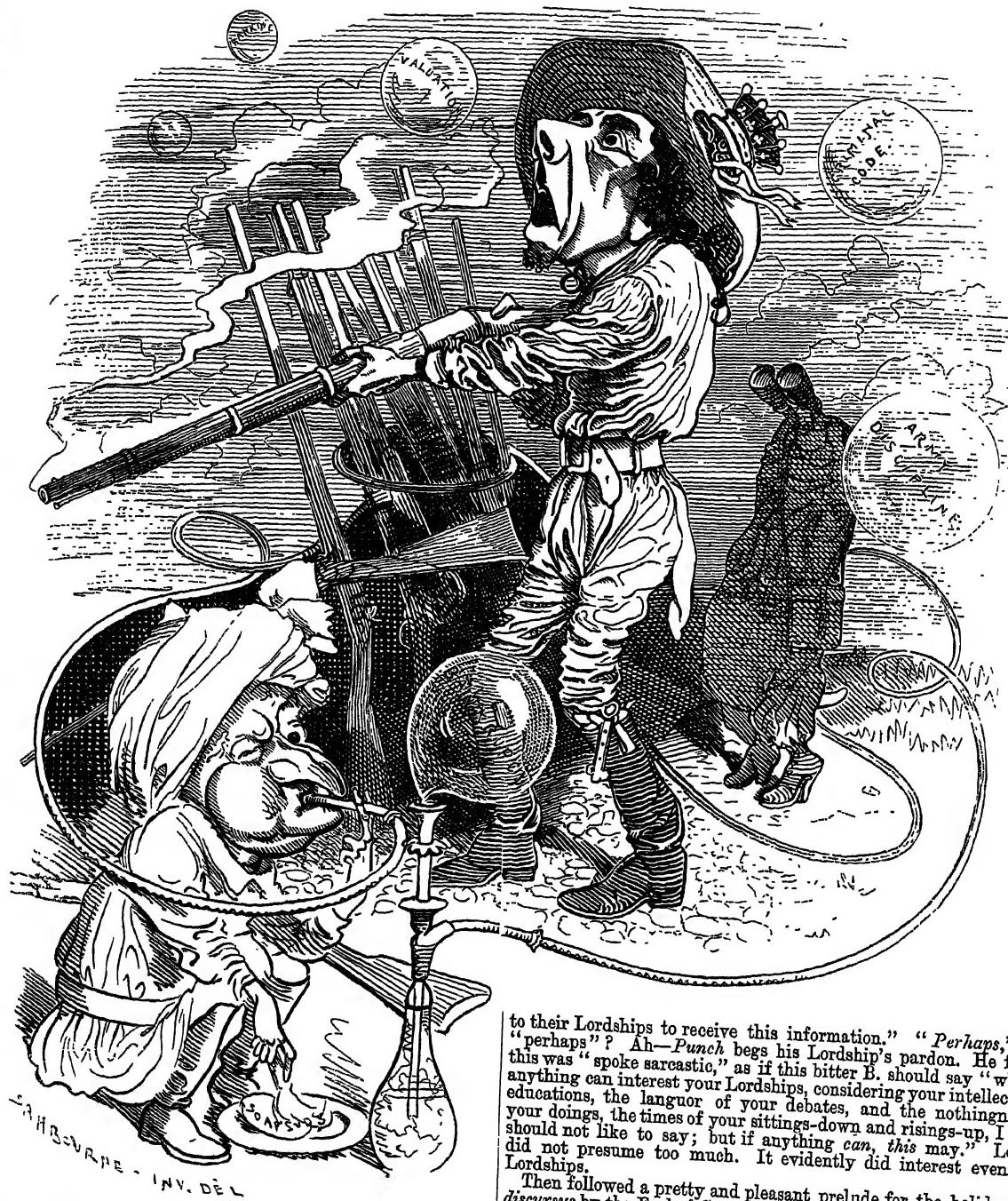
WHEN WOLSELEY's mentioned, WELLESLEY's brought to mind;
Two men, two names, of answerable kind.
Called to the front like WELLESLEY, good at need,
Go, WOLSELEY, and like WELLESLEY, greatly speed!

A GENUINE WELCOME.

Cry of the Egyptian Bondholder (on hearing that the Khedive pays the May Coupon). "Hail, old fellah! Well met!"

A REAL CENTENARIAN.—The Hundredth Derby, 1879.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



to their Lordships to receive this information." "Perhaps," why "perhaps"? Ah—*Punch* begs his Lordship's pardon. He forgets this was "spoke sarcastic," as if this bitter B. should say "whether anything can interest your Lordships, considering your intellects and educations, the languor of your debates, and the nothingness of your doings, the times of your sittings-down and risings-up, I really should not like to say; but if anything can, this may." Lord B. did not presume too much. It evidently did interest even their Lordships.

They followed a pretty and pleasant prelude for the holidays. A *discursus* by the Earl of GALLOWAY—soldier-officer bred and militia-husk of one?" The sum of his answer was clear enough, if the working out of his speech wasn't. "England has only the hollow semblance of an Army," says Lord GALLOWAY. And nobody seemed disposed to deny it.

It is to be hoped that the Commission on which Government is going to fall back for advice how to make brigades working realities instead of costly shams, and linked battalions chain-cables, instead of ropes of sand, will be strong enough for its work. It is further to be hoped that what the Commission may have the wit to devise, Parliament will have the sense to sanction, and Government—whatever Government may be "running" the military machine—the organising head and working hands to set, and keep, a-going.

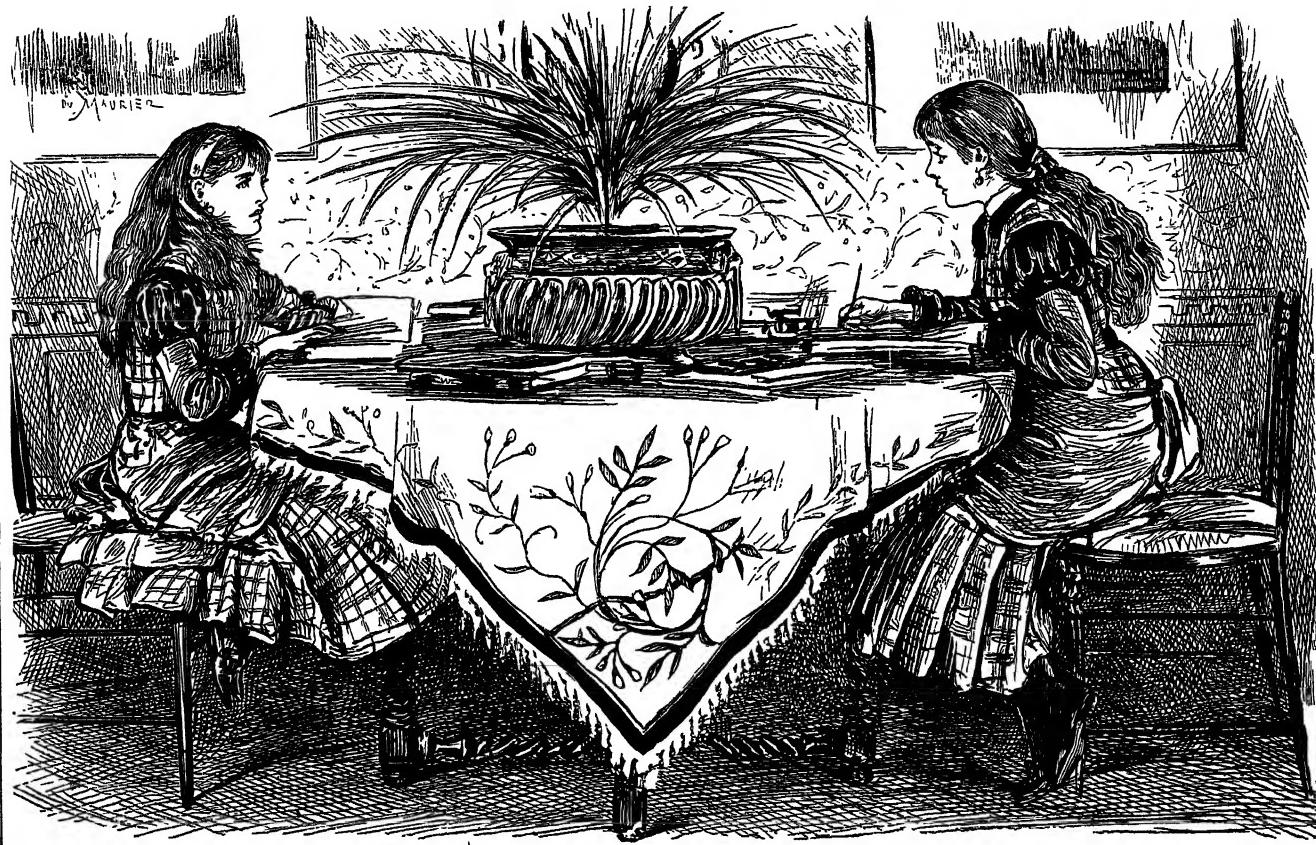
Anything more depressing than the Lords' Monday talk about the

MONDAY, May 26, (Lords).—Two comforting tidings to begin with. One from Lord BEANBROOK. A telegram from Major CAVAGNARI announcing the signature of a treaty with YAKOOB KHAN. (If only YAKOOB can? There is the doubt. If he can, let India adopt a new motto—"Cavagnaroando tutus.")

The other from Lord BEACONSFIELD. Announcement of the appointment of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to be Governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and High-Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of these Colonies, and the lands adjacent, north and east.

Is his commission large enough to undo all the mischief that has been done by a too-high Commissioner and a too-weak Commander between them?

My Lord B.'s words in making the communication are worth noting. He said, "it would be convenient, and perhaps interesting



A PHONETIC RENDERING.

Dunce No 1 (*translating a Fable of La Fontaine*). "WHAT DOES 'JE PLIE, ET NE ROMPS PAS' MEAN? IT'S WHAT THE ROSEAU SAYS TO THE CHÈNE, YOU KNOW!"

Dunce No. 2. "OH, I SUPPOSE IT MEANS, 'I PLAY, BUT I DON'T ROMP'—WHAT MAMMA'S ALWAYS TELLING US WE OUGHT TO DO!"

Army, as opened by Lord GALLOWAY and closed by Viscount CARDWELL, with incidental despondency from Lord STRATHNAIRN, Earls ELLENBOROUGH and LONGFORD, Lord BURY and the Duke of BUCLEUCH, *Punch* hopes he may never have to try distilling into Essence. The process can end only in lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Lord GALLOWAY's complaint was like his own description of Lord CARDWELL's Army-Reform—"Which began by being comprehensive; then, for a time, after it had ceased to be comprehensive, was comprehensible; but ended by being neither comprehensive nor comprehensible."

Punch's feeling, on reading Lord GALLOWAY's and my Lords' conversation, is bewilderment; on thinking both over, something as like hopelessness as he is capable of. He sees only one conclusion, that, after all our millions spending and spent, our Army has still to be made, and that we have still to wait for the hour, and the man, to make it.

(Commons).—Received, with cheers, the same good news as the Lords. But Sir STAFFORD did not need to "speak sarcastic," and say "perhaps" it would interest Honourable Members to know that Sir GARNET WOOLEY had been sent to keep Sir BARTLE FRERE in order, and help Lord CHELMSFORD to a head. There was no mistake about it—it *did* interest them; interested them so much that the best part of the night was spent in asking questions such as "What was Sir GARNET to be, exactly?" and "Where would Sir BARTLE and Lord CHELMSFORD be, exactly, when he got out there?" and "How would they be likely to like it?" and "What would Sir GARNET do with them?" and "What did Government mean him to do—and not to do?" and "Would he be likely to do it—and not to do it?"

To this "process of the question" Sir STAFFORD and Sir MICHAEL naturally resisted being put. Anything they told the House would be telegraphed to South Africa, and get there before Sir GARNET. All they could say was, that he did not go out to annex and to exterminate anybody or anything—not even a High Commissioner's dominion, or a Commander-in-Chief's commission, but to bring things to a good end at the least cost of time, blood, and money compatible with the security of South Africa.

At all events, let *Punch* congratulate the country that it has, at last, got the "right man in the right place," and that what seems to be the brightest jewel in the British Crown—its Garnet—is about to be set in the South-African *fleuron* of the Imperial diadem.

Tuesday (Lords).—You see, Lord B., their Lordships are really interested. More curiosity about Sir GARNET. Assurance from Lord CADOGAN that no Lieutenant-Governor, neither Colonel LANYON in the Transvaal, nor Sir HENRY BULWER in Natal, has been, or will be, recalled or superseded. Only everything and everybody will be put under Sir GARNET's orders. Sir BARTLE FRERE's High Commission has not been cancelled, "except"—rather large exception—"as regards those districts where Sir GARNET's Commission gives him jurisdiction." Large as that runs, it may be safely said that it overrides all South Africa, and that Sir GARNET will be—

"The GARNET of all he surveys;
His right there'll be none to dispute;
For his ox-waggon where there are ways,
He'll 'whip in' and 'whip out' man and brute."

(See *Punch*'s Cartoon, with Sir GARNET getting the South-African ox-waggon out of its *impasse*.)

(Commons).—Even greater press of question about Sir GARNET's powers and instructions than in the Lords.

After Mr. BOURKE had assured Mr. OTWAY that the Government knew nothing about any disagreement or difference of policy between the French Government and our own—a good hearing, if we *quite* knew "*ce que parler veut dire*"—there was a discussion of South-African policy, the action of Sir BARTLE FRERE, and the character of King CETEWAYO, in which Mr. SULLIVAN administered interrogatories to the Government as to the terms of peace to be imposed on the Zulu king—were they to be short and sweet, or long and bitter?—and Lord ELCHO sounded the trumpet for Sir BARTLE and annexation, and gave CETEWAYO the rough side of his tongue, calling him—by way of quotation, it is true—"an armed gorilla," and provoking cries of "Withdraw!"

Whereupon Mr. GLADSTONE, echoing all Lord ELCHO's praises of his friend Sir BARTLE, with a chivalrous warmth that became him,

protested against the notion of curing the cruelties of CETEWAYO, or any other savage monarch, by inflicting upon his subjects the horrors of war; and spoke, as Mr. GLADSTONE might be trusted to speak, in favour of the policy of "mercy and moderation."

Whereupon Sir R. PEEL, feeling a natural disinclination to see the wind taken out of his sails, rose, in the part of Portia, and rivalled Mr. BRANDRAM in his recitation of the Mercy Speech. Sir ROBERT seems to feel much for CETEWAYO, and *Punch* quite agrees with him that if the House wishes to see the honour of the country maintained it also wishes to see mercy exercised.

Sir CHARLES DILKE said that the House did not yet see the reasons of the Government change of front, and Sir M. H. BEACH declared that it was quite a mistake to say that Sir BARTLE FRERE had been thrown over—he had only been superseded, wherever we were at war and in a difficulty. He is still High-Commissioner at Cape Town.

We have only sent Sir GARNET to take his place, after he has put himself out of the latitude of "Good Hope."

And then the House rose, happy for once in the prospect of its Derby to-morrow, and its Whitsun holidays the day after.

Ha!—Happy Thought!—Shooting at Bubbles—a Holiday Sport for P. and B.!

Go to the Crystal Palace, Lord B.,
And in Dr. CARVER see what you will see :
A wonderful shooter who smashes glass balls—
That only a stray one unbroken falls—
And shivers oranges, and drills coppers, .
All marks one to him, little or whoppers.
See him, and then come home to your P.,
And, after a sit and a smoke, let us see
Of this year's Parliament bubbles how many.
Will you back yourself to bring down—if any.
Bubbles enough in your time you have blown,
Some of the biggest and brightest known,
Among them "Peace with Honour." Yes, that
Was a bubble, though now collapsed and flat!
And the "Scientific Frontier."—My eyes!
That, too, was a bubble of something like size,
Though it looks no longer so big or so bright;
'Tis a way bubbles have, to melt in our sight
To a drop of soapsuds, a whiff of wet air;
Ere you well know when you have them, or where.
But of bubbles yet blown, or bubbles to follow,
What bubble so big and so bright and so hollow,
So fit for the first place in bubble-story,
As that of your Lordship's honour and glory?
Take care, my Lord, if your shooting's so pat—
You don't blow the bubble-life out of that!

The Lords sat on *Thursday* and *Friday* for a few more last words about their 'Bus Bill, and their Bill to watch over the lives of poor little wretches turned over to Mountebanks to learn how to risk their necks and unbone their bodies, and their Military Commission in debate; whereof the LORD CHANCELLOR rapped Lord TRURO smartly over the knuckles. And then their Lordships followed the wise example of the Commons, and adjourned for their Whitsun holidays.

FRIEND BUNG'S REMONSTRANCE.

Being the Genuine Sentiments of a Representative Bung, addressed to Mr. Punch.

SIR,—I've been waiting for three weeks just to say a word for my professional friends, who felt themselves considerably aggrieved by your Cartoon about Bung and the Archbishop, where the former is thanking the latter for his valuable aid in keeping the Museums and other places of scientific entertainment closed on a Sunday.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, you're just and generous. You will admit, I am sure, that there are two sides to every case. Well, there's an outside and an inside; and permit me to say, Sir, that you've hitherto been taking rather the outsider's view of our position, and, let me respectfully add, I'm afraid you haven't troubled yourself much about the inside.

Your Cartoon—admirable it was, though we disagree with it, and think it unfair to us as a body—meant that the Bungs—we don't even shirk the nickname, we own to being Bungs, honest Bungs, John Bull Bungs, but not obstructionist Bungs—I say your Cartoon implied that the Bungs are delighted at the closing of the Museums and so forth, because the folks who, were they open,



DEPRESSION.

First City Man (Optimist). "How's BUSINESS WITH YOU? I CAN'T HELP THINKING THINGS ARE LOOKING BETTER."

Second City Man (Pessimist). "DRIFTING FAST TO THE WORKHOUSE! AND WHAT MAKES ME DOUBLY ANXIOUS IS, I CAN'T THINK WHO'LL BE LEFT TO PAY THE POOR-RATE!!"

would spend their Sunday in useful and interesting recreation, will now come and pass their Day of Rest in our public-houses, during such hours, that is, as we have permission to admit customers.

This means that we Bungs vote for keeping the Museums shut, in order to encourage Sots.

Now, Sir, I beg to submit that you have no just ground for this inference. When has the voice of the Collective Wisdom of the Bungs—the honest, respectable Bungs—been heard?

At Bethnal Green, to a man, they are in favour of opening the Museum. We don't want the Sot: he is our curse.

Open the Museums, by all means, and I venture to say our Sunday trade will be trebled without any increase of inebriety, and to the disadvantage of the Sot, who will be elbowed out by honest folk who would come to us for necessary refreshment—just as the Gentlemen would look in at their Clubs for a B. and S.—and would go on their way rejoicing.

We don't want the prohibition on the hours removed. Let the hours of the Public be for the convenience of the Public.

Poll the Bungs of Bloomsbury, and see if they wouldn't all be for the opening of the British Museum on Sunday.

We don't join hands on this subject with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, albeit he takes his title from the Hop-Garden of England, nor, on the other hand, do we wish to see a Continental Sunday, such as we understand it to be; for it is a trait in Bung's character that he is a thorough John Bull, and as far as we are acquainted with a Continental Sunday, we don't consider it "*très-Bung*"—if you'll allow me the expression—though I am given to understand that, in Paris, they set open their Picture Academy, which is like our Royal Academy, as I'm told, free gratis to the people whose work prevents 'em seeing it on any of the other six days.

Bungs are glad of rest, and like their Sunday mornings for their wives and families, who are as regular at their place of worship as the Archbishop himself, making allowance, of course, for His Grace going professionally, as it were.

I've been asked to send you this protest, *Mr. Punch*, and hope that you'll do us the justice to insert it, *pro bono publico*, for the Publican's benefit; and so, wishing you health and prosperity, I remain, for self and friends,

Yours sincerely, JOHN B. BUNG.



ANALYSIS.

Lady. "WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?"
Cook. "TIMPER, M'UM."

Lady. "TEMPER! BUT WHEN I'M PUT OUT MYSELF, I SHOW THAT I'M ANNOYED!"

Cook. "OH, I DON'T MIND A M'ROSE TIMPER, M'UM—A REVINGEFUL TIMPER I LIKES; BUT A TIMPER AS GOES A NAG-NAG-NAGGIN' MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT, WON'T DO WITH ME!!"

ALARMING TO NO COMMON DEGREE!

(According to Professor ODLING.)

SCENE—An Oxford College Garden during Commemoration Week.
Fair Visitors and New Graduate promenading.

First Fair Visitor. Well, if we shall not see you at either of the Balls, the Flower-Show, or the Concert, you will at least secure a boat, and take us down to Nuneham. You will not refuse us this?

New Graduate (moved). Alas! I must, for I do not possess that culture which would enable me deftly to handle the oar, or even the modest punting-pole.

Second Fair Visitor. You surprise us much. We have always conceived the Oxford graduate a man of developed capacity, for whom the word "impossible" had no meaning.

Third Fair Visitor. Yes, there is nothing that is beyond the intellectual grasp of our brother PLANTAGENET. Since he has taken his degree, even Bradshaw and the new Lawn-Tennis Rules have been to him no mystery; while you—?

New Graduate (passionately). Nay, chide me not, but consider what is culture. Your worthy brother has been through six books of HOMER, and mastered PLATO with the aid of a literal translation. Nay, he has conjugated the verb *τίθηναι* with but few mistakes. He has, in a word, been grappling with that Greek language, even the partial mastery of which is a condition of the highest educational training.

First Fair Visitor. Yet you wear the elegant gown that denotes the degree of an Oxford Bachelor. Is this an empty symbol?

New Graduate (proudly). No. I can talk to you by the hour of the hyperphosphates, the air-pump, the habits of the Mastodon, and on the advantages of the three-foot gauge. My rooms are the resort

INDIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

PEACE with honour again! Hooray! Peace with Afghanistan. Not peace at any price. Peace at the price of only sixty thousand a year subsidy to YAKOOB KHAN. Can Sir GARNET WOLSELEY have received instructions to conclude peace on the same terms, if possible, with CETEWAYO?

Peace for India at a pretty considerable price!—but with something to show for it. A scientific frontier, into the bargain. An effectual bar to the advance of Russia at quite a moderate price. Cheap defence of nations!

But suppose now, Mr. BULL, we were in the place of the Russians, and the Russians in ours; they being on the Indian side of our scientific frontier and we on the other: we knowing what we have now come to know about the value of our Indian possessions. Should we in that case, think you, cherish any designs upon India? Shouldn't we rather, in the event of any rumpus with Russia, think it well for us that the occupation of India employed a large portion of the Russian army, and withheld all that number of Russian troops out of the way? Should we desire in the least to deprive the Russians of India; or should we, on the contrary, be most decidedly disposed to allow the Czar to preserve his Indian Empire unmolested, and wish him joy of it?

Can't be Right, any Way.

"SHORT Service systems" GALLOWAY indict; HAVELOCK wants "the Office" set to-rights. Be "System" or be "War-Office" to blame, JOHN BULL's without an Army, all the same; Which—as he pays for one some Fifteen Millions—if he still stands, he's silliest of silly 'uns!

Very Lucky.

It is announced that the Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, and Redditch Junction Railway has just been opened for passenger and other traffic. Happily, the exigencies of the Junction Railway did not require that the House of SHAKSPEARE should be demolished in order to the erection of a Station!

QUERY—FOR THE VATICAN.—Was the new French Cardinal PIE chosen for his Pie-ty?

ITALIA IRREQUIETA.—With Etna in eruption, and GARIBALDI in full blast!

of mechanics, chemists, contractors, and philosophers. My bosom friend is an enthusiastic buttermilk with a new patent. Speak to me of these things, and I will respond. But do not try me further.

Second Fair Visitor. But surely, as Canon LDNON has gracefully pointed out, your education should have aimed at developing a general capacity rather than at attaining a particular kind of knowledge.

Third Fair Visitor. Yes, education should be more careful to discipline faculties than to accumulate facts.

New Graduate (with suppressed emotion). Stay; it is useless to taunt me. I confess it all. I lack those habits of exactness and refinement, without which it is, as the good Canon says, impossible to reach the higher characteristics of an educated man!

First Fair Visitor (starting). Then you are not—a B.A.?
New Graduate (solemnly). No, alas! I am—a B.N.S.!

(Tableau. Curtain.)

"Approach me as the rugged Russian Bear."

"The Academy of Sciences has elected Professor HUXLEY a corresponding Member in the section of anatomy and zoology, in the place of the late Russian naturalist, BAER."

A PROUD tribute to Lord BEACONSFIELD's spirited foreign policy. Even on the neutral ground of Science, the Russian Bear makes way for HUXLEY!

WHAT WE MAY WELL FIND HARD.

To praise an Army without a good deal more Reserve than they have at the War Office.



NINCOMPOOPANA.

Maud and Clara. "WHAT A LOVELY SUNSET!"

Young Alcestis Trollop. "I—CONFESS THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN A SUNSET THAT THOROUGHLY SATISFIED ME YET! AT LEAST NOT IN NAYTAH, YOU KNOW!"



SYMPATHY—LIMITED.

City Gent (bursting into the Counting-House on Wednesday afternoon, May 28th). "HAVE YOU HEARD?! SIR BEVYS, PALMBEAR'R, AND VISCONTI!"

Second Ditto (Man o' business—the Sporting Partner wasn't in). "BEAVIS, PALMER, AN' VISCONTY? BEAVIS, PAL— SORRY FOR 'EM. BUT WE DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH 'EM— NEVER HEARD O' THE FIRM!"

A LITTLE GAME WITH TURKEY.

As there has been a great deal of discussion about the approaching investiture of the Prince of BULGARIA by the SULTAN, *Mr. Punch* thinks it advisable to publish his own official programme of the ceremony. It will be seen that, as his Sovereignty is the outcome of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, Prince ALEXANDER will appear in an international character. This little compliment to the Signatory Powers is sure to be appreciated in London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

Mr. Punch's Programme.

Prince ALEXANDER will wear a combined European costume instead of the fez and straight coat, including a Russian cavalry soldier's cloak, an Italian carabiniero's uniform, a French *kepi*, an English crutch-handled umbrella, and a pair of German curassier's boots.

On finding himself in the presence of the SULTAN, His Highness will kiss his liege Lord on both cheeks after the French fashion, and then give him a hearty English shake of the hand.

ALEXANDER will next offer the SULTAN some tea, flavoured with lemon *à la Russe* and a dish of Italian maccaroni. Should His Majesty refuse these refreshments, the Prince will substitute Vienna beet, Stilton cheese, French *pain de munition*, and a pipe of German tobacco.

ALEXANDER will then invite the SULTAN to join him in a mixed dance, combining the most effective points of the *Can-can à la Mabille*, an Austrian *Czardas*, the Slavonic *Mazurka*, and the British *Hornpipe*. Should the SULTAN express a wish for music, the Prince will offer him a series of dance-movements on the Bavarian zither, and a selection of international airs on the Scotch bagpipes.

After this little concert, winding up with "*God Save the Queen*," the investiture will take place.

The ceremony will end with a demonstration in favour of England in honour of Prince ALEXANDER's recent visit to Balmoral. His

Majesty and His Highness will indulge in a British cheer. The "hip-hips" will be given by the SULTAN, and the Prince will supply the "hurrahs."

His Highness will then withdraw, after kissing the hand of his liege Lord, who will express a feeling of the greatest gratification at the mixed character of the proceedings.

A PRINCE WITH A PATRONYMIC.

HAIL, Bulgaria's new Prince, ALEXANDER VOGORIDES,
A Physician and Sage of old time bore a name
With thine own patronymic which rhymes— DIOSCORIDES.
In his way he worked wonders; in thine work the same.

He was great in the science of medical botany;
May'st thou prove in State physic a Doctor no less;
Though of herbalist lore not perchance having got any,
In thy practice no simples thou 'lt need for success.

Dire disorders dispel, allay fierce animosities;
Dispense equal doses of justice to all—
Turk and Christian alike—that Bulgarian atrocities
Bulgarians, well-governed, ne'er more may befall.

Killing Two Birds With One Stone.

THE Times has an article on the difficulties of Japanese writing. Every letter is a picture. This may well make learning to write difficult. But see the set-off. The boy who learns to write among the Japs at the same time learns to draw. Hence the unequalled firmness, accuracy, and dexterity of Japanese draughtsmanship. For drawing of flowers and birds, in comparison with their common decorators, *W. Hunt* was a bungler, and *TURNER* a tyro! The only letters an Englishman ever learns to draw with are *L. S. D.*

THE GAY GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

"Nil admirari's all the Art I know."

Preliminary and Retrospective Address.—The last time I visited the Arrangement in Bond Street I made use of these memorable words, "Never again with you, Robin!" But though it is to be very certainly inferred from this, that, "with Robin I would not go again," yet, on the other hand, I would not have it supposed for one moment, that if I did not go with Robin, I should therefore stay away altogether. "Never again, with you, Robin," but "Once again without you, Robin," just to see how this Day-Nursery of Art—the Bond Street Crèche—is getting on.

Let us mount to the Gallery; I generally prefer the Stalls, but as there is no choice at the Grosvenor, let us go up to the Gallery, and be as Gods. A shilling is a fair price for a Gallery. I grumble not. Sixpence is reasonable for a Catalogue, but you who read this will do well to purchase Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN's *Grosvenor Notes*, whose illustrations and descriptions are so truthful as to save "Friends at a distance" the trouble of visiting the Gallery itself.

One Word more.—How to form an unbiased judgment on the merits of a picture. Never look at the name of the Artist. Guess what the picture is intended to mean. If you guess correctly, either it is "bully for the picture" or "bully for you;" i.e., either you are, like *Mr. Eccles-in-Caste*, "a very clever person," or the painting is a very clever picture. If you are both clever, so much the better.

On this plan I have proceeded. Of course there is no mistaking the notes of the true WHISTLER. There are some imitation Whistlers—mere halfpenny Whistlers, which may puzzle you for less than a moment. Nor could there be any doubt about the brilliant lights of the still Unburnt JONES—the BURNE to which no traveller returns.

At the top of the Staircase:—

No. 193. Right of entrance. I presume that, having paid, your right of entrance is the same as mine; therefore, you'll find the picture at once. It represents, I should say, a Foreigner's idea of a Fine Day near London Bridge. *Bâteaux à vapeur*—and plenty of *vapeur*. This is a Nocturne in blue and gold—including the frame—by our own J. M. WHISTLER. Never desert your colours—such as they are. Here's your own fun in a fog. Bless you, J. M. W.! and may you go on fogging away until you are an old fog-ie yourself, and then retire.

"Where the Smudgers cease from smudging,
And the Whistlers are at rest."

No. 200. Left hand of entrance. *Bathing in Hard Water.* ALFRED MORGAN.

No. 205. *Deluded Shrimpers; or, Harlequin mind your own Business, and don't put all your Eggs in one Basket.* Dark Scene from a Serious Pantomime. The Shrimpers have been buying eggs instead of catching shrimps, and returning across the rocks on the sands, the baskets have broken, the eggs have cracked, and the yolks have been spilt all about,—admirably depicted,—on the right hand of the picture. Particularly notice the spilt yolks. In the distance is a small party, probably out for a pic-nic, on whom the stupid

Shrimpers had depended for custom. The pic-nic party, being rather afraid of the weather, take no notice of the Shrimpers, who stand disconsolate. After this, "Will it surprise you?" to hear that the subject is *A Highland Funeral*, painted by D. MURRAY? Pooh! not a bit of it! Mr. MURRAY is having a lark with us. Murray come up!

No. 208. *Horses*—after ROSA BONHEUR. ROSA BONHEUR very much in front, however. L. CATTERMOLE calls it *Helter-skelter*.

No. 211. *Violets*, CARLO PELLEGRINI. She's blushing, CARLO, my boy! And so she ought to colour up to her eyes after having painted her lips like that. The bold, forward minx! She's dyed her hair, too, and not yet got it back to its right colour. So young and so—foolish! But when you painted her I suppose you were thinking of *Vanity Fair*. You're not ashamed of this young lady, are you? No, of course not. Then why keep her so dark? I trust, Signor CARLO, that already some one has said,

"Buy, O let's!
Vi-o-lets!"

But do be a little cheerful next time. You haven't used up all your colours. There's more where they came from. Don't take the shine out of yourself in this way. Take it out of somebody else. Up you go. "Montez, Carlo!" as we say at Monaco.

Nos. 162, 163, 164, 165. Panels for decoration, called *Morning*, *Noontide*, *Evening*, and *Night*, which might as well be Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, or Panels for a Jury, or whatever you like, my little dear. Notice the attitude of the gentleman in Summer, or Noontide; also, in the same panel, the position of the Sun. The unfortunate man is "getting it hot." He is, however, safe from a sunstroke, I imagine, which generally lights on the cranium—eh, Mr. WALTER CRANE-TUM?

No. 166 is the work of E. B. J. Eminent BURNE-JONES. His Eminence has given us a heavy angel, grey-haired and quite past work, curiously formed out of such "metal more attractive" as that used for organ-pipes, while the upper part of her wings (or his wings) are fashioned out of ripe artichoke leaves. Being unable to support herself, or himself, on air, the angel has descended, like a collapsed balloon, and been providentially caught in a rum shrub, from which perilous position she, or he, is apparently utterly helpless to extricate herself, or himself, without assistance.

How devotionally this subject ought to have been treated is evident from what the Guide tells us it is intended to represent. Do what you like with your Pygmalions, Galateas, and Venuses, but don't let the Eminent B. J. rush in where even his own artichoked-winged angel would fear to tread. His Eminence has got a Better Angel than this—somewhere at hand. May he inspire him!

Nos. 167, 168, 169, 170. All by E. BURNE-JONES. *The Story of Pygmalion; or, How he Chiselled a Woman out of Something.*

The Eminent B. J. puts it thus:—

No. 167. *The Heart Desires.*

No. 168. *The Hand Refrains.*

No. 169. *The Godhead Fires.*

Then you expect that Venus (she is the Godhead and shoulders, &c.) having fired, has made a hit, like Dr. CARVER at the Crystal Palace—(Pygmalion's a Carver, too, by the way)—but no, we finish with

No. 170. *The Soul Attains.*

There might be—this is merely a suggestion—a classical series, showing how JONES became BURNE-JONES. Thus—

No. 167. *More Jones Desires.*

No. 168. *He Thinks, Doubts, Groans.*

No. 169. *The Godhead Fires.*

No. 170. *Result—Burn Jones!*

This will do for the Gallery next year, and "do for it" very effectually.

No. 145. "Bother that dog! He's strayed again!" said the Lady in a classic dress, looking over her shoulder for her pet, as she walked along the yellow floor, with a dark blue dado behind her. Stop! isn't it the sea-shore? and isn't that the sea? and isn't it Dido looking out for Aeneas? Or, if it is, why not Dido in her palace, on the yellow floor, with the blue wall behind?—*Dido and Dido!* The picture, however, is meant to represent *Ariadne*, not "*The-sao*," but "*By the sea, oh,*" and is the work of

Sir COUTTS LINDSAY, Bart.,
Who goes in for High Art.

No. 141. "*The Morning After.*" CECIL LAWSON. I should think so. "*The Morning After*," indeed! Yes, and what a headache poor Mr. CECIL LAWSON must have had, and how everything was whirling and whizzing, and how he said to himself that he would never again paint the morning after, but always do it the night before. An arrangement in "*B. and S.*" *Moral*, for a rising Artist, be an early rising and early bedding Artist, for he who makes a rule—

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Never paints bothering headache skies.

No. 48. *The Lady Hildred.* J. M. JOPLING. The Artist says he intends to illustrate these lines:—

"Came the minstrel HUBERT," &c., &c.

"And the Lady HILDRED listened hour by hour."

No, Sir! Not this lady you've painted. She might have listened hour by hour to SCHUBERT, but not to HUBERT. "There are chords, JOPLING," said Mr. GUPPY—but they're not the minstrel HUBERT's.

No. 55. *The Skipper and her Toy.* Portrait of a well-known little Gaiety gal—or, as here, a Gray-it gal. Probably intended by Mr. JAMES WHISTLER for the outside of some caravan, but not considered sufficiently attractive.

Poor young lady! As one leg is in the air, and the other is an impossibility, he hasn't given her a leg to stand on, though he has significantly supplied her with plenty of rope. As for her eyes—they're the *squint*-essence of portrait-painting, or, considering the subject, land-skip painting. O JIMMY WHISTLER, JIMMY WHISTLER, O!

No. 75. *Whitebait at Greenwich; or, Lord Beaconsfield Avenged.* Portrait of Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. Intended for Lord BEACONSFIELD's Cabinet—particulier, of curios.

One moment before we quit the Gallery. Let us see what Sir FREDERICK the Great, President of the Burlington Academy—I had nearly written Burlington Ar-cademy—has sent to Sir COURTS, the Leader of the Opposition. Quick, come round the corner with me. Never mind the Catalogue. And let us inspect—

Nos. 3 and 4. "Give us something," said Sir COURTS, "just to show there's no ill-feeling."

"I'll just see what I've got in my old portfolio," replied Sir FREDERICK. Presently he returned, and after carefully dusting the specimens, he said, "Here, Sir COURTS, I give thee all, I can no more, though poor the offering be, my heart and—"

"Done!" said Sir COURTS, cutting short the quotation. And so he was.

"I'll throw in two others just to make up a job lot," added FREDERICK the Great, kindly; "and you can take 'em with you in your brougham."

"All right!" replied Sir COURTS, Art-Bart. "as long as we've got your name, that's all we care for. I mustn't look a gift donkey in the mouth," he added to himself, as he looked at the studies Nos. 84, 85, and 89.

Then Sir FREDERICK the Great, being alone, sang out lustily—

"If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
Wouldn't I swap it? No, no, no!
I'd give it to the Grosvenor Gallery, oh,
G. G. Neddy."

Nos. 103 and 804. Studies of Donkey Girls, companions to Donkeys aforesaid. Bravo, Sir FREDERICK the Great! *Ass in presenti*—to Sir COURTS, Art-Bart! And with this little lot, as a North countryman would say, "He cooms and he counts away!" So do we.

That's enough for one turn. Plenty more to see. Back again next week. Hard work. Air! Air! A cigar! Light!—more light! Good. *Puffamus.*

GIFTS BY THE WAY.

(*Packed in a Bulgarian Bag.*)

"Difficult as is the task that will devolve upon the young Prince, he can not fail to receive from the distinguished personages he is about to visit some material aid towards its accomplishment."—*Morning Paper.*

From Livadia.—The ribbons of several military orders, *Handbook to Court Etiquette*, a handsomely bound copy of *A Hundred Ways of Governing without a Constitution*, and a steel under-waistcoat warranted bullet-proof.

From Downing Street.—A set of conjuring tricks, a Phrase Book, and a full-length portrait in oils of "the modern MACHIAVELLI."

From Versailles.—A prize essay on *National Self-Restraint*, and a balancing-pole, labelled "With M. WADDINGTON's compliments."

From Vienna.—Two stools, with full directions how to sit permanently between them with perfect safety, and the games of thimble-rig, the three card trick, and prick in the garter, with apparatus for playing them complete.

From Varzin.—A protective tariff and a beer-jug.

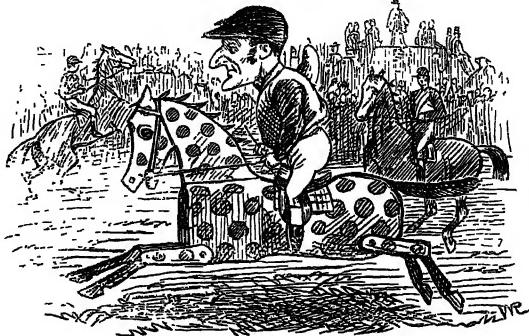
And from Balmoral a pencilled copy of the *Life of the Prince Consort*, plenty of sound and excellent advice, and a kindly and generous God-speed.

Motto for Professor Nordenskjöld.

"The North-East Passage has been made with an ease that makes one wonder why it was not done long ago. . . . Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, in the steamer *Vega*, has done a thing in which the element of danger was considerable in a manner that deserves to be called brilliant."—*Times.*

"*Per Vega, per Vada.*"

POLICEMAN "A" ON POPULAR HOLIDAYS.



WHY yes, Sir, 'tis a sloppy one. I've often wondered why It is that when the weather's wet a chap should be so dry. (*A stout-and-bitter, if you please!*) That there Clerk o' the Weather Had best turn up his little job; he's muffed it altogether.

Pity that LUBBOCK didn't try to square him at the start—

The way he mucks our holidays is awful! For my part, I say that when his tap's turned on, whether in drench or drizzle,

The handiest of holidays is just the merest fizzle.

"I've seen a many?" Bless you, yes; in every sort o' place—British Museum, Hampstead Heath, Show, Cricket-Match, or Race; I think I've had a turn all round, and, if you ask my views,

A holiday, nine times out o' ten, means too much beer and blues.

How it may be in forren parts I don't purtend to say,

But here the rarest of all things's a regular fine day.

And though we Britishers, no doubt, at most things are A 1,

The game we are not dabs at is a genuine bit of fun.

We haven't got the hang of it somehow, and that's a fact.

"We find that play's the hardest work?" You've hit it, Sir, exact.

A Briton's lumpish in his larks, and lumbering in his chaff,

Better at getting up a row than getting up a laugh.

In spite of beer and bacca, horse-play romp and rowdy brawl,

He finds that to enjoy himself's the hardest job of all.

"A bit of a philosopher?" Well, yessir, don't you see

I've lots o' time for thinking (*Half a go'll do for me!*)

"Drink does it?" Well, I'm not so sure; that's putting of it short; But it's rum how chaps forget the pot when sweet upon the sport.

Fishing don't look like frantic larks; the taste for it seems odd;

But you don't find a bloke get screwed when bending o'er his rod.

It's dulness drives a man to drink nine times in ten, I'm thinking,

I've often known a spell of blues set the soberest men a-drinking.

If you want to keep the people straight, in this dull, rain-drenched land,

You've got to interest 'em, Sir, in things they understand.

Ah! that's your mark! Show, book, or lark, there's everything in liking.

Stone statues and stuffed animals no doubt at times are striking, But they don't last; that's where it is, while lush and skittles do. I've seen 'em loitering round such things, and looking bored and blue—

The holiday-makers, Sir, I mean—a-quizzing this and that,

And passing werry wide remarks and jokes extremely flat.

But this, I should say, as a rule, is the last remark you'll hear:—

"Come, BILL, I've had enough of this. Let's go and do a beer!"

"Stupidity?" Quite likely, Sir; but then we ain't all wise;

And the last thing a party learns is how to use his eyes;

The mouth comes handier, I suppose—a donkey can't miss that;

But till the head gets furnished like, eye-work falls awful flat.

Holidays, Sir, is very well. I like one now and then—

(*A little water with that lot. Allow me, Sir! Say when!*)—

And thanks to LUBBOCK and the rest, I say, Sir, for extending 'em; But what we Britishers now want is livelier ways of spending 'em.

As how? Well, that's for wise 'uns; it's beyond me altogether.

For one thing, we've to circumwent this blessed English weather.

That's a sweet job for Science. Then we want new sorts o' funs;

You won't stop drink and 'oss-play with ginger-beer and buns;

And if Invention's game to try what she can do, why let her,

But she won't choke men off the bad, unless she gives 'em better.

Dulness and drink spile holidays, like most things, and, what's wus,

They play into each other's hand, and give full hands to us.

Kill one kill both, and honest fun will banish drunken spree.—

(*Well, since you are so pressing, s'pose we say a S. and B.*)

WHAT SIR HENRY BESSEMER MAY GO TO SLEEP IN.—A Steel (K)night-cap.

DRINK!

(Different Stages.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM a Working-man as likes my drop o' lush, in a quiet way, and I want to tell you about that new play at the Princesses, as they've christened *Drink*, and advertised in big letters all about, wich I didn't think *Drink* wanted any advertising. Another bit of play-acting at another theatre made a "repentant jockey" (as said he was so) write to the good gentleman at the other theatre to say as how he had given up pulling horses and other vicious courses. If he did it, why shouldn't I?

This is how my Missus and I came to go. We had seen a bottle of what seemed to be fancy soap cut into the shape of parties' heads like as they was preserved in liquor, on all the hoardings, and on many of the sandwich-boards. This was labelled *Drink* right enough, and it said as how it could be got at the Princesses, and so to the Princesses we went to try to get it. But lor bless you, Sir, we were disappointed. It wasn't liquor, but a piece of play-acting!

All the same, if a disappointment at first, it turned out beautiful. At our Institution we have got the works of Mr. DICKENS, and I know all about Mr. Vincent Crummles, the theatrical gentleman as was so proud of the pump and the washin'-tub. How he would have stared to have seen the First Act at the Princesses! Not one tub, Sir, but a whole wash'us with any number of 'em. And then when the two free-spoken Ladies fell out, and took to pitching into one another with soapsuds, it was out-and-about lovely! Me and my Missus was that

overcome we was obliged to get a little refreshment at the bar at the back o' the Gallery, to set us right. My Missus said it would have done them two young Ladies good to have joined us, as they must have been drenched to the skin, poor things! You see if it had been a real row their feelings would have kept them nice

and warm; but as this was only play-acting, the soapsuds must have come chilly.

When we came back we had half a dozen more Acts just as beautiful as the first. There was a Working-man, one *Bouget*, I think, a sort of overgrown Band of 'Opest, as spoke quite beautiful about temperance. It had done him a deal of good, he said; and he did seem to have plenty of spare time upon his hands, and, though a

Blacksmith, as I made it out, he had nothing to do but walk about in a jumper, rather short in the front, but as clean as a new pin.

Afterwards, me and my Missus and some of my mates, as we had met, had a chat over what he had said at the public round the corner, and agreed it was beautiful. Then there was an accident of a Working-man tumbling from the scaffold, as natural as possible, for I see one of my mates fall in the same way. It gave my Missus quite a turn, 'cos she knew the widow; and we'd a friendly lead at the Goose-Club for her and the kids; and we weren't right again until we had both had a little something to cheer us up a bit.

But what pleased my Missus most was when one of the free-spoken young Ladies—as was a regular good'un at heart, which the other was as bad as bad could be—and didn't we kiss her!—come on starving. While she was a lyin' in the snow, she'd a fancy she see some angels, and was axed up to join 'em. Wich she was just going, when the Blacksmith, as looked cleaner than ever, comes up and takes her into a grand sort o' shop where they sold ready-dressed wittles, such as lobsters, and raised-pies, and things as you'll see in Soho and Piccadilly shops, as may be very well for foreigners and swells, wich I don't seem to care for 'em myself. Then he togged her out in a beautiful cloak that must have cost pounds and pounds, and the most stylish bonnet I ever see, quite in Regent Street style, and said he would marry her. Oh, it was lovely! Then the snow stopped, and everybody was as happy as happy. But what pleased me most was that party, suffering from the horrors. It was as true as true can be. I've never had 'em myself,



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

SCENE—*A Drawing-room in "Passionate Brompton."*

Fair Aesthetic (suddenly, and in deepest tones, to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to Dinner). "ARE YOU INTENSE?"

and pounds, and the most stylish bonnet I ever see, quite in Regent Street style, and said he would marry her. Oh, it was lovely! Then the snow stopped, and everybody was as happy as happy. But what pleased me most was that party, suffering from the horrors. It was as true as true can be. I've never had 'em myself,



A DISILLUSION.

MR. BULL (*aside*). "WHY—BLESS MY SOUL!—I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE HAD A MINT O' MONEY!"

because times have been very hard of late, Sir, and a poor man can scarcely afford anything. But I've seed two shopmates as had 'em, and I seen 'em both in the ospital, and what that there chap at the Princesses tipped us was the real thing and no mistake, rats and snakes, and black beetles and all, till it give me and my Missus a turn, and we wos obliged to go out and get a little something to set us right.

Yes, Sir, *Drink* is a moral drama if ever there was one. It ought to do a deal of good. And as I think it over, I feel as I want a little something just to take the taste on it out o' my mouth.

Which I remain yours respectfully,

ONE AS IS A-THINKING SERIOUSLY OF TAKING THE PLEDGE, BUT DON'T SEE HIS WAY TO IT YET.

MAKING THE BEST OF 'EM.



We see a statement that when Abyssinian Pumps were applied for "through the proper channel" for the use of the South-African Force, the answer was that there were no pumps in store (except, of course, the official ones, which could not be spared), but that the force could have any amount of coal-scuttles. As we may expect the stores will soon be out of "Solar Topees," may we suggest a use for the coal-scuttles as helmets for the heavy cavalry, who are just the force for the W. O. to send out against the naked and light-heeled Zulus. Thus, with coal-scuttles for helmets, and pokers for swords, the South-African heavy Cavalry Force will be a complete case of the right men in the right place with the right equipment!

PUNCH AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

Next to his own immortal performance, and after himself, as the oldest-established and best performer now travelling, *Punch* is prepared to concede to the performances and performers of *La Comédie Française* the first place on earthly boards. His pleasure has been great to welcome them and their admirable Art to the Gaiety—transformed to the Théâtre Français for thirty nights to come, during which its Stage and Auditorium will be occupied by such companies as are not likely to be again recorded in the chronicles of HOLLINGSHEAD.

Only one thing is to be regretted, that, as our Actors are all in full work, and as no English Actor in full work ever has a night's leisure, it is impossible for them to sit under the correction of these choicest of their *confrères* of the French theatre.

And yet there are so many lessons to be learnt, that so need learning, more, perhaps, by English Managers even than English Actors, and, above all, by English Stage-Managers—if there were such a thing, which, so far as *Punch* is aware, except in name, and in two or three theatres, there is not!

To begin at the beginning, there was the crowd and the crush of the opening night—a business of getting into the house, only to be compensated by the bill of fare when you did get in.

First came the introduction of MOLIÈRE and his children to SHAKSPERE and his children, in the sonorous and musical lines of M. JEAN AICARD, declaimed by M. GOT as gracefully as *Punch* himself could have done it. Then came, as *rélevé* and *pièce de résistance* at once, the grave side of MOLIÈRE, in *Le Misanthrope*, done to a turn. (*Punch* takes off his cap to M. DELAUNAY!) Then, as *entremets*, the Second Act of *Phèdre*, with the feverish fire and passionate grace of SARAH BERNHARDT (at whose feet *Punch* prostrates himself, and kisses the hem of her *peplon*). And lastly, as dessert and *bonne-bouche*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*! *Punch* salutes the Brothers COQUELIN!

And as *Punch* was in the beginning, so it has been since—a quick succession of contrasted pieces, all worth seeing for some special point of consummate Art, and, still more, for the perfection of

ensemble common to them all. Perhaps the most perfectly delightful, as the purest of the series, is *La Joie fait Peur*.

That CORNEILLE'S *Menteur* and MOLIÈRE'S *Misanthrope* are slightly old-fashioned, is not to be denied. But it is worth seeing what life can be given, even to pieces like these, belonging as completely to the prehistoric Stage as the Mammoth or the Mastodon to the prehistoric earth, by the buoyancy and fervour of such a *jeune premier* as DELAUNAY, and the finished art and many-sided humour of such *premiers comiques* as GOT and COQUELIN. In plays that deal with our own times, like *L'Etrangère* and *Le Fils Naturel*, allowing for their superabundance of good talk and bad morals, to follow the movement of the scene when that mysterious siren, *Mistress Clarkson*, in the person of SARAH BERNHARDT, looking, in her black and yellow dress, like a beautiful *Boa constrictor*—EVE, for the night, having evidently doubled parts with the Serpent—is introduced into the *Duchesse de Septmonts'* drawing-room on the wretched little Duke's arm; to assist at the return visit of the Duchess when the fascinating incarnation of Woman's Revenge on Man tells her horrible story to the innocent victim of Man's Revenge on Woman; to study COQUELIN's embodiment of wicked, well-bred, plucky devilry in the *Duc*—"a little villain great in villainy"—in contrast with FEEVRE'S incarnation of Yankee coolness, courage, roughness, readiness, and resource in *Clarkson*, is a revelation of thorough command of all the resources of acting,—carried to their highest point by dint of the most patient labour, the most painstaking rehearsals, and the most constant reference to truth and nature,—which is, in itself, for English actors and audiences both, "a liberal education."

These strange Actors have no lines rigidly ruled for them. Their Low Comedians do not make it their first object to be recognised as soon as they show their faces, and to proclaim their identity whenever they open their mouths. They change the mask of the man with his manners. There is THIRON, in *Gorgibus* of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, not a bit like THIRON in the Marquis of *Le Fils Naturel*, or Mauriceau of *L'Etrangère*; COQUELIN, three as distinct personages as *Punch*, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Lord BEACONSFIELD, in *Mascarille*, *Aristide Fressard*, and *Le Duc de Septmonts*; GOT, passing in one night from the depth of callous criminality and stupidity combined, in the old Podestà Claudio of *Les Caprices de Marianne*, to the height of goodness and loving-kindness, in that jewel of an old servant, Noel, of *La Joie fait Peur*. Why, even if our English Actors could do anything like this—and we have some, thank our stars, who could do something not so far below it—they never have the chance, with pieces kept running till the Actors haven't a breath of life in them; with imperfect casts, half-and-half rehearsals, slovenly stage-management, and small respect among their fellows or their public for truth and nature. Money, one would say by what one sees, is the *primum mobile* of the House of SHAKSPERE; Art seems the moving principle of the House of MOLIÈRE—

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity,
Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

All the faults of our Actors which SHAKSPERE reproves through the lips of *Hamlet*, are as rampant now as they were when he wrote his advice to the players, and very often the *Hamlet* who delivers the advice is the most flagrant offender against it.

But SHAKSPERE remains SHAKSPERE, as MOLIÈRE remains MOLIÈRE. Great writer and consummate dramatist as was the father of the Théâtre Français, his personages are embodied humours or abstractions, while SHAKSPERE'S are living men and women. An ideal "House of SHAKSPERE" wherein those men and women should be embodied with an Art as consummate as that of the Actors of *La Comédie Française*, would be as much grander a thing than any possible "House of MOLIÈRE" as Versailles is grander than Buckingham Palace.

As for the Ladies—but here *Punch* must pause. He is afraid to say all he thinks of either *Mesdames de la Comédie* or of *Mesdames* of the Play-house—for fear of their Ten Commandments. He may pluck up courage by next week.

In the meantime he recommends his readers to lose no opportunity—if they want to see the best Theatrical Art of this generation—of following the course of French performances now being given at the Gaiety—after first reading the plays, that they may the better understand and enjoy the acting.

Finally, he begs to consign to that place where only his own arts of suffocation can be surpassed the architect of the Gaiety Theatre—particularly its upper boxes and its means of exit. He has asked his readers to frequent that theatre. Those of them who cannot go beyond five shillings, must be content to pay an extra amount of bodily suffering which nothing less than the artistic pleasure he promises them could compensate. It may be doubted if even that compensation is adequate.

Punch defies it—but then *Punch* has a stall, and means to pay for it! If that isn't a tribute to *La Comédie Française*, he would be glad to know what could be!



"SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP;"
OR, ART-EMBROIDERY, 1879.



A CASE OF "NO COMPRENNY."

"HA! MISTARE ROBINSON! 'OW DO YOU DO? 'AV YOU SEEN ZE LAST NEW PIECE AT ZE 'OLLEBORNE? SUPAIRRE! SPLENDEED!! GOOD!!!"

"A—NO—I DON'T PATRONISE THE ENGLISH DRAMA. I LIKE FINISH, DELICACY, REFINEMENT; AND I'M HAPPY TO SAY I'VE SECURED TICKETS FOR ALL THE FRENCH PLAYS!"

"TIENS! MAIS VOUS SAVEZ LE FRANÇAIS, ALORS?"

"A—I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

"JE VOUS DEMANDE SI VOUS SAVEZ LE FRANÇAIS, PARBLEU! CRUCHE, MELON, BAUDET, DINDE, JOBARD, CRÉTIN, MOMIE, COLIN-MAILLARD QUE VOUS ÊTES?"

"A—QUITE SO! NO DOUBT! A—BY THE BYE, HAVE YOU SEEN JONES LATELY?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Nothing much—Magnifico—Gaiety—Olympic—French—English—Mother—Venice—Ancient—Illusion—Summary—Postscript.

Of course just now in the theatrical world of London it's *omne ignotum pro magnifice*—the *magnifice* being the Comédie Française Company now at the Gaiety Theatre, to which, naturally, M. le Redacteur-en-Chef devotes what is supposed to be his leisure. The performance of that Company is a treat, I admit—a genuine treat; and it may be for years, or it may be for never, that I shall ever have the chance of witnessing—on this side of the Channel, without the intervention of those confounded waves about which Britons boast so much, and which they so cordially detest—the *ensemble*, the galaxy, that now coruscates at the Gaiety Theatre.

The genuine Gaiety Company, Mmes. NELLIE FARREN, VAUGHAN, &c., are just now strolling players about the provinces, with, by the way, a grand performance under Royal patronage at Yarmouth. "The Return of the Native" will be early in July.

Yet there are many things English to be seen in town.

"Who was it caught me in Pall Mall,
And told me what he'd got to tell,
That I must see what goes so well?
The Mother."

I'm glad they've found the *Mother* at the Olympic at last. First they had *The Two Orphans*, then *Married not Mated* (which was satisfactory), and now we've got *The Mother*. Of course the first question is, "How's your *Mother*?" Well, I saw her last night, and I think she is doing as well as, or better, than could be expected. She has only been out a week or so, poor thing!

The Alhambra is marvellous in costumes and effects, and "Beautiful Venice" is just now the pride of Leicester Square; and when the entranced spectator comes out into a lovely rainy night (here we are again, in June!), he can keep up the illusion by sending a waterman for a gondola on wheels.

A propos of illusions, more or less delightful, I was invited, the other day, to witness the new illusion at the same old place—the Home of Science in Regent Street—the ancient Polytechnic.

"Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold you!" There's the diving-bell,—and the diver; and the brass knobs, every one of which I regard suspiciously, as being charged with electricity, and ready to thrill me to the very tips of my boots if I dare lay rash hands on any one of them. And there are the models which have never been perfected—only inventions born but to be registered, and die; and there are the models of successful inventions that have brought fame and fortune to their proprietors; and there is the man who, almost angrily, insists on cutting out your profile in black, in less time than I take to tell of his existence; and there are the ships, and the cables, and the Flying Léotard Doll—this is a late innovation, and would not have been tolerated in my scientific age when I was a boy,—and there are the merry-go-round and optical illusions, and the noise of machinery, and the glass manufacturers, and the dust, and the mysterious sounds of music, and of someone talking, and a general atmosphere of lecturers past and gone, but still pervading the place, and smiling benignly on their successors who adhere to the old paths, and weeping over the degeneracy of the Public that craves for more amusement than instruction.

I had often seen PEPPER'S Ghost, and once I have had an interview with Professor PEPPER himself, but this was years ago, and now the Professor has gone to Australia; and, as there is still a mysterious spectre roaming about the Polytechnic, I suppose he may sing to the tune of "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*,"—

"I've gone away
To Austra-li-a,
So all know where to find me;
I shall not return for many a day,
But—I've left my Ghost behind me."

Only—I am not quite clear whether the Ghost, or the Illusion, as the mysterious apparition is now called at the Polytechnic, is the property of the Professor or of its inventor, Mr. BRADY; but, anyhow, it is a wonderful effect, and, as a Statue becomes endowed with life and then returns to its former inanimate material, *Metempsychosis* might be used to illustrate the story of *Gygalion and Galatea*, though the audience there, having probably had enough of science and instruction, would prefer to be more amused than merely interested, and unless something like the German burlesque opera on this subject were given, the simple story itself might become a trifle tedious in dumb-show.

Three comparatively old French pieces are in process of being tackled by as many British dramatists, the result of whose struggles will be seen during the next autumn and winter season, and Miss NEILSON, after a brief but glorious career at the Adelphi, will leave England in the Autumn for two years. 'Tis true, 'tis pity.

Mr. IRVING is having quite a rollicking time of it at the Lyceum, with a round of revivals, and will try to improve on the old *Corsican Brothers*—poor old twins!—when he reproduces them. Mr. FECHTER attempted improvements on KEAN's version, and it was a big mistake. Once since then I saw the melodrama, with I forget what company, at the Princess's, and it seemed to me to be dull, flat stale, and I should say unprofitable. Was it that the old illusion of days gone by had departed? Was it that the "Ghost melody" had lost its charm? Was it that, since the mania for Spiritualism, I expected more from the Ghost than the Ghost was able to give? Was it because I knew how it was done, and it was no longer a clever illusion? Or was it that I had dined wisely and well, and felt satisfied with myself?

alone, and sleepy to all the world? I do not know. But of this I am sure, that I am, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—On Feeling Sleepy. Permit me one word more before I close my letter and my eyes. Here is a book before me called *Sweet Sleep*. An author who adopts this title boldly disarms criticism—unless the work keeps the reader awake. I remember a collection of stories, entitled *Avant de Souffler la Bougie*. I rather fancy they were all ghost stories, so that you didn't like to *souffler* your *bougie* until you were quite certain there wasn't a *bougie*—I should say a *bogie*—in the room. The only fault I can find with M. DUNPHIE's *Sweet Sleep* is, that, when you have read one Essay, you will probably want to look at the next, and most certainly you will if you commence with the melancholy story (it is a ghost story) of the celebrated unfortunate Miss BAILEY, done into Latin in a style that would have delighted old Father PROUT. GEORGE COLMAN the Younger had no more regard even to burlesque rhyme, than had BUTLER in his *Hudibras*, when he wrote—

"Dear Corpse," says he, "since you and I accounts must once for all close,
I've got a one-pound note in my regimental small-clothes."

That's not much for rhyme or metre, but Mr. DUNPHIE has improved on it, *Latiné*, thus—

"Tunc Miles, 'Rationem nunc oportet tibi dari,
Est unum mihi solidum in zona militari.'"

That seems to me happy, and so also the refrain—

"O BALIA, infortunata BALIA!
Quam pudet me, quam tædet me, O miseranda BALIA!"

The musical pieces in London are doing well, and *Drink* is well advertised in the public-house windows.

SONS OF NEPTUNE AND MARS.



still obstinately persist in ignoring the Horse Marines?

The Wisest and Best.

WITH a view to appease the discontent created in the Deccan by money-lenders whose extortion has provoked dacoity, and made the ryots riotous, a Bill is about to be introduced on the part of Government, providing, it is said, for the revival of the old village Punchayet. It is further stated that the Punchayet has been very successfully introduced into Ceylon. Very likely. The Punchayet is described as a council of elders which used to adjudicate upon land, money-lending cases, and petty assaults. It is, in fact, a local Collective Wisdom, or Wittenagemote of the very Wisest—as the first syllable of the word implies.

SOMETHING TO STAND ON.

THERE has been considerable question as to the head-gear of the Prince of BULGARIA. There can be none as to his foot-gear—Balmorals!

THE BESSEMER SPURS.

THE Improver of Steel Manufacture has won his spurs—the spurs of Knighthood. He had earned them long ago by overcoming the obstinacy of pig-iron, and showing how to convert it, cheaply and quickly, into steel. Why did the British Government persistently refuse Mr. (now Sir HENRY) BESSEMER permission to receive the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, awarded to him, on condition that they would let him wear it, by the late Emperor of the French? Because the British Government chose to play dog in the manger. It would neither give a great inventor recognition itself nor suffer a foreign Power to do so. Now that at length Her Majesty's advisers have done BESSEMER right, and dubbed him knight, perhaps they may be ready to admit that there can be no earthly reason why either he or any other of Her Majesty's deserving subjects should be denied the liberty to bear about him at his button-hole, on his bosom, in his hat, or elsewhere, any decoration conferred upon him by any neighbouring and friendly "Fountain of Honour."

A CAPITAL COMPROMISE.

ALEKO PASHA should, the Mussulman says,
Have, at fair Phillipopolis, sported a fez;
But Bulgaria's people declared he should not;
They'd have him appear in the Frank chimney-pot.

But he knew a trick better than this or than that,
So ALEKO wore neither a fez nor a hat:
He appeared—for 'cute compromise showing a knack—
In a native and neutral Bulgarian capak.

ALEKO PASHA seems a sensible chap,
Who, whatever he wears, will not wear a fool's cap.
Withinside his capak there's a head that contains,
As he'll show, let us hope, a good cargo of brains.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

"THE QUEEN AND ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL.—Yesterday afternoon, in the Board-room of the Westminster Hospital, the first three St. Katherine's Nurses were invested with the Royal badge of the Order, which carries with it an allowance of £50 per annum."

HONOUR to HER MAJESTY, who honours herself and her sex in thus founding a "Nursing Order of St. Katherine." Can honours more honourable to giver and receivers alike, flow from England's Fountain of Honour? Surely not. And that this new Order should have been inaugurated by the badging and endowing of these Sisters of the particular Nursing Society founded by Lady AUGUSTA STANLEY, in Westminster, and well within the sunshine of Royal favour, is their good fortune, and no unfairness to others not less deserving, if less within ken of the QUEEN. It is a case, not of a St. Katherine pear, but of a St. Katherine trio, "the side that's next the sun," as SUCKLING sings in his sweet lines *On a Wedding*.

Remunerative Employment for Young Ladies.

TALK of the difficulty of finding employment for educated women! Read this, from a recent Number of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

NO SALARY.—WANTED, NURSERY GOVERNESS, from 25 to 30, and to superintend six children. Good needlework essential. Washing found.—Address, &c.

Of course, with nursery-maid at £18 a-year, parlour-maid at £20, and cook at £30, there can't be much left for the nursery-governess, but there is always the comfortable home and the washing.

A SERIOUS MISHAP.

WE regret to hear that *Short Service* (by Cardewell, out of War Office), who had been entered by his owner, J. BULL, Esq., for the great European Military Flat Race, and heavily backed, has broken down, and will have to be struck out of the race.

QUERY FROM GIRTON.—If Pre-adamite means "before ADAM," does Primeval mean "before Eve?"

THE BEST PLACE FOR THE OVERWORKED CURATE (*in his own opinion*).—By the See side.

THE CURE FOR RUSSIAN NIHILISM.—Annihilation.



HALFWAY UP THE HILL.

Grandpapa. "BY GEORGE, I MUST STOP AND BLOW A BIT, TOMMY!"
Tommy. "ALL RIGHT, GRANDPAPA! I'VE GOT A STONE TO PUT UNDER
 YOUR HEEL!"

OUR "HUNDRED GREATEST MEN" (AND WOMEN).

MR. PUNCH has had an advertisement forwarded to him of a work now in course of publication, entitled *The Hundred Greatest Men: Lives and Portraits of the One Hundred Greatest Men of History*—together with a petition, respectfully and respectfully signed, praying him to favour the world with a list of those whom he considers to be the "Hundred Greatest Men of History." Mr. Punch has taken infinite pains to comply with this request in a liberal, comprehensive, cosmopolitan, and international spirit, and feels certain that universal satisfaction will be entertained at his recognition of the claims of Women to be included in the illustrious Catalogue.

Mr. Punch's List, which, for convenience of reference, is divided into Classes, stands as follows:—

H.M. King Arthur, H.M. King Cole, H.M. the King of the Cannibal Islands, Pope Joan, Queen Mab, H.R.H. Duke Humphrey, Blue Beard.

Gog, Magog, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs.

Lord Dundreary.

Sir R. de Coverley, Sir John Falstaff, Sir John Barleycorn, Sir Jeffery Hudson.

Don Quixote, Don Juan, Count Fathom, Baron Munchausen, Dr. Faustus, Professor Teufelsdröckh, Mynheer von Dunk, Rip van Winkle, Diedrich Knickerbocker, Sancho Panza, Mephistopheles, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, Prester John.

General Bounce, Captain Bobadil, Captain Macheath, Captain Cuttle.

Mr. R. Crusoe, Mr. Friday, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, Mr. Peter Wilkins.

Mr. Justice Shallow, Judge Lynch, Mr. John Ketch, Mr. Bumble.

Rev. Dr. Primrose, Rev. A. Adams, Dr. Syntax.

St. Jingo, Santa Claus, Father Christmas, Father Prout.

Mr. John Sheppard, Mr. Jonathan Wild, Mr. G. Faux, Mr. Jeremy Diddler.

Rob Roy, Robin Hood, Little John.

THE ANDERSONS' GOLDEN WEDDING.

(For translation into German.)

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, JOHN,
 Since we for gude were wed,
 Just fifty years ha' shed their snaws
 Upon your pouthered head.
 And though we're baith grown auld, JOHN,
 And doddery and slow,
 We'll keep our gowden weddin'-day,
 JOHN ANDERSON my jo!

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, JOHN,
 We'll climb a coach thegither,
 An' when the breakfast's ovre, JOHN,
 Dash aff wi' ane anither;
 And whilst our wheels ahint, JOHN,
 Auld shoon the neebors throw,
 We'll to our gowden honeymoon,
 JOHN ANDERSON my jo!

BOUNCING BUTTERFLIES.

ALTHOUGH the Whitsuntide holidays were over, and Parliament was sitting, a telegram from Geneva, transcending all record of the enormous gooseberry order, announced the other day that:—

"On Saturday the commune of Wetzkon, Canton Zurich, was invaded by an immense swarm of butterflies a kilomètre wide, and so long that the procession took two hours to pass. They were principally of the kind known in Switzerland as *Distelfalter*, which feed on nettles and thistles."

These more than Brobdingnagian butterflies must have swept all the nettles and thistles in Switzerland off the face of the earth. What a benefit for all Switzers except goldfinches and donkeys! Fancy a swarm of butterflies a kilomètre wide and long in proportion! No wonder the swarm took two hours to pass in procession. In the meanwhile there must of course have been a total eclipse of the sun.

A MANIA.

DISTRACTED enthusiasts are raving about Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT. At night, in the neighbourhood of Chester Square, S.W., wild young journalists are heard singing, "I've gone wrong for the sake of Sarah!"

Rory O'More, Tam O'Shanter.
 Daniel Lambert.

Mr. John Robinson, Mr. John Horner, Mr. John Frost, Mr. John Straw, Mr. and Mrs. John Sprat, and Mr. John Bull.

Mr. Thomas Tiddler, Mr. Thomas Thumb.

Mr. E. Cocker, Mr. Cockle.

The Siamese Twins, The Three Tailors of Tooley Street, The Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Bell, Sylvanus Urban, Junius.

Lady Bountiful, Madame Tussaud, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Partington, Mrs. Glasse, Mrs. Rundell, Mrs. ("Mother") Hubbard, and Miss Sarah Lunn.

Mr. Punch!

(For Portraits, by the best masters, old, mediæval, and modern, apply at the Office.)

Punch's Nursery Rhyme for Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

(On his return from Philippopolis.)

COCK-A-HOOP, cock-a-hoop, BEACONSFIELD's man,
 Make of Eastern Roumelia the best that you can.
 Cut it, and carve it, and mark it with "B,"
 Then leave it to Time, and see what you will see!

"DRINK," IN THREE ACTS.

LET us have some more!

Le's ha' s'more!

L'Assommoir!

WHAT OUR CAT SAYS (*she likes to be in the fashion*).—*La Joie fait Purr.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, June 9.—Parliament pulled itself together again, by a great effort, after the Whitsuntide recess. Anything duller could not well be imagined than the assembling of our young and old friends. *Punch* feels prompted to sing—

"Uprose ye, then, my weary, dreary men,
It is your opening day."

The first night was devoted to Demand and Supply;—Demand, in the shape of questions; Supply, in the form of Civil Service Estimates.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, inquiring the last news of CELEWAYO, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH told him that messengers had come from the Zulu King, expressing his desire for peace, but not charged with terms. CELEWAYO has been told to go—not to Bath, but to CHELMSFORD; but will, probably, have to deal with Sir GARNET. The war halts for want of means of transport out there; and no wonder when it creates so little transport here.



"THE SOLDIER'S TEAR."—*Old Song.*

Officer (to Royal Marine who has just been inspected to go to Zululand). "WHAT'S THAT MAN CRYING FOR? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, SIR?"
Joe. "BOO-HOO! WHA'S THE GOOD O' GOIN' NOW!! WE OUGHT TO 'A' GONE A YEAR AGO!!" [Exit, sobbing, to the Canteen.

Mr. BOURKE told Sir T. CAMPBELL that the SULTAN is going to submit the reorganisation of his European provinces, not taken in and done for at Berlin, to local commissioners. This is by Sir H. LAYARD's advice—excellent advice, but like good physic, of no use till taken. *Punch* quotes Portia:—"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do!"

By half-past four the House was in Committee of Supply, and remained there, with very small progress to a great deal of prosing, for the best part of the night. One Vote, that on Scotch Prisons, took two hours and a half, and Mr. PARNELL Divided 4 to 152 against the salary of a Scripture Reader at Perth! *De minimis, si non curat lex, curant legislatores.* All the opposed Irish Votes were postponed after a wrangle, and Progress was reported after one Vote for salaries and superannuation allowances had been disposed of. With this tale of talk and work and the formal forwarding of a Law Bill a stage, the House was busy till close on three in the morning. "*Sedet eternumque sedebit, infelix.*" Like Juliet, it speaks but it says nothing, and does the same, and it is not like the sailor's voiceless parrot—it does not think the more.

Tuesday.—A Morning Sitting.

Colonel GOURLEY (Volunteer) wants to know what the inquiry on Army Organisation is to inquire into, and who are to be the inquirers.

Colonel STANLEY tells him the inquiry is to be into the working of Short Service, the Reserves, and the Localisation-scheme. It is to be conducted by a Committee—not a Royal Commission—of regular officers, having nothing to do with War-Office or Horse Guards.

Sir H. HAVERLOCK condemned the composition of the Committee in advance. So did Sir A. GORDON. It will satisfy neither the Army nor the Public. (*Querry per Punch.* What will?)

Then the House was delivered of a deal of "skimble skamble stuff," on the subject of Army Organisation, in which Mr. HOLMES (of course), Sir G. CAMPBELL, who must have his tongue in any talk that is going, and Mr. PETREL PARNELL took part.

At last, seeing the night wearing on in idle chatter—with the Session on the wing, and business all in arrear—the CHANCELLOR of

the EXCHEQUER broke out into a wall of unwonted vigour, declaring it impossible for Parliament to get on with its work in the face of such fearful waste of wind—"which nobody will deny."

BIDDULPH "reigns in Cyprus;" if anybody (except the BIDDULPH connection), particularly cares to know.

The House spent the rest of the sitting on one (the Punishment) Clause of the Army Regulation Bill, with some hundred and fifty other clauses waiting.

Mr. HOPWOOD wants to limit lashes to six, which, multiplied by the cat's tails, comes to fifty-four.

The House was still talking about this when the hour of adjournment came.

In the Evening Sitting, Mr. REGINALD YORKE moved a Resolution to muzzle the London School Board. It is doing too much; going too fast; rating too high; teaching too many things; hunting up too many scholars; building too handsome schools; paying too high salaries; in fact, altogether taking too much upon itself, and out of the pockets of the rate-payers.

Bravo, Mr. YORKE! If we are to believe you, the Board has crushed the ragged-schools; is extinguishing the voluntary schools; is stamping out the middle-class schools; is travelling out of the region of the three R's; is defying the Education Department, and generally outrunning the constable all over the place. Altogether, the London School Board, in Mr. YORKE's eyes, is displaying a disgusting activity, and is actually costing the rate-payers five pence in the pound! Its rate ought to be kept down to tuppence.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER, as the Board's foster-father, took up the cudgels for his fosterling. If the Board was spending too much, was it not an elected "body"? Were there not the rate-payers to stay its hands, and tie up their own purse-strings? But, after all, what was fippeny to the aggregate of metropolitan rates, . . . and for what other fippeny of those rates was there as good a return in value received?

Punch agrees with Mr. FORSTER, that YORKE is *not* wanted; and that his onslaught represents more hostility to the Board than zeal for economy or concern for the rate-payers.

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON damned the Board with faint praise, and thought there was disquietude at the London scale of salaries. He hoped the Motion would not be pressed, as Government could neither vote for, nor against, it.

Bravo, Lord GEORGE! nothing like plain speaking. But did you think that *Punch* was behind you, with a dream-Cartoon, of a certain animal—not *Bottom* with an ass's head, but with Lord B.'s head on an ass's body—between two bundles?

The debate was adjourned, but is not likely to be resumed. If the School Board spends, it schools; and the best-spent money that is taken out of the pockets of the heavily-taxed London ratepayer is just, *Punch* verily believes, that School Board "fippence."

Wednesday.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not see why the polling-hours of our public Elections should not be from 8 to 8, and brings in a Bill to extend them accordingly. If it was feared that darkness would bring drunkenness, let them shut up the publics, after dark, at Election times.

Mr. ASHETON moved the rejection of the Bill. Taking Elections into the dark hours, was a return to the Dark Ages. It would lead to increase of bribery, personation, and all "deeds of darkness."

Mr. WHEELHOUSE supported the Bill on behalf of Leeds; so did Sir CHARLES DILKE, Mr. RATHBONE, Dr. CAMERON (of Glasgow), Mr. HIBBERT, Mr. SAMUELSON, and Colonel BERESFORD—Members for large boroughs.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER said it was difficult for many electors, in large and widely-scattered boroughs, to record their votes before four; and he knew of no other remedy but this.

Sir M. W. RIDLEY laid weight on the objections of Mayors and Town-Clerks (Sir J. HERON, of Manchester, for one).

Ultimately, the Bill was rejected by 190 to 165—a division which marks the measure as one on its way to be carried.

Though *Punch* finds it difficult to believe that any man who cares to vote is now prevented by the polling hours, he does not see why a working-man should be mulcted of his brief dinner-time. "I've only an hour for my dinner," says TOOLE, in *Todgers*, and it is not pleasant to have to make that little less. It is all very well for Swells to sneer at the sacrifice, but they have more leisure than they know what to do with. Not so the working-man—except on his Saint Mondays—regularly once a week, "with liberty to add to their number."

Thursday.—Question-time overflowed till nearly six, thanks to a row caused by Mr. O'DONNELL's question to Sir M. H. BEACH about alleged atrocities committed by English soldiers in Zulu-land. The War-Office has directed an inquiry into these allegations. Sir M. H. BEACH insisting that anybody would have been satisfied with this but Mr. O'DONNELL. Mr. O'DONNELL, moving the adjournment of the House, declared he was no more satisfied with Colonel STANLEY's inquiries than with Sir M. H. BEACH's answers.

This brought up half-a-dozen Members eager to tread on the tail of Mr. O'DONNELL's coat. SULLIVAN was straightway in it, and PARNELL. Then FORSTER and NEWDEGATE interferred to pour oil on the waters; and the row ended, after loss of an hour and a half, with Mr. O'DONNELL disclaiming all personal imputations, and explaining that he only meant that the BEACH of East Gloucestershire, like the Oak of Dodona, had been made the mouthpiece of evasive answers.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, sanguine man, hopes that the South-African war will be brought to an end in no time, and will have cost only half a Million a month by the time all the bills come in. Walker!

Adjourned debate on the Indian Budget. Was there ever heard such a thing! An Indian Budget discussed in Ascot week! JOHN BULL's eyes must be opening at last. India's case is evidently serious. J. K. CROSS, gloomy, MR. HUBBARD, hopeful, MR. GLADSTONE grave and ominous. The time seemed at hand, when, unless we could retrench Four Millions a year, we should have to take on our shoulders the responsibility of Indian expenditure, as well as our own, and carry an Indian Old Man of the Sea, as well as his British brethren, on our own shoulders. It is well that Government has decided on retrenchment. But it has not the pluck to cut deep enough. All looks gloomy in the Indian Empire since we hailed its Empress—augmented taxes; Arms Act; Press Law; uncertain and inelastic revenue; new territory; more expensive frontier defences; duties unadvisedly repealed; licence-tax strained to disaffection point! Then how is the Four Millions a year to be cut off? In civil expenditure something may be possible; more in military. The ultimate responsibility rests with Parliament. Here we have a Treasury check: India has none.

Mr. SMOLLETT congratulated Mr. GLADSTONE on his speech, and then proceeded to lash all round, laying his thong heaviest on the Duke of ARGYLL, and his "*bête noir*," the Public Works Department, whose "productive" works produced nothing but mischief. He gave a summary of the Company's Government from 1814 compared with the Imperial Government from 1860. The first had made an Indian Empire, the last had made an Indian Bankruptcy. There was only one remedy, economy and reforms. But had the Govern-

ment the pluck to retrench? The Departments were overloaded with officials, and they were the curse and the scourge of India. Five Millions a year could and should be saved, and contentment, comfort, and loyalty would be brought back to the Indian people.

Mr. RATHBONE followed suit, with less of the whip.

Mr. GOSCHEN delivered an excellent exposition of the Silver difficulty. It was temporary, and what was most to be feared was empirical remedies.

Only leave them alone,
The rupees will come home,
And leave no loss behind them!

But no tampering with the currency. Better the vagaries of the precious metals than the vagaries of Viceroys and Legislatures. Allow natural causes to work, and adjust your expenditure to the new price of the rupee.

Mr. BALFOUR, as a member of the Silver Committee, said ditto to Mr. GOSCHEN.

Mr. E. STANHOPE put the best official face upon everything—advance of India; social, material, and moral education; finance; frontier wars; remission of cotton duties; Arms Act and Vernacular Press censorship. He thought they could save Two Millions a year all round, and that contrived year after year would put things straight and keep them straight.

Punch can only say as the Spartan said, in capital letters—"IF."

Sir G. CAMPBELL doubted if the material condition of the people of India had recently improved.

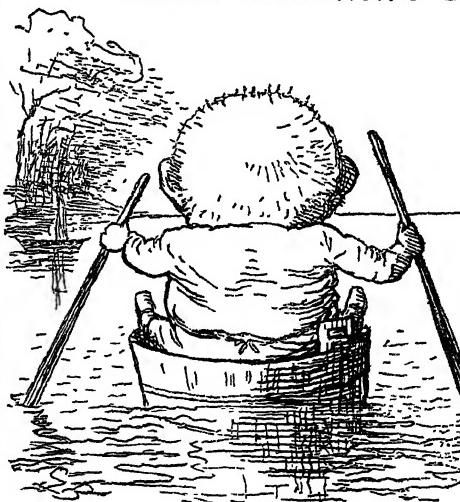
And then the Five Million India Loan Bill was read a Second Time, and the House was Counted Out at a quarter past one on its first night's really creditable—not doing—but talking, since its first night on the Indian Budget.

So let JOHN BULL stomach his disillusion, and hold hard to the fact, that India is not worth a mint of money.

Friday.—The Lords met and adjourned by half-past five, after forwarding some Bills a stage. That the Lords can do, without talking about it; whereas, the Commons can talk about it, but cannot do it.

Commons.—Local Government of the Metropolis. Heaven help our prospect of it, if it is to be gauged by to-night's desultory talk. Then to Continuous Brakes. Agreed to leave their adoption to the proper feeling of the Railway Companies!

FARMER HAWFINCH'S DREAM.



LORAMASSY, what wonderful picters they be

What we zees in our drames, or do sim fur to zee,

When our eyes be fast closed in the dark and abed!

I have us got eyes behind eyes, inside o' the head?

Gwin whoamards from markut at Winchester town, I was ketchun in the rain dri-vun over the down.

And I'd got about 'leven mile vurder to goo, Zo, afoor I rached whoam, I got drippun wet droo.

For to 'vide ketchun cold that night, 'fore I turned in I mixed me a nightcap o' hot beer and gin, And set out in the kitchen, and swiggled un there, Till a smokun my pipe I drapt off in my chair.

I dremp I'd gone back to the please where I'd ben, And strolled down to the Close from 'the Corn Markut then. The Cathadral was nigh when ut come on to power; Zo I went and took shelter within from the shower.

When lo and behold, unto me did appear Dree wry-fashion'd figgers in robes long and queer, Stiff as shapes in staain'd winders of old, wi' a thing Aitch atop of 'a's head like a shiny gold ring.

"HAWFINCH," hollered a vice, "like a stuck pig doan't stare;
This here is Saint Giles, and Saint Katturn that there.
And the one wi' a crook, standun 'twixt him and she,
That's Saint Swithun, once Bishop as rooled this here see."

"Saint Swithun," I heard them two 'tothers complaaain,
"The farmers be cryun out 'long o' the raain.
Make hay whilst the sun shines 'tis useluss to zay,
Whilst thee keep'st on downpowerun they can't make no hay."

Saint Swithun, in aanswer, said, "Never you fear.
In good time and due sazon the skies I'll sweep clear.
I've my innuns had early; my Veast I'll keep dry;
Varty days shall be fine from that day in July."

Then I woke wi' a start, as a dramer med do;
And I hopes that there drame as I dremp 'ool prove true;
And St. Swithun gie over afoor 'tis too late
Fur the grass and the green crops as well as the whate.

HAYMEN!

ANTI-CO-OPERATIVE CATECHISM.

(From the Middleman's Primer.)

Q. What is "Co-operative Trading"?

A. An organised method of deranging the social balance, subversive of the first principles of political economy.

Q. By whom, and for what purpose, is this movement set on foot?

A. By distinguished civil, military, and clerical millionnaires, banded together by a vindictive determination to bring struggling retail tradesmen to beggary.

Q. Have their efforts hitherto been crowned with success?

A. Yes. By a persistent course of relentless persecution they have contrived to get their sugar, birdseed, pickles, cough-mixture, and note-paper without paying the usual one hundred per cent. for the privilege of obtaining these commodities directly from the retail tradesman.

Q. Who have been most prominent and active in this outrage?

A. The over-paid and luxurious gentlemen who hold Civil Service appointments.

Q. Has any plan been suggested of bringing these gentlemen to a proper sense of the enormity of their proceedings?

A. Yes. It has been proposed, in evidence given before the Committee now sitting on the subject, that they should be so "thoroughly used up in the service of the Government" that, on leaving their employment each day they should find themselves "fit for nothing else."

Q. Is it easy, or even possible, to bring about this result by the severe mental strain to which they are daily subjected between the official hours of ten and four?

A. No, it is not.

Q. How then might the strain be increased so as really to unfit them for all co-operative labour?

A. They might be required to put on the gloves with a professional prize-fighter, or even with their chief, and be kept constantly sparring under the eye of a messenger deputed for the purpose until the small hours of the morning. Or, should this be found ineffective, they might be told off to write a history of the Treaty of Berlin, jump hurdles in St. James's Park, read logarithms with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, attend amateur theatricals, or attempt any other of those debilitating feats which leave those who perform them both physically and morally prostrate.

Q. Would this arrangement, as one of the witnesses explained, give the Government and the tradesman full "possession of the brains" of the Civil Servant whom they both employed?

A. It would—full and ample possession.

Q. What great result may we expect would follow upon a rigid application of this principle?

A. The Civil Servant, judiciously exhausted by his employers, "the Government and the Tradesman," would be glad to do such shopping as he could find time for, at any prices that might be asked him.

Q. Would the general public view this arrangement with satisfaction?

A. It would—with intense satisfaction.

Q. Why?

A. Because the general public are so very solicitous for the welfare of the deserving Middleman.

Q. Would the general public, in the Middleman's interest, go to the extent of paying twenty-three and sixpence all round for a nine-shilling hat?

A. Not, perhaps, at present.

Q. Do you think this result may be reached in the long run?

A. It is to be hoped, that by "the assistance of the Legislature," the general public will ultimately go even to twenty seven-and-ninepence without a murmur, and buy all it needs at a similar figure, smiling benignly.

An Island of the Blest.

THE Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand, who has lately made his financial statement to the Legislature of that happy island, is called —what do *Punch's* readers think?—The Hon. J. BALLANCE!

Oh, if we could see him in the Exchequer at home! Come—BALLANCE—come to the Mother Country, that yearns for you!

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER.—Eating and drinking.

THE NEW OXFORD COMMISSIONER.—Chaos come again.

A CONFESSION.



'Tis often asked, what style of Girl
Best pleases *Punch*: amidst the whirl
Of London's season, which, the pearl
Of pearls great *Punch* would call?

To *Punch* all Girls are sweet as sweet,
Brunette or blonde, grande or petite.
He throws himself at their fair feet,
And loves 'em, short or tall.

Merry or earnest, plump or slim,
Well-rounded charms, or svelte and trim,—
Bless you! it's all the same to him!
He loves 'em, great and small.

Clear eyes of gray, and azure blue,
Brown, hazel, black, and sapphire too;
And Irish eyes of violet hue—
Punch loves 'em, one and all.

All looks he loves, in tress or braid,
Front-frizzled, rough, or smoothly laid,
Black, brown, and gold, of every shade,
Since Eve first let hers fall.

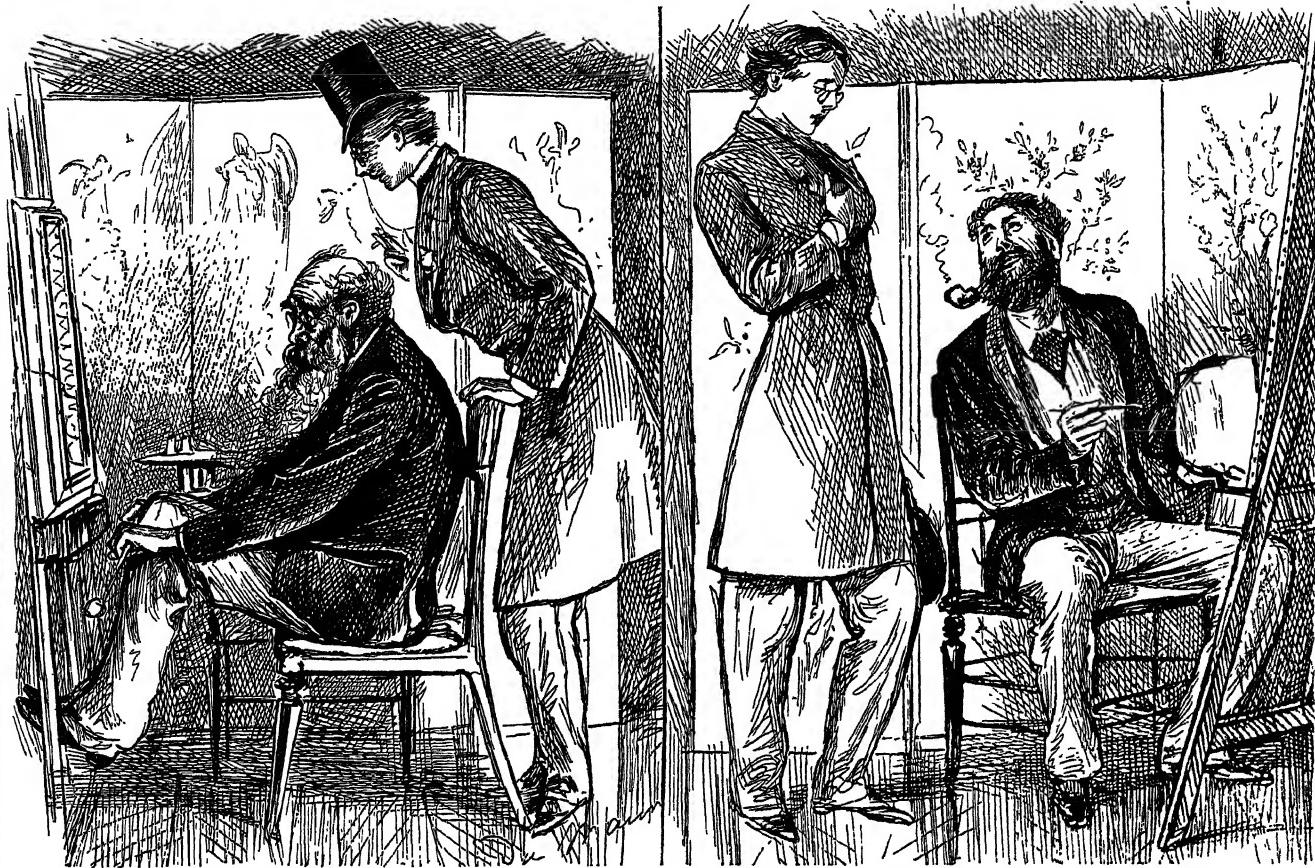
Sweet noses, be they short or long,
"Tip-tilted" (as in Laureate's song),
Straight, aquiline—not one comes wrong—
On *Punch* they never pall.

Full lips that pout, shy lips that smile,
Proud lips that curl, sly lips that wile;
All lips can *Punch*'s heart beguile
At drum, or rout, or ball.

So *Punch* each lovely damsels greets;
And vows that while his true heart beats,
He loves not one, but all he meets,
In palace, cot, or hall!

A RHYME FROM "HAMLET."

"Prince ALEKO —————
'Miching mallecho'—
Means mischief."



THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Our Pet Critic (soothingly). "WELL, I CAN'T CONSCIENTIOUSLY PRAISE IT, OLD MAN! BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO FOR YOU—I'LL BLACKGUARD IT SO FEARFULLY THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE WILL COME FORWARD, OUT OF FAIR PLAY, AND SWEAR IT'S THE GREATEST WORK OF GENIUS THIS AGE HAS EVER SEEN!"

Pictor Ignotus. "THANKS, MY DEAR BOY, AND BLESS YOUR KIND HEART!"

Pictor Notus. "HA! HA! HA! YOU AN ART-CRITIC? WHY, HOW OLD ARE YOU, MY LAD?"

Our Pet Critic (sternly). "IF YOU DARE TALK IN THAT WAY TO ME, SIR, I'LL BE HANGED IF I DON'T PUBLISH IT, AS MY EARNEST CONVICTION, THAT YOUR PICTURE IS THE ONE SUPREME AND CROWNING MASTERPIECE OF CONTEMPORARY ART!"

[Appalled by the threat, *Pictor submiss.*]

UNSEASONABLE SEASONING.

Spring. Ha! ha! My disguise, I conceive, is perfection.
Summer. Ho! ho! Who would recognise Summer in me?

Spring. I leave poor mankind in the deepest dejection.
Summer. I doubt if my advent will fill 'em with glee.
Both. We've frozen 'em, drenched 'em, and cut off their sun,
Till they're getting quite desperate. Isn't it fun?

Spring. The Seasons? Ha! ha! Sounds ironical, very.
Summer. An ancient distinction that's quite obsolete!

Spring. Ho! ho! Why they used to consider me merry!
Summer. And I was the blooming, the balmy, the sweet!
Both. But the lyres of the poets are both out of tune,

Now December can not be distinguished from June.

Spring. Just look at my nose! 'Tis as blue as old Winter's!
Summer. Twig my gingham and macintosh—pluvial, eh?
Spring. April showers? I send mine in keen icy splinters.
Summer. June blossoms? My deluge will make 'em look gay.
Both. Ha! ha! We're uncommonly like one another;

'Tis six (months) of one, half-a-dozen of 't other!

Spring. Awful joke! Only change from Jack Frost to Aquarius!
Summer. Rare lark! Only choice between deluge and ice!
Spring. I've wintered, you water 'em! Hope they're hilarious.
Summer. They look must lugubrious. Isn't it nice?
Both. Together, alternately, Snow, Blow, and Flow.

Rule what once were the Seasons. Ha! ha! and ho! ho!
[Left laughing, and be blowed to 'em!]

NAUGHTY PEOPLE.—The Nihilists.

"A BERLIN!"

The following gifts, offered to the Emperor and Empress of GERMANY at the recent Golden Wedding at Berlin, by some mistake have not yet appeared in the official list of presents:

The Emperor of Russia.—A suit of chain-armour (to be worn under a General's uniform), warranted dagger and bullet-proof, and a guide-book to Siberia.

The President of the French Republic.—A Slang Dictionary, compiled by the members of the Corps Legislatif, and edited by M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC.

The Sultan of Turkey.—Contrivances for floating loans in the event of national shipwreck.

The Khedive of Egypt.—A donkey-whip, and a patent screw press, adapted for pressing cotton and squeezing fellahs.

Prince von Bismarck.—A patent gag, warranted to keep everybody quiet—for a time.

The Earl of Beaconsfield.—A golden wreath. (Idea borrowed from TRACEY TURNERELLI.)

The ex-Queen of Spain.—A copy of the old English air, "Darby and Joan," arranged for the castanets.

The Prussian Press.—A pair of rose-coloured Spectacles.

Mr. Holmes, M.P..—An Essay by himself, entitled *The Military Systems of England and Germany, from a Hackney point of view*.

The German Nation.—A complete set of *Good Words*.

And Mr. Punch.—A ditto of good wishes.

VERY QUESTIONABLE.—Whoever attempts to rule the Irish Home-Rule Party, will he ever be other than a Butt—for all manner of arrows, poisoned and otherwise?



UNSEASONABLE SEASONING.

SUMMER (*to* SPRING). "YOU WINTER'D 'EM!—I'VE WATER'D 'EM! LET'S HOPE THEY 'VE LIKED IT!!!"

QUEER SITE FOR A CHURCH.



"A proposal has been set on foot, with every prospect of success, to build a memorial church on a site which will bear a mournful but immortal name in English history." —*Times*.

By all means raise a memorial to the brave who fell at Isandlana; but would not a preferable place for it be inside St. Paul's? Or if the monument mustneeds be a church, had it not better stand in some neighbourhood where it would have a chance of being occasionally occupied by a congregation? Have we gone the right way to convert the Zulus by invading their territory? Are they likely ever to frequent a sacred edifice erected on a battlefield which Christian and heathen have made memorable by mutual slaughter? The only place of worship to build with propriety over interred carnage would be a Temple of Mars.

THE GAY GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

(*A Personally-Conducted Tour through the Collection of Curiosities.*)

No. 1. *A Labour of Love.* Mrs. WYLIE. Love's Labour—not lost, I hope. Cupid is represented here as a Wylye little rogue.

No. 2. *Portrait of Herr Henschel.*

ALMA TADEMA said, "'Tis essential
I should paint the great Herr HENSCHEL."

Here is the Herr playing another H'air on the piano very forte. There is nobody else in the room, so he can make as much noise as he likes. But never mind, Herr. Walls have ears, and if you only keep up the forte, you'll bring down the house.

Works by W. B. RICHMOND. Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. There are seven Richmonds in the field.

No. 6. She must be a Giantess when she stands up.

No. 7. *Daisy Houldsworth.* Very melancholy expression. It ought to be *Lack-a-daisy Houldsworth*.

No. 9. *A Study in Light and Shade.* More fitted for a drawing-room than a study. Good. But send for the doctor. She must be unwell. Look at the colour of her lips! She's the Lass o' Richmond—ill. She should go and kiss CARLO PELLEGRINI's girl, "Violets" (211), and take a little of the rouge off her; she can spare it. As for the lips of the Lass o' Richmond 'ill, they could never tell anything but white lies—which brings us to

No. 10. *The End of the Story.*

No. 11. *Portrait of Lieut.-Colonel T. White Thompson.* Too White Thompson. Pale with rage; but, fortunately, the gallant warrior is separated from the artist by a high and massive table. He is evidently some distance from Richmond. Perhaps, judging from the colour of his face, somewhere about Putty-ney. (Oh!)

No. 13. *Arabs in the Museum of Algiers.* By F. DICRY. If we speak nowadays of so-and-so's harmonies in colour, this must be one of Moor's Melodies.

No. 15. *A Morning Mist.* CECIL LAWSON. Well, Mr. LAWSON, a Morning Mist is better than a Day Lost. You are fond of this subject.

No. 16. *Charing Cross Bridge. Midnight.* A. STUART-WORTLEY. Of course. Lost his way coming home from the Club. Won't go home till morning. This Bridge is exactly what he should have painted, because its Archie—STUART-WORTLEY.

No. 17. *Psyche's Toil in Venus' Garden.* E. MATTHEW HALE. The tale of Cupid and Psyche, illustrated, from the *Morris Papers*. The idea is Love in a Maize.

No. 20. What's this? A knight in armour, clawing with his left hand the shoulder of a shrinking girl, while in his right he holds a drawn sword, threateningly. The idea conveyed is, "Row between a Young Married Couple in the Olden Time." Knight says, "By my halidame, mistress mine, an ye say another angry word, I'll cut your head off! Now!" On referring to the Catalogue, however, I find

that the picture is by Mr. W. G. WILLS, who intends it to represent *Ophelia and Laertes*. O dear me! I beg your pardon, Mr. WILLS! I really hadn't an idea—bless me!—how very stupid of me—but now you mention it—I see—of course *Ophelia and Laertes*—I mean *Ophelia*. Ah! very nice, yes. I'll look at the next.

No. 21. Now, what is this? Bless me, why this also is by Mr. WILLS, who tells us it is intended to represent *The Spirit of the Shell*. It looks more like *The Body in the Shell*. But that would be funereal. What Spirit is in the Shell? You mean in the Cask, don't you? Oh, I see! Yes—it's one of the *Ginii, shell'p me!* Good morning, Mr. W. G. W., and much obliged for the information.

No. 22. *Sarpedon.* W. B. RICHMOND. Another RICHMOND! He quotes—

"To the soft arms of silent sleep and death,
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear."

We fly by night. The "mournful charge" seems rather high—in the air. The one winged being above is evidently asking the other beneath (who is carrying the legs) "Which way?" They have lost their bearings, but not what they bear. "Conning and Steering" wouldn't have been a bad title for it.

No. 19. *Kent.* CECIL LAWSON. "Kent!" It's Kent all over—except Canterbury. Admirable! Bravo, CECIL LAWSON! This is your line, Sir—stick to it, and to all other competitors in the Kent field you can say, "All hops abandon ye who enter here!" Quite a *hop-picture!* Keep up your picker! *Allez! Hop là!*

No. 24. *Light, Life, and Melody.* H. HERKOMER. The Beer-veerian Highlands. Peasants smoking and drinking beer, while one of them is playing, on the zither, a selection from MEYER-BEER. It is a large water-colour painting. The objection to water-colour paintings is that they won't last. But this will, because of its size.

No. 26. *Dressing Mustard-Seed on a Norfolk Farmstead.* R. W. MACBETH. Clever, but uninteresting. Next time let the worthy Thane take a Shakspearian subject—"Bottom a-dressing Mustard-Seed."

No. 27. *The Fountain.* THOMAS ARMSTRONG. This picture is chiefly remarkable for a portrait of WALTER CRANE in the right corner; and that this is so intended is evident from the juxtaposition of that Artist's work entitled

No. 21. *The Sirens.* WALTER CRANE. A scene at Margate in the olden time. Bathing-women surprised by the near approach of a boat-load of Cockneys. Where are the Police?

No. 32. *Music: or, let us be Harpy together.* W. E. F. BRITTEN. This isn't Great BRITTEN.

No. 33. *What is this?* Eh? A young gentleman in a fancy costume—half knight, half troubadour, without the guitar—is trying to induce a damsel, slightly décolleté, to step into a boat—i.e. just to put her foot in it. He is saying, artfully, "It's very fine outside. Good day for a row." But she hesitates. By E. C. HALLE. *H'allez-vous-en!*

No. 34. *Kitty.* Child with dog. Portrait. W. WILFRID MAJOR. Kitty and Doggy. Pity it wasn't Kit-Cat. Eyes right, Major!

No. 36. *Head of a Girl at Lerici.* G. COSTA. Try something English. Next time let's have, *The Head of a House at Oxford*.

No. 40. *Isabella.* J. M. STRUDWICK. Lady in great distress looking at an empty umbrella-stand.

Poor ISABELLA
Lost her umbrella.
Where is it? Tell her!
Not in the cellar.
Oh, my umbrella!

Mr. STRUDWICK has been far more careful over his picture than his ISABELLA was with her *parapluie*.

No. 32. *Night and Sleep.* Miss E. PICKERING. Both wide awake, and taking a Fly.

No. 43. *Shipbuilding.* P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A. What good model workmen to keep so nice and clean! "Those who touch pitch" doesn't apply here. And what a nice model ship! Clean as a well-kept baby in its own cradle. Mr. MORRIS should next paint *A Clean Sweep*. This *Shipbuilding* is of course a "marine piece." The Sweep would make an excellent "chimney-piece." Why, these workmen, caulking a vessel, couldn't be cleaner if they were the QUEEN's chief butlers uncorking the wine.

No. 51. *The Widow's Acre.* G. H. BOUGHTON. He should have called it, *The Widow's Diggings*. For what the diggings else is she doing with that spade in her hand? The Widow's back must be the Widow's acher. Good for a Boughton if it's a Sold 'un—as it ought to be. Yes, that should be mine, if I'd bought 'un. By the way,

I'm informed the name spelt Boughton
Is pronounced the same as Houghton.
But the play on words I've thought on
Needs that you pronounce it Bought-on.
But that rightly 'tis called Bought-ton—
Well, that subject I've a doubt on.

No. 54. *Portrait of Miss Rosa Corder.* J. M. WHISTLER. Better



REASSURING!

Old Gent (suddenly turning corner in narrow lane). "OH!—I SAY!—IS HE? WILL HE?"—(Backing into Hedge.)—"CAN HE?"

Peasant. "DON'T TAKE NO NOTICE OF 'IM, SIR! I'VE GOT A WEE BIT CHECK ON 'IM IF HE RUNS!!"

than usual. Glad to say a word for WHISTLER. Admirers of J. M. W., look at this picture, and *Sursum Corder*.

No. 62. *The Inventor of Sails*. F. SMALLFIELD. He should have invented trousers first.

No. 64. *Study of a Head; executed before the Students of the Slade School*. A. LEGROS. Unsatisfactory explanation. Why was he executed before the Students? Why weren't the Students, if they deserved it, executed before him? Why was he executed at all? The answer is, I suppose, that it was necessary he should be slayed first, in order that the School might be slayed afterwards. The Slade School, I am glad to say, is very much alive. Mr. LEGROS thought he must send a highly-polished specimen to *Le Gros-veneer Gallery*.

No. 68. *Dog Days*. A Lady reading under a tree. And

No. 69. *"Our First Tiff"*. A sulky Gentleman turning away from a sulky Lady. It is breakfast out-of-doors—it should have been *tiffin*—and he objects to spiders in tea. But, all hail, MACBETH—or all sunshine, MACBETH—as Nos. 68 and 69 were going to be hung together, and as you call the first "Dog Days," why didn't you call the other "Cat and Dog Days"? MACBETH! MACBETH! MACBETH! I rather like two of your witches!

No. 70. *Sheepwashing in Droughty Weather*. Again, MACBETH.
"If droughty deeds my Lady please"—

she'll buy this picture.

No. 65. *Portrait of Robert Macbeth*. CARLO PELLEGRINI. Shady. Not Macbeth—it's Banquo's Ghost.

Nothing very remarkable till we come to

No. 73. *Paolo and Francesca*. G. F. WATTS, R.A.; and
No. 74. *Orpheus and Eurydice*—

"By the same—
WATTS, his name."

And these are WATTS's compositions! Well, I like the old hymns better—
"How doth the little busy bee," &c.

Somebody remarked that Mr. WATTS must have lost his head; but for this, on going to the East Gallery, I found there is no foundation, as Mr. WATTS has taken his own head, and preserved it in oil. At all events, if it isn't his own head (No. 144) it's exactly like it.

No. 80. *False*. J. D. LINTON. False on both sides probably. But I thought it was intended for *A Rehearsal*. End of Act I. Tableau. Amateurs having struck an attitude, anxiously await the fall of the curtain. This impression I find was, what Mr. LINTON has called it—*False*.

No. 77. *A Study*. J. D. LINTON. No plaster-of-Paris flesh, but a genuine real girl, all alive, oh!—only as some shop advertisements have it—"Hands Wanted."

No. 78. *The Trumpeter*. J. D. LINTON. Ah! this is a trump! If you've got many of these, Mr. LINTON, you've a fine hand. Never mind the other hands in No. 77. Honours easy, but you have got an odd trick—now and then. There's no doubt, however, about The Trump. That's a card.

No. 90. *Portrait of Signor Piatti*. Lady LINDSAY (of Balcarres). Poor PIATTI! Without his violoncello—that is, only the head without the bass which supports him. No wonder he looks ill. The second time he has been treated this year.

Nothing of importance till we stop before the works of JAMES TISSOT, Nos. 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Nos. 97 and 99. *Scènes de la Vie dans le Bois de S. Jean*. The first (97) being *The Naughty Old Man; or, I'll tell your Wife how you spend your Afternoons in Fair Rosamund's Bower-Villa, N.W.* The second scene being another part of the garden. Naughty Old Man out of it. ROSAMUND, in her web, waiting for the flies. This is called *The Hammock*. It ought to have been *The Web*.

Will you walk into my Garden?

Said the Spider to the Fly.

'Tis the prettiest little garden

That ever you did spy.

The grass a sly dog plays on;

A hammock I have got;

Neat ankles you shall gaze on,

Talk—a propos de botte.

Elle est bien bottée alors. Is it so? 'Tis so.

After this amount of pleasure, it is wise that our thoughts should turn on

No. 98. *Going to Business*. He leaves Fair Rosamund in the bower, and is off to the City. Is it now that the Naughty Old Man, who has a clerical cut about him, takes advantage of his absence to pay his visit? It is quite a drama. Perhaps that old clergyman's parishioners are advertising for him everywhere, Lost, Stolen, or Strayed. And the business man, meanwhile, is in the Hansom, going East. Nos. 97 and 99 represent The Handsome Fair One, and No. 98 is The One Hansom Fare. And the latter murmurs to himself,

"Drive on, Cabby!
Ah! is she good,
She of the Abbey
Road, St. John's Wood?"

Before quitting the West Gallery, permit me to draw—instead of paint, for a change—your attention to a life-size statue in bronze. It is—

No. 306. *A Running Commentary*. W. B. RICHMOND.

No. 107. *The Haunted Mill*. CECIL LAWSON. Haunted! not even a Ghost would come here. Let me return to "Kent." Luckily, *Mill admirari* is not all the Art you know, Mr. CECIL LAWSON.

No. 112. *Cold Morning on the Thames*. CHEVALIER ED. DE MARTINO. Day and Martin-o!

No. 113. *Nausicaa*. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Classical Lady "giving" a fancy ball. (Had quite enough of her at the Academy. Still, I suppose she has her admirers. Mr. POYNTER himself would probably say, that he "is neither tired of, nor sick o' her.")

Nos. 132 and 147. Both by J. O'CONNOR. *Putin los Cypress Alhambra, and Staircase of Burgos Cathedral*, painted O'Conor.

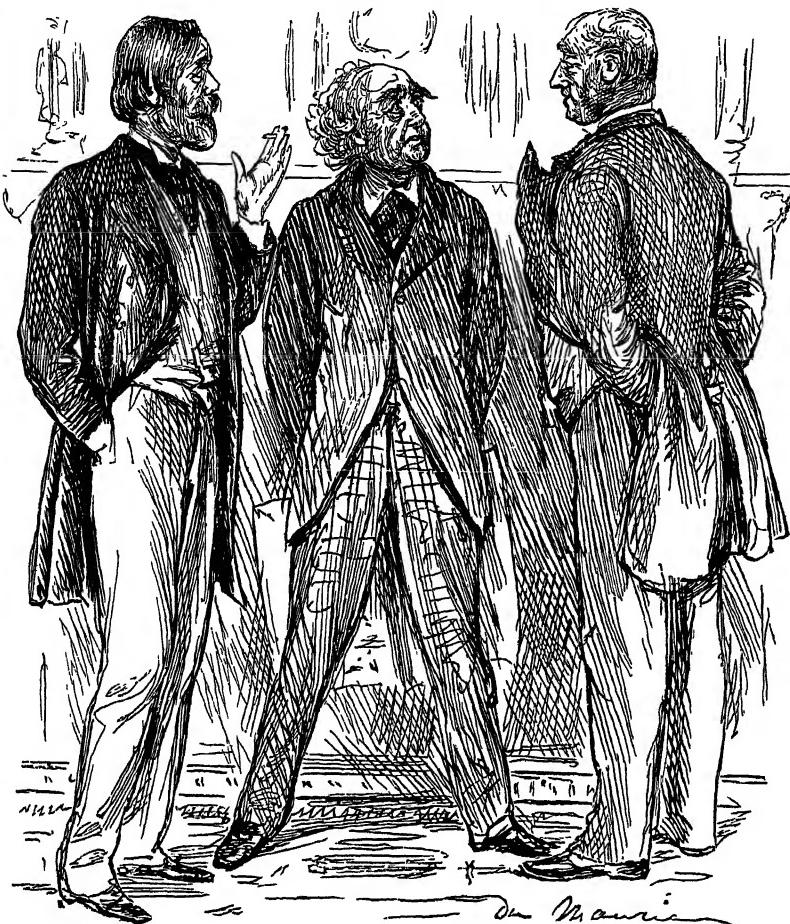
No. 140. *Portrait of Mrs. King*. ED. R. HUGHES. Good colour, or, we should say, good Hughes. But why not have called it the Queen at once?

No. 143. *Dorothy*. G. F. WATTS, R.A. A very good little child.

No. 146. *Portrait of Mrs. Elmore*. C. COINS. One doesn't generally trust to relations for a favourable view of one's characteristics, but in this instance Mrs. Elmore was right in getting COINS to paint her.

No. 149. *Portrait of Hermann Vezin, Esq.* J. FORBES-ROBERTSON. "HERMANN VEZIN; or, After half-an-hour with the best Hairdresser."

"I knew it wanted cutting," said Mr. H. Vezin.



CANDOUR.

Brown. "WHAT! BLOBBS AN OVERRATED DUFFER! COME, I SAY, NOW, TOP-SAWYER, YOU ONCE TOLD ME YOURSELF HE WAS THE GREATEST GENIUS THAT HAD SHONE ON THE WORLD SINCE THE DAYS OF—"

Little Topsawyer. "AH, THAT'S WHEN NOBODY HAD EVER HEARD OF HIM, YOU KNOW! BUT NOW!—WHY, HANGED IF THEY DON'T MAKE MORE FUSS ABOUT BLOBBS THAN THEY DO ABOUT ME!"

"What! Your part in my new piece?" anxiously exclaimed the Author.

"No, not a part—the whole. I'm thinking of my hair," replied the eminent comedian, as he went to beard the DOUGLAS in Bond Street—or rather for the DOUGLAS to beard him.

No. 150. Pause for one moment. Do not refer to the Catalogue. Let us try and make out what it is intended to be. Well, it is intended to be a picture. So far the Court is with you. But of what? Here is a young lady engaged in stroking gently the breast-plate of a middle-aged steel-clad warrior, probably for the same reason as the little girl gave SIDNEY SMITH for her stroking the tortoise—"Because it pleases him" "Why?" replied the witty parson, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." But I think the warrior does like it, for he is gradually breaking into a smile under the gentle treatment. But the girl looks tired. Now to see by whom it is, and for what it is meant. Well, it is simply *A Knight and his Daughter*, and it is by Sir Coutts LINDSAY, Bart. Well, no harm's done. He's only a Knight, and it's very kind of Bart. to take any notice of him.

No. 154. *A French Girl and her Calves*. F. MORGAN. *Guten Morgan.*

No. 172. *Topaz*. ALBERT MOORE. Why "Topaz"? Two girls. "Topaz" can't surely be a misprint for "Toppers"? If so—but no, they don't look like it. "Toppers" but not "Topers."

Nos. 177, 178, and 241. W. J. HENNESSY. I think, perhaps, that No. 177 is "HENNESSY's Best."

No. 181. *The Horses of St. Mark, Venice*. J. BUNNEY. Worth a pretty penny, BUNNEY, that's plain, BUNNEY; but if you ask "a plum," BUNNEY, they'll say, "Go to Bath, BUNNEY!" and then you'd be hot, cross BUNNEY. You can paint these Horses—

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF IT?

A "GUILD" has been started calling itself "the Church and Stage Guild." Its object is somewhat difficult to define. It is intended to include all "who profess the Christian faith," and are not ashamed of it on the Stage. By the way, if the members consult ALBAN BUTLER's *Lives of the Saints*, they will find at least three Actors in the Calendar. If the Guild goes on being very good indeed, future generations may read in the Christian hagiology *The Life of the Blessed Buckstone*, *The Acts of Saint Benjamin (Webster)*, and a Bollandist history of the *Venerable J. L. Toole*. Already as eminent confessors of the Christian faith, the names of some members of the talented Vokes family appear in the Guild, with Mr. FRED ALBERT of Music-Hall celebrity. The Committee list has been issued, of course, "with power to add to its number," and so we may soon expect to see the names of the following professing Christians swelling the noble band of Stage Professional Christians:—

Miss NELLIE FARREN.
H.E. Cardinal MANNING.
Mr. DAVID JAMES.
Mr. SPURGEON.
Madame DOLARO.
Canon LIDDON.
Mr. McDERMOTT.

Mme. LEONA DARE, Queen of the Antilles.

Why doesn't "The Guild"—which has a mediæval sound—start a Sunday Theatre on its own account, with pew-openers for box-keepers, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD to manage, on no fee-fi-fouf principles, and a series of Mystery Plays, the *libretto* of which should be under the direct supervision of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and the Old Testament Revisional Committee? What chances there might be for Mr. FREDERICK VOKES and Miss VICTORIA in the serious dances, and for Mr. DAVID JAMES! How about *Noses in Egito* to commence with? Costumes by Messrs. NATHAN LEO. Book by the Earl of BEACONSFIELD.

Evidently there is much to be done by the "Church and Stage Guild."

HALF AND HALF.

It used to be proverbially said, that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. But didn't ALEXANDRE DUMAS, fils, upset that saying when he wrote *Le Demi-Monde*?

why not try your hand at a Rabbit, BUNNEY? This is your contribution to the Grosvenor. And so now, J. BUNNEY, you are *a-bonéé*. BUNNEY *nuit*!

Nos. 273, 274. *Heads or Tails*. Sketches by RUBBINS; and No. 267—No; I will not stand No. 267. "Three Studies in Chalk and Pastel." Bosh! Studies! Why

Here's a creature
Without a feature!

But Jacques le Siffleur has the face for anything. No. 273. *In Chalk*. No. 274. *In Chalk*. Here's running up a score with a vengeance! Well, he's brought his chalks in here, and I'll walk mine out.

One thing before I go—the bust of BLANCHARD JERROLD, in *terra cotta*, by Miss H. MONTALBA. It is marvellous good. And the colour is so significant; for Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD is known as a well-red man. He has so evidently just said a good thing, and is enjoying it himself heartily. In fact it is what *James* would call quite a "Bust of Merriment."

What fitter conclusion to my visit to the Grosvenor Gallery? A Bust of Laughter!

The Golden Wedding.

(With its Iron Lining)

WHEN the good fairies have their blessings prest,
The wicked fairy with her blight behold!
Lo, BISMARCK comes, with gifts unlike the rest,
To dash his blood and iron o'er the gold!

THE UNGRATEFUL CIVIL SERVANT.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the Witnesses before the Committee on Co-operative Stores.)



ENTERFOUR left the Tin-Tax Office a quarter of an hour after the clock had struck the time of closing. Though he had been idling away the day in copying at express speed the minutes of his superiors, he felt fagged and weary. His indolence had not saved him from a head-ache and a tired hand.

"Before I return to my wife and six children," he murmured, with a guilty blush, "I will attempt to increase the handsome sum awarded me by a generous Government for my trivial labours."

Disregarding the prickings of his conscience, he entered a merchant's office and asked for employment.

"I have a few leisure hours," he faltered out, "and shall be glad to earn—"

Before he could utter another word the head

cashier, throwing off his disguise, appeared as the much-dreaded CORKSCREW, the *employé* of the Criminal Investigation Department.

"Begone, Civil Servant!" hissed out the detector of evil-doing. "All your time belongs to the Crown! What right have you to put any of it to private profit?"

"What have you to do with it?" asked TENTERFOUR, desperately.

"The Government," here CORKSCREW reverentially lifted his wig, "at the request of the ill-used West-End tradesmen, appointed me to watch you. It is my duty to prevent you from adding to your already princely income by private employment."

TENTERFOUR, cowed and beaten, skulked out of the merchant's office and betook himself to the *bureau de location* of a theatre.

"I am honest and trustworthy," he began, "and I have a few leisure hours which I would willingly sell to an employer. If you have a vacancy as a checktaker—"

"What are you?" asked the box book-keeper.

"I occupy a stool in the Tin-Tax office," replied TENTERFOUR.

The box book-keeper looked black as thunder as he thundered out,

"And you dare come here to add a salary wrung from the lessees of the High Life to the ill-gotten salary of which you, and fellows like you, rob the nation? Away! if you would not have the police at your heels!"

TENTERFOUR hastily withdrew, for, in spite of his disguise, the unhappy wretch had recognised in the theatrical official the much-dreaded features of CORKSCREW, the *employé* of the Criminal Investigation Department.

The unscrupulous waster of the public time wandered through the streets until he came upon the keeper of a perambulating coffee-stall, apparently past work.

"Madam," said TENTERFOUR, courteously, "can I not assist you? I believe that there is that in me that will enable me to sell the stimulating juice of the Arabian berry to the night-wanderers of this great city. I have a few leisure hours, and should be but too happy—"

"Beware!" exclaimed the owner of the coffee-stall. "Do you not know that by the new regulations all Civil Service trading in any form, by any of its *employés*, is illegal?"

TENTERFOUR fled in hopeless despair, for in the tones of the aged coffee-stall keeper he had recognised the voice of CORKSCREW, who a few years since would have been called the Detective.

Foiled on every side, the conscience-stricken Civil Servant made his way to his four-roomed palace in East Hackney.

"Here is to-day's money," he exclaimed, as he threw a few silver coins on the wooden table. His wife seized the coin, and promised the children that in consideration of their light dinners, they should each enjoy a shop egg with their tea. The children shouted with glee at the prospect of the coming banquet, and yet their father grumbled.

"How dare you!" cried CORKSCREW (who had followed TENTERFOUR to his home) putting his head through a broken window, "How dare you complain of the princely salary which a too-indulgent Government pays you for the exclusive use of your labours?"

The rebuked TENTERFOUR hid his face in his hands, and was silent.

A SONG OF THE SLADE PROFESSORS.

Or, there were three Slade Professors, three extremely Mighty Men (Two of them champions of the brush, one potent with the pen), Who London, Oxford, Cambridge did respectively adorn, Where, perched as on three Pisgahs, they looked down with proper scorn.

On dull Philistia's barren flats, where mortals crawl about, grubbing for unethereal food with unesthetic snout. And oh, there was a Painter!—put a nimbus round his name, And change that article to the, so peerless was his fame!— He had seized the sweets of Sickness, caught the charm of Skin-and-Bones.

And the hidden grace of Angles; and his name it was BURNE-JONES. Thirdly—and unimportantly—there was a Critic knave, Who dared appraise that Painter, like a donkey blindly brave, And to hint that though his "feeling" was intense, if scarcely strong, His beauty-sense was morbid, his anatomy all wrong.

Then up and spake those dauntless three, "Oh, this will never do!" (Twas thus said RICHMOND and LEGROS, and so said COLVIN too.) "There is but one aesthetic sphere, 'tis that which we revolve in." (Like the legs on a Manx halfpenny—RICHMOND, LEGROS, and COLVIN.) "That BURNE-JONES is perfection's an Art-axiom, don't you know?"

(COLVIN upon this point agreed with RICHMOND and LEGROS.) "His painting takes the shine out of all his predecessors." (Here there was unanimity 'twixt those three Slade Professors.)

"'Tis like that Critic's cheek to quiz the man we praise and pet so," cried RICHMOND and LEGROS at once. Quoth SIDNEY COLVIN, "Quet so!"

"He has not any call at all to criticise such picthaws, So far beyond the compass of his crude, misleading strictchaws." Thus COLVIN, RICHMOND, and LEGROS all hastened to agree; The trio, Art's new Cerberus, you see, were one, though three.

"In imaginative power, and in technical as well, From ANGELO to RAPHAEL, our JONES must bear the bell. The only one who's in it with B. J. is BOTTICELLI."

Said COLVIN, "We must make this Critic's charge a *casus belli*. The influence of authority, in matters of opinion, Surely gives us in the Art-sphere despotic dominion.

These Critics have been going it most impudently, dash 'em! Now, I propose we Mighty Three arise and simply smash 'em."

"Hear! hear!" cried RICHMOND and LEGROS. "We'll do the trick

between us; We'll teach the dolts to tread upon the toes of JONES'S Venus,

Pick holes in his Pygmalion, and vivisect his Virgin. Our separate identities we'll for the moment merge in

A mystical Art-trinity, whose oracles dogmatic In a sort of a round-robin we'll expand in terms emphatic. Twill a crusher be to critics and all crawlers of that kidney."

"Ahem! With one exception!" softly interjected SIDNEY.)

"Details we'll not descend to," murmured RICHMOND. "Oh dear,

no!"

"Parties speaking *ex cathedra* should not argue," said LEGROS.

"Put it sharp and short," said SIDNEY; and they put it short and sharp.

As thus:—"You captious critics who at JONES'S pictures carp, Fixing on certain trivial points—a toe, a chin, a wing!

We consider that his Art's A 1—which settles the whole thing!"

Then this triune testimonial was placed before the world, And lo! those callous critic knaves their scornful lips upcurled, And persisted in belabouring B. J. with tongue and pen!

Whilst Philistia looked on and laughed at those Three Mighty Men.

MORAL.

Critics are full of "cussedness," omniscience sometimes slips, And even triune Oracles may chance to miss their tips.

Oblivion the Best Epitaph.

"ONE who wishes justice done to the Memory of the Prince of ORANGE," writes to the *Times*, putting in a good word for this heir of a Crown who could never tear himself from the delight of fast life in Paris. The best way to do justice to such a memory, *Punch* would suggest, is, to forget it.

RESPECTABILITY AND RELIGION.

WHY, it is asked, are Churches filled by people in the upper and middle ranks of life; whilst the poor too generally absent themselves from places of worship? Clearly because the Church-goers belong to the better classes.

MACHIAVELLI'S "PRINCE" (a very German edition).—Prince BIS-MARCK.

TO SARAH!

(By an exuberant Enthusiast.)



MISTRESS of Hearts and Arts,
all met in you!
The Picturesque, informed
by Soul of Passion!
Say, dost thou feed on milk
and honey-dew,
Draining from goblets deep
of classic fashion
Champagne and nectar,
shandy-gaff sublime,
Dashed with a pungent
smack of *eau-de-Marah*,
Aspasia, Sappho, Circe of
the time!
Seductive SARAH!

"Muse"? All Mnemosyne's
bright brood in one!
Compound of Psyché,
Phryné, Britomarté,
Ruler of storm and calm,
Euroclydon
And Zephyr! Slender Sy-
rian Astarte!
With voice the soul of music,
like that harp
Which whilom sounded in
the Hall of Tara.
How dare Philistines at thy
whimsies carp,
Soul-swaying SARAH!!!

"Poseuse"? Pooh! pooh! Yet who so well can pose
As thou, sweet statuette slim sinuosity?
"Stagey"? Absurd! "The death's-head and the rose"?
Delicious! Gives the touch of tenebrosis
That lifts thee to the Lamia level. Oh!
Shame on the dolts who hint of *Dulcamara*,
A propos of *levée* and picture-show,
Serpentine SARAH!!!

Clinging enchantress, supple siren, sweep
In lithely languorous attitudes for ever,
Bewitch my gaze, and make my pulses creep!
So Naiads glide—save thee, gross mortals never!
About thee plays the brightness of Queen Mab,
Dashed with romance of the girl-page in *Lara*.
Common-place snobs who chaff thee I could stab,
Suggestive SARAH!!!!

O idol of the hour and of my heart!
Who calls thee crazy, half, and half-capricious?
A compound of *Lionne's* and *Barnum's* part,
In *outrecuidance* rather injudicious?
Ah! heed them not! Play, scribble, sculpt, sing, paint,
Pose as a Plastic-Proteus, *mita cara*;
Sapphic, seraphic, quintessential, quaint,
Sémillante SARAH!!!!

THE CLERKS OF THE WEATHER.

EVERY morning in this summer we can now find out what sort of a day it is going to be. A great boon to everyone, of course. No one will be wearing thick clothes when he ought to have put on light materials; and Ladies will not come out in muslins when they should have been in cloth and furs.

But how about "changeable"? Suppose the forecast of the day to be to the effect that it will be bitterly cold up to twelve, then excruciatingly warm up to one, then a snowstorm from one to two, then sun from two to three, rain from three to four, four to five summer weather, and five to seven the depth of winter?

For those who have to be out all day, this will be a difficulty. We shall have to carry bags with changes of costume for every hour, like an entertainment, including shoes, thick and thin, and a newly-invented crutch-handled stick, which will develop into an umbrella.

Weather Offices are to be multiplied everywhere; and instead of one Clerk of the Weather—an official who has long ago ceased to be a joke—we shall have hundreds of them with the weather under direct control. Won't they be abused when anything goes wrong?

What correspondence there will be!

"Look here!" some indignant person will write—"you said it

would be fine yesterday, and it wasn't. I went out in thin shoes, and shall bring an action against you for damages."

Ladies will write—

"Dear Mr. Clerk,—Do, please do, there's a dear, order a nice clear, fine, dry day, not too hot, you know, but just nice, for the next Botanical Fête. You know, in former years, at least so I am told, it always used to rain, and then—oh, such a dreadful mess! quite too awfully shocking, you know! So, please do arrange it, and I shall be so much obliged, and so will several other Ladies with whom, I can tell you, you are such a favourite!"

Of course, all *fêtes*, all Bank holidays, instead of being on fixed days, should henceforth be Moveable Feasts, *the dates to be fixed by a forecast of weather*.

The *Times*, which has lately been arguing against a moveable Easter holiday, will be compelled to argue in favour of this common-sense scheme, which puts the best day at the disposal of those who have so few good days for real out-of-door enjoyment.

At present I back the forecast of one or two experienced Ramsgate boatmen against all the scientific prognostications of all the Clerks of the Weather at so much per annum. Who practically cares "how it's done" as long as the result is correct, and the effect beneficial?

The Shepherds inland, and the Boatmen for the coast, are at present the cheapest schoolmasters for our Clerks of the Weather. But we are getting on; and soon we'll just have whatever weather we want. That is, when we can all be unanimous on the point.

MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PRÆVALEBIT.

At the Meeting of the Select Committee on Co-operative Stores, Mr. TURNTABLE, a tradesman living in Piccadilly, Oxford Street, Regent Street, Strand, was called in, and examined.

The Chairman. I believe you wish to make a statement?

Mr. Turntable. I am a tradesman with a large establishment in the West End of London. I have a little place in the country, a town-house in South Kensington, and pay as much as twelve hundred a year in income-tax—or rather did until four years ago. I have made my business myself. My father lived over his own shop, and served his own customers. I have one son in the Army and another at Oxford reading for the Church. My profits are large, but certainly not too large considering my capital and expenditure. I object to Civil Service trading, as I consider it disgraceful that I should pay out of my own pocket men to rob me.

The Chairman. You are aware that the salaries of Civil Servants are not, as a rule, large?

Mr. Turntable. They are larger than they earn, anyhow. I know, of course, they're no great things. But look at the style of men. Civil Servants, indeed! Poor sneaking, half-starved wretches!

The Chairman. And yet you would not allow them to curtail their expenditure by co-operation?

Mr. Turntable. Certainly not. Don't I pay their salaries out of my own pocket? Why should I allow them to pick it in any other way?

The Chairman. I do not see how they do that by giving no more than money for money's worth?

Mr. Turntable. I have nothing to do with the way they spend their money. I say I pay their salaries out of my own pocket.

The Chairman. I presume that the profits on your business are far greater than they were in your father's time?

Mr. Turntable. Of course they are. I dare say he didn't realise more than fifteen per cent. People in his time didn't half know their business.

The Chairman. Do you object to co-operation in the abstract?

Mr. Turntable. Not when it does not interfere with my own profits.

The Chairman. Do you object to adulteration?

Mr. Turntable. That depends. I don't see what harm it can do if the ingredients used are wholesome?

A Member of the Committee. But supposing that the ingredients are unwholesome?

Mr. Turntable. That opens a large question—

The Chairman. Perhaps we had better not go into it.

Mr. Turntable. Perhaps not.

The Witness then withdrew.

Swift, but not Sure.

We find the following in the *Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, June 18th:—

TO MASTER TAILORS.—A competent Foreman, understands all branches, cuts by geometry (Körpermass), is open to an ENGAGEMENT with a respectable order trade. Address, &c.

It will be remembered that the tailor who took *Gulliver's* measure by trigonometry in the island of Laputa produced a misfit. Let us hope cutting by geometry may be more successful.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



S our Collective Wisdom may almost be said to have spent the week on the tiles, *Punch* has immortalised the incident in his initial Cartoon, which he takes leave to dedicate to Messrs. Horwood, Bright, Otway, P. A. Taylor & Co.—“Foes of the Cat, and trimmers of his Tails.”

Monday, June 16 (Lords).—Has Canon FLEMING been regularly placed in position in York Minster, duly laid, loaded, primed, and let off? Is he a good and serviceable great gun, or but a Quaker, or duffing Canon, having the outward appearance of a £1200-pounder, but being, in truth, incapable of effective fire? Nobody seems quite

“SINCE SAMBOURNE, INN R. ET. VEL.”

to know. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who has put the Canon in position, is quite satisfied that his great gun is good, as well as great. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY is not quite so cock-sure, but seems to think that the Canon *has* fired—i. e. voted—without being any the worse for it, and must, on the whole, be taken to be a good and sufficient Canon. Altogether, their Lordships got up a lively debate on this momentous question, on whose darkness *Punch* does not even profess to throw light, himself seeing none. The debate supplied a peg for a very self-complacent speech from Lord BEACONSFIELD, in which he had the pleasure of making out that he was quite right, and everybody else quite wrong, and somehow left the impression that the Dean and Chapter of York were a remarkably muddle-headed body—the very reverse of what we should expect from a Yorkshire Chapter.

Lord TRURO wants a civil element in the Military Commission which is going to report on the War-Office break-down. What we should rather fear is, that it may be too civil by half.

Lord GALLOWAY groaned over the lamentable fact that, when the British Army was in a state of collapse, nobody could come to its rescue with any more effective stimulant than Inquiry.

Lord BURY said there was nothing like inquiry, and that soldiers were the proper people to inquire into the weak points of military organisation. Everybody would be delighted with the Committee when they heard who was to sit upon it. But it would not do to publish their instructions before they had got them.

Lord CRANBROOK said civil things of Lord CARDWELL's scheme; and Lord CARDWELL said civil things of Lord CRANBROOK. The Chairman of the Committee was to be Lord AIREY. That was the best guarantee that the Inquiry would not be an Airey nothing.

Their Lordships adjourned, after quite a late and lively sitting (*for them*), at Twenty Minutes past Eight.

Naughty old boys, sitting up to such untimely hours!

(Commons).—Mr. BOURKE assured Mr. OTWAY that Mr. VIVIAN, our Egyptian Consul-General, had not been deposed, he had only come home on *private* business. (Egyptian report says he is anything but at home in public business.) Till he returns he will have Mr. LASCELLES for *locum tenens*. Suppose, on his return, he were to find his friend the KHEDIVE sent to the right-about! It would have been awkward if Mr. VIVIAN, who is supposed to have not been altogether a stranger to the little game which ended in the upsetting of NUBAR PASHA and Mr. RIVERS WILSON, had to assist at the hoisting, with his own petard, of the engineer of that clever piece of diplomatic fireworks.

A propos of the hair on our soldiers' faces, Mr. STACPOOLE solemnly announces that he means to take the War Office by the beard. "Cutting off the Cat's tails, and allowing the men to wear their beards!" What is the Service coming to?

In Military Supply. Shall the Judge-Advocate-General be improved off the face of the Estimates? We should not like to insure the place another year—if things military go on as they give promise of going, that is, in the direction of the dogs—in other words, towards civilian reforms, and right in the teeth of Colonel SABRE-TACHE, and Major MARTINET.

A row over the Army Medical Establishment, which bloomed into a squabble over allegations of inhumanity to Zulus, in, and



FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

Leicestershire Squireess. "OH, I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT MY HORSE ROUND."

Stable Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THIS IS A LADY'S 'OSS, SIR!"

out of hospital—which further developed into a general scrimmage, in which the Irish shillelagh was freely flourished.

Mr. NORWOOD complained of the want of back-bone on the Treasury Bench. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE retorted that the House would not help him to amend its own rules. Supply finally—

"Drave on wi' storm, and clatter,
And aye more idle waxed the chatter"—

Till the watchman of old would have cried "half-past two o'clock—and a windy night!"

Tuesday (Lords).—*A propos* of the Metropolitan Racecourses Bill, Lord HARDWICKE said a good word for the Suburban Race Meetings and two for the Jockey Club. Their Lordships decline to be satisfied with the protective and prohibitive action of that aristocratic sporting body in preserving the suburbs from the invasion of blackguardism under the name of sport.

Lord ENFIELD maintained his ground stiffly, and backed by his peers, carried all the contested clauses of his Bill through Committee.



A "FACER."

*B dissipated Tramp. "YOU'LL KNOW ME AG'IN, GUV'NOUR!"
British Workman (who had certainly looked at him). "NOT IF YOU WASHES
YOURSELF, I SHA'N'T!"*

Punch, as a dweller in the suburbs, in the name of all decent suburban householders, begs to thank him.

Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY has gallantly interposed between the Greek priests and the stupid, rather than sacrilegious, scissors of the British Commissioners in Cyprus.

Lord SALISBURY was compelled to admit that the representative of British authority had laid down a rule and enforced it with mulish disregard to Greek feeling. The British Sub-Commissioner has no doubt received a wagging for his hair-cutting, which has left behind it a sense of irritation, quite out of proportion to the seriousness of the outrage in *our eyes*. "*In our eyes*." That is just it. We will insist on looking at things with our eyes only, and not taking into account how they appear in the eyes of other people. A Greek priest holds his hair and beard in reverence as part of his sacred *insignia*. To cut them is worse than cutting a Chinaman's tail. It is like insulting a British clergyman's cloth. It is a deliberate act of disrespect to a peculiarly respected class. In this case the insult has been inflicted in compliance with prison-rules, for a trivial offence. The act has rankled and will rankle far longer and more deeply than much more grave-looking acts of oppression. The official who is to blame should be smartly rapped over the knuckles, and if Lord SALISBURY's pen has not forgot its cunning, has been so rapped by this time.

(Commons).—Mr. O'DONNELL called Sir M. H. BEACH over the coals of certain Zulu villages, represented in the *Graphic* as having been burnt and plundered. It is new, as Sir M. H. BEACH said, to see a Cabinet Minister overhauled on the strength of a cut in an illustrated paper. But we don't see why Our Own Artist's drawing, made on the spot, should not be even a better authority than Our Own Correspondent's letter, which has often suggested interpellations of even bigger men than Sir M. H. BEACH.

Then came the great Debate over the Cat's Tails—shall they be all cut off, or some of them only? Nay—shall we banish the Cat henceforth alike from barrack-square and drummer's kit—and refuse him a place in the articles of war—or peace either—in the name of outraged humanity and respect for the feelings of the soldier and Mr. Horwood?

"Would we could!" Punch sighs with *Macbeth*. "We can and ought," says Mr. Horwood, and moves as a first step, to reduce the maximum of stripes from sixty to six, which, multiplied by nine, the number of the Cat's tails, is

fifty-four. Mr. J. HOLMS supported, so did Mr. RYLANDS. Mr. J. BROWN suggested a *maximum* of twenty-five stripes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was against flogging altogether. Sir W. HARCOURT was afraid it could not be dispensed with. But why should not the Secretary of State schedule floggable offences? Sir R. PEEL and Sir H. HAVELOCK jumped at the suggestion; Colonel STANLEY said he would if he could.

After a fresh wrangle, whether this should be accepted as concession enough, Mr. BRIGHT rose to remind the House that the punishment fell heaviest in its first stage, after which the tearing of the Cat was comparatively unfelt. That was a reason for reducing the *maximum* of stripes. The offender would still get the hottest and heaviest half of his punishment.

Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. O'DONNELL were for killing the Cat altogether—cutting off a few of his tails was not enough. When even Colonel MURE and Colonel ALEXANDER supported the reduced tale of stripes, Colonel STANLEY was fair at length to yield.

Henceforth only twenty-five lashes at most can be laid on the Soldier's back.

But what lashes shall they be? Mr. HORWOOD moved that the stripes should be given by an instrument "of not more than one thong or tail." This Lord ELTON thought a *reductio ad absurdum*; and brilliantly suggested the insertion of "Manx" before "Cat," as Manx cats have no tails.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON thought his honourable friends had better not push their point too far. If Government was not to be trusted to choose a Cat, what was it good for? Ultimately, the Committee came to the same conclusion, after this very lively night on the tiles, by 164 to 54.

Sir W. HARCOURT moved for papers in connection with recent cases in which the opinions of their Councils here and in India had not been taken, or had been unconstitutionally overridden, by the SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA here, and the Viceroy out there. Sir W. pressed his charge home moderately but forcibly, and made out a very dead case against the Government. He deprecated a *tu quoque* in reply. That is, of course, the answer they gave him.

If the Marquis of SALISBURY had done wrong, said Mr. STANHOPE, the Duke of ARGYLL had done worse, and proceeded to prove it.

That, *Punch* feels with Sir WILLIAM, is not the point. The point is, has the Secretary of State, has the Governor-General of India, given due weight to his Councillors' advice in the matter of the Afghan War, the Vernacular Press Act, and the Repeal of the Cotton Duties. Sir WILLIAM gave—strongly, except in the first case—his reasons for contending that the Governor-General should have done so, and had not done it.

Mr. E. STANHOPE drew on the Duke of ARGYLL for the anticipated *tu quoque*, and argued, besides, that Indian Secretaries of State and Governors-General had this overruling power, and in all cases cited had used it wisely and well. He would produce the papers asked for.

(He knows very well that not a dozen Members will read them.)

Mr. LAING and Mr. FAWCETT were both sorry that the India Office had fallen back on this *tu quoque*.

(As if they would have fallen back on *that*, if they had had anything else to fall back on!

Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL thought even the *tu quoque* was a bad one. There was no parallel between the cases in which the MACALLUM MORE had overridden his Council and these.

Altogether Sir WILLIAM's attack was made in good form, though he had a weak point in the Afghan War, and Mr. STANHOPE was not as effective as usual in answering it. How can he be, when the honest answer must have been, "My dear fellow, we had to conciliate Lancashire, and there will be a General Election next year."

Wednesday.—Mr. DELAHUNTY, defeated in his onslaught on Irish one-pound notes; and Sir A. GORDON in his attempt to do away with the tax on guns used for killing vermin.

Mr. MACARTNEY, as an Irish landlord, very naturally objected to a Bill which would facilitate the killing of that class of vermin.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord NORTHBROOK called attention to Indian finances; protested against the reduction of cotton duties to catch the Lancashire vote; urged

reduction; hoped it would be chiefly in military expenditure, and in the salaries of the highest paid Civil Officials all round.

This would be a new principle with a vengeance, and *Punch* will wait till he sees it. Then he will give thanks. In the meantime, he will wait for this astounding application of the pruning knife to the upper branches of the pagoda tree.

Lord CRANBROOK promised fairly, and defended the reduction of Cotton Duties in the interests of Lancashire.

Lord LAWRENCE said the interests of India were the question, and these had been disregarded.

Lord SALISBURY threw off a little cheap chaff at Liberal Lords' sudden conversion from Free Trade to Protection.

Lord SELBORNE said the VICEROY had overruled his counsel in a case not contemplated by the Act which gave him overruling powers. The LORD CHANCELLOR said if that was so, why didn't Lord SELBORNE move to that effect?

(Commons.)—The harmless necessary Cat chivied again all over the House, and another violent attempt made on his few surviving tails. The question was, had Mr. BROWN's minimum of twenty-five lashes been accepted as a compromise?

Sir R. PEEL said the War Office had better withdraw their Military Discipline Bill. They couldn't make a good job of it.

Sir W. HARCOURT would venture to assert it was very far from a bad Bill. The House had better pass it; it would be long before they would have as good a chance of amending the machinery of military government.

After a long wrangle the House swallowed the Cat with one-half his tails—and the clause with it.

Lord STANLEY communicated the sad news of the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL at the hands of the Zulus, and the House adjourned in profound pity for his poor mother.

Friday (Lords).—Lord DUNRAVEN repeated Lord MIDDLETON's attempt to get the Lords to meet an hour earlier for the young men's sake. Lord BEACONSFIELD pooh-poohed the Motion, and, after a speech in its favour from Lord GRANVILLE, was "chaffed" out by 101 to 64. But the Hour will come—and the young men.

(Commons.)—In the morning Mr. OTWAY tried to get some official light turned on the Egyptian darkness, but in vain, as M. BOURKE either could not, or would not, let the Cairo cat out of the bag. But there is little doubt that, thanks to BISMARCK's strong way of putting things, the KHEDIVE has at this moment under consideration the awkward alternative of Abdication or Deposition.

Sir CHARLES DILKE brought forward a formidable indictment of our rule in Cyprus. Mr. GOLDNEY tried to answer him, and Mr. GLADSTONE answered Mr. GOLDNEY, sledge-hammer fashion. Mr. BOURKE made the best of a bad case and a bad bargain.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

(When the Khedive takes his Liberty.)



WILL he go on a visit to Constantinople, and get the sack in the Bosphorus?

Will he take apartments in Brompton Square?

Will he, if he comes here, be able to command a respectable reference, and pay a week's rent in advance?

Will he, failing this, open an Oriental Shop in Regent Street?

Will Mr. RIVERS WILSON deal largely with him?

Will this keep him from appealing, as usual, to the "protection of the Court?"

Will he, in the event of his appeal being heard, pay more than a halfpenny in the pound?

Will such a dividend secure him once more the confidence of his countrymen?

Will he return to meet his engagements in Egypt?

Will he attempt to

produce an entertainment at the Egyptian Hall?

And, if so, will Mr. VIVIAN and the Bondholders be on the free list?

The Prince Imperial.

NAPOLEON EUGÈNE LOUIS.

BORN AT PARIS, MARCH 16, 1856.

KILLED IN ZULU LAND, JUNE 1, 1879.

"Poor mother!" 'Twas the first thing thought or said,
Voice of who knows how many million hearts,
When the news came that her brave boy was dead,—
That child of hopes, that youth of princely parts,

Gentle and graceful . . . bright and brave and gay;
Whose brief life all of love and praise had won
That within compass of its winning lay—
Who was all mother could have wished her son.

Fair-dawning day by swift eclipse so crossed,
And by an ambushed savage's stray dart!
Rich freight of hope and love so early lost,
Left but to salvage of a mother's heart!

Talk not of plots and plans that, ripening slow,
Are by this death struck down with blast and blight;
We have no thought but for that mother's woe,
The darkness of that childless widow's night!

"How many hundred unknown mothers mourn
Slain sons? Why should this one our hearts so stir?"
Because, set high, we see her crown of thorn,
Feel with all mothers when we feel with her.

"God help her!" —so our prayers begin and end.
Knowing her fortune's fall, her high hope's close—
And gently, Time, bring Death, that, like a friend,
Shall lay her down to share her boy's repose.

THE NEW ZODIAC COMPANY LIMITED.

The old Zodiac Company—from whom it has of late become utterly hopeless to endeavour to obtain anything like a settlement—having gone into liquidation, a new Company is in course of formation to take over and carry on the business. Cassiopeia has consented for the present to occupy the Chair of the New Zodiac Company Limited, and Mercury has been appointed Secretary *pro tem.* Mars is just now too much occupied with Imperial matters in Asia and Africa to have leisure for attention to celestial movements, but some of the other planets, who, as using the road, have an interest in keeping the Ecliptic in order, have promised to aid in the direction. Cetus has undertaken to assist in floating the Company; and Taurus, with his little brother, Taurus Poniatowski, has agreed with the Great and Little Bears to abstain from meddling with the Shares, any allotment of which has been peremptorily refused to Cervus. As soon as the business of the old company can be taken over, the Zodiac and its rolling stock will be put into thorough repair. By this means it is hoped that the Sun may be enabled to resume his old path, so as to be visible by next Christmas—at latest.

Applications for Shares to be directed to the Secretary, care of
New Zodiac Office, AQUARIUS, Official Liquidator.
456, West Strand, W.C.

The Khedive's Summing Up.

"Abdication or Deposition. Such is the alternative offered to the KHEDIVE by the Three Powers. The intervention of Germany has brought matters to this decisive issue."—*Egyptian Telegram.*

ABDICATION is vexation,
Deposition's twice as bad;
The Rule of Three it bothers me,
And BISMARCK drives me mad!

THE EIGHT HON. W. E. G. ON MENTAL PACKING.

In his speech at Mill Hill School, Mr. GLADSTONE condemned the practice of cramming a boy's mind as one would pack a portmanteau. Perhaps, however, he would waive his objection if the boy's mind could be filled like a Gladstone!

MOTTO FOR DRINK AT THE PRINCESS'S.—"D. T. fabula narratur!"



ON AN OLD SHOE.

HOW UNGAINLY SEEKS THE SANDAL-SHOE OUR GRANDMOTHERS WORE, COMPARED WITH THE HIGH-HEELED, EXQUISITELY-POINTED CHAUSSURE OF OUR DAUGHTERS! BUT ALAS! FOR THE LATTER, THAT IT SHOULD SO SPOIL THE BEAUTIFUL LIMB IT IS INTENDED TO SET OFF! FOR SHOULD FASHION SUDDENLY APPOINT A DAY OF JUDGMENT, AND BARE FEET BE THE ORDER OF THAT DAY, SUCH OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS AS STILL SURVIVE WOULD HAVE TO COME FORWARD AND VINDICATE THE HONOUR OF THE BRITISH TOOTSCUM.—WHICH DOLOROUS REFLECTION MUST BE MR. PUNCH'S APOLOGY FOR THE ABOVE FRANTIC AND NOT ALTOGETHER PLEASING DESIGN.

OBSTRUCTION—AND ITS REMEDIES.

AS IT IS IN PARIS.

UPON the President taking the Chair M. ACHILLE DE FANFARON rushed into the tribune, and proclaimed the Minister of the Interior a liar, a coward, a fool, and a slave.

The President. The Assembly cannot permit this language—so coarse, so degrading to those who use it. (*Shouts of "No!" from the Right.*) I call M. DE FANFARON to order.

M. de Fanfaron. What order! The only order you have any right to is the order of the *Chevalier d'Industrie*.

[*Laughter from the Right, violent exclamations from the Left.* *The President.* This is too much! I shall have to proceed to the censure.

M. de Fanfaron. Then censure yourself. If you do it properly, it will take you a lifetime!

[*Violent excitement, and free fights in several quarters.* *The President (solemnly).* After this, there is but one thing to do. I shall put on my hat.]

[*Prolonged sensation.* *M. de Fanfaron (after an interval of silence).* You will put on a very bad one!]

[*Howls of fury from the Left, and derision from the Right.* *The President.* I cannot permit my hat to be insulted. (*Long continued cheering from the Left.*) So long as you insulted me, M. DE FANFARON, I treated your attacks with the contempt, the loathing, the derision they deserved; but when you abuse so old and valued an article of my wardrobe, I have a right to insist upon your silence.

[*Immense applause from the Left, and loud cries of "Très bien!" and "C'est vrai!" from the Ministerial Benches.* *M. de Fanfaron.* I shall not be silent. (*Here the Deputy's voice was drowned by the sound of the President's bell.* When order had been restored, he repeated) I said I should not be silent. I repeat it!]

The President. Nous verrons. I propose you be suspended.

[*The Motion was carried—by assis et levé, the Right rising to a man, the Left abstaining.*

M. de Fanfaron. M. le Président, allow me to inform you that you are a thief, a scoundrel, and an infamous wretch.

The President. You shall be prosecuted for this.

M. de Fanfaron. Pardon me! I think not. I should be sorry to be considered impolite, but I think you will find that I am protected from prosecution by my position.

The President (after consulting with the Ministry). M. DE FANFARON, you are quite right, and I apologise for my mistake.

M. de Fanfaron. Not at all.

The President. And now I must call upon you to leave the Chamber.

Upon this a scene of indescribable excitement ensued, in the midst of which were heard cries and expressions of a very painful character.

Ultimately an officer of Gendarmerie was introduced who insisted that M. DE FANFARON should leave the Chamber.

M. DE FANFARON having left the Chamber, the business of the evening was quietly proceeded with.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE IN LONDON.

The House went into Committee upon the Civil Service Estimates, Class V.

Upon the item for £220 for pins, Mr. O'ROWDY moved that the Vote be reduced by £200. He was not at all satisfied that pins were necessary for the proper carrying on of the public business.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER assured Mr. O'ROWDY that pins were constantly required for keeping together most important documents. As something like six hours had already been lost in trivial objections, he trusted that the remaining votes would be passed without captious commentary.

Mr. O'ROWDY, in a long and excited speech, protested against the



THE RETURN TO PARIS.

NURSE GAMBETTA. "I'VE BROUGHT BACK *LE CHER ENFANT* STRONG AND HEARTY. LET US HOPE TOWN AIR WILL AGREE WITH HIM AS WELL AS COUNTRY!"

attempt of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to tamper with the liberty of the House. He (Mr. O'Rowdy) had no doubt but what pounds and pounds of pins were wasted annually. He should carry his Motion to a division.

The Amendment was then put, and lost by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. O'Rowdy then rose, and declared that he would oppose everything and everybody.

The Chairman having called the Hon. Member to order without effect, a Policeman was introduced, who insisted that Mr. O'Rowdy should "Move on!"

Mr. O'Rowdy having refused to move on, was moved off, and the business of the evening was rapidly brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

REASONS FOR REPEAL OF COTTON DUTIES.

(Ten to One—as offered freely by Lord S—SB—Y.)

1. BECAUSE the Governor-General knew a good deal more about the matter than his Council.
 2. Because the Secretary for India knew a great deal more than the Governor-General.
 3. Because it was important to over-rule economic error.
 4. Because the opportunity seemed a particularly happy one.
 5. Because the glorious principles of Free Trade have ever been dear to the Conservative Statesman.
 6. Because the Corn Laws had been repealed solely on this understanding.
 7. Because economic truth is eternal, and must prevail.
 8. Because it was an act of wisdom, if not of statesmanship, to insist on this at a moment when the Indian Treasury was giving signs of collapse.
 9. Because noble Lords in Opposition were given to tergiversations and evolutions.
 10. Because when Lord SALISBURY was at the India Office he had been known often, out of mere zeal for his charge, to shout out "Perish England!" in his sleep.
- But *not* (11) Because the Government were anxious to secure the Lancashire Vote at the next Election.

A QUERY OF THE DAY.



CHE SARA SARA?
Avis per-rara!
Sculptress and Paintress,
Poseuse and Faintress,
Swooning and swaying,
Playing and praying,
For praise or for profit,
On stage, or off it.
Of actressess actress ;
Press-benefactress—
Critics-uppoking,
Canard-provoking,
Paragraph-feeding,
Puffery-breeding,—
Che SARA SARA,
Avis per-rara?

Not Quite So Easy.

INDIA has two wolves at her door—Insolvency and Famine. The one barks at her throat, yearly, the other assails her at intervals, longer or shorter, but not tending apparently to get longer. A saving of a Million may be a small sop to the one wild beast. It is

none to the other. That needs administration of a different dose—rather of strychnine that will kill, than of a sop that will only stop its mouth for the moment. Who will reveal to us the Famine-killer of the future?

Suggestions for Swains.

It is said that wheat is ceasing to repay the Farmer for cultivation. He is therefore recommended to rear cattle instead. This would be a transition from the Georgics to the Bucolics, and, if accompanied by a return to pastoral simplicity of living, might make the Farmers once more "*Felices nimium, sua si bona norint.*"

COULEUR DE ROSE.

(The Chancellor of the Exchequer at the Banquet of the Tower Hamlets Conservative Association.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, and Ladies and Gentlemen,—this
Is a moment of moments, pulsating with bliss.
'Tis with pride and with pleasure I rise to respond
To the toast you received with a rapture so fond.
It is also, believe me, with pleasure and pride
That I greet this large muster of friends to our side.
In fact "pride and pleasure" are words I'd beseech
Your permission to take as the text of my speech.
I'm of optimist tastes, as the country well knows,
And my views about most things are *couleur de rose*:
So the alliteration is much to my mind.
'Tis with pride and with pleasure I see you so kind;
'Tis with pleasure and pride that I think of your Mint,
And your Trinity House has the same rosy tint.
As I passed its Almhouses to-day on my ride,
I surveyed the fair structure with pleasure and pride.
Then your Tower again—pray excuse that slight sob,
Every Briton must feel a peculiar throb
At the name of the Tower! With pleasure and pride
I may say that we mean the Tower gates to throw wide
Two hours more to the public on every free day,
During Summer—if ever we get one. ("Hooray!")
Yes, that's nice, is it not? But there's more p.p. yet.
This meeting's a Party one. Do I regret?
No! I like Party meetings—when all on one side;
And I look upon this one with pleasure and pride.
Yes, I like Party spirit. But faction I hate.
They're quite different—*how*, it is needless to state;
But I may say, with pride and with pleasure, that we
Never stoop to the latter, in any degree.
It is only minorities, long out of place,
That offend in that way, to their lasting disgrace;
And whenever minorities venture on action,
'Tis plain they're inspired by the spirit of faction.
But of all things what gives me most pleasure and pride,
Is to see the majority ranged on our side.
We have had trying times, as the old women say,
And to deal with the crisis has not been child's play.
We may have made blunders, but then, after all,
Like the lady's *faux-pas*, they have been "very small."
Whilst day after day has been big with the fate
Of—Lord B. and of Britain—a critical state!
But our Chief has dodged danger, avoided defeat—
So Conservative Choirs may sing large and sing sweet,
While discomfited Rads may sing sour and sing small—
None will dance to their tune, though they keep up their bawl.
But Lord B.'s firmness, courage, and energy—(cheers)—
Might move brawny BISMARCK to envious tears.
There is still work before us. But things in the East
Are settling down nicely—I think so, at least.
We have crumpled the Afghan, and baffled the Bear.
The African bungle we'll very soon square—
(Though I do not quite like that half-million a week!)—
And then we can boast, *sans* suspicion of "cheek,"
We have brought you back Peace. As for snarlers who say
That we were the parties who drove her away,
I hope I am not over-sanguine in thinking.
At the hustings you'll see them disposed of like winking.
For Home-legislation we've had little leisure,
But I think I may say—with as much pride as pleasure—
That England has ne'er from her dignity swerved.
Though her trade's in a *pickle*, her honour's *preserved*.
Distress? Hump, well—yes; but don't take that to heart.
We shall soon set things right when we make a fresh start.
Let us hope that Prosperity's full rays may soon shine—
Though just now talk of sunshine sounds rather like moonshine.
At least I may mention—with pleasure and pride—
That the blame for bad times does not rest with *our* side.
There's one fly in my ointment, one thorn in my rose—
Obstruction! But there, never mind. I suppose
I was born a Pill Garlick; at school 'twas the same;
Boys shied books at my head, and I got all the blame.
And now that the Home-Rulers pelt me, of course
'Tis set down to my lack of discretion and force.
No matter. Return lots of Members like him—
(Mr. RITCHIE, I mean)—with a stern-wind we'll swim,
And on waves of prosperity buoyantly ride,
With no check to our pleasure, no curb to our pride!



THE INTERMENT QUESTION.

Old Gent (disturbed over his "Times" after Breakfast). "THERE'S A POWERFUL SMELL OF COOKING COMES IN FROM THE OPEN WINDOW, HANNAH."—(Sniffing.)—"CAN YOU—"

Hannah (nearly in tears). "I WAS A GOIN' TO SPEAK TO YOU, SIR. THE POOR OLD CAT DIED LAST NIGHT, SIR, AND THE YOUNG GENTS"—(his two little Nephews on a Visit)—"SAID THEY'D BURY IT IN THE GARDEN FOR ME; 'STEAD O' WHICH THEY'RE A—THEY'RE A"—(breaking down)—"CREE-MATIN' OF IT OVER THERE BY THE STABLES, SIR!!"

THE WOOLWICH CADET OF THE FUTURE.

(*A Leaf from his Diary.*)

TIRED out with my journey. Glad to get to my room. No carpet, bare whitewashed walls; no furniture but bed and washing-stand. Could not help contrasting it with the comfortable little crib I had left at home. Sat down on floor, and opened portmanteau.

Called to attention by Commandant. Informed that Academy not intended for a pack of young Ladies. Cadets expected to submit themselves willingly to Spartan rule. Stood at "attention," as Commandant overhauled boxes.

Photographic Album, dressing-gown, woollen comforter, and slippers confiscated. Informed that such luxuries could not be permitted. Ordered to change atlas with coloured maps for one with plain ditto.

Got into bed. Deuced hard. Single mattress. No pillow: only one blanket; no counterpane. Was not long in getting to sleep.

Suddenly awakened by bugle-call. Jumped into my uniform. Rushed into corridor. Found myself face to face with Commandant and Bugler.

Told that would do. Asked if anything wrong. Commandant explained; nothing wrong; merely night-alarm exercise. Told we were not a pack of girls, and must accustom ourselves to discomforts of military career. Ordered back to bed.

Alarms repeated three times in course of the night. Not sorry when six o'clock came, to get up in earnest.

Servant brought pail with ice. Commandant thinks we had better accustom ourselves to iced-water bathing in depth of winter. May be some day stationed at North Pole.

After iced tub and rub down with No. I. Corridor jack-towel, Gymnasium for three hours. Bugle-call to breakfast.

Address by Commandant as we stood round tables (no chairs). Said he wished to explain why no milk and sugar in tea, and no

butter on bread. We were not a pack of girls. Must accustom ourselves to military simplicity of living, as food on service would often be of roughest and coarsest kind. Better learn to do without tea and coffee altogether. Might often be glad to get water. At all events, if we must have tea, could not be allowed milk and sugar.

Back to studies.

At seven extremely hungry. No sign of dinner. Junior Cadet deputed to inquire reason.

Commandant explained—We were not a pack of girls. Our duty to accustom ourselves to the hardships and discomforts of military life. On active service we should be unable to observe regular hours for meals. First thing that happens in a campaign conducted on British principles is breakdown of commissariat. Commissariat supposed to have broken down. Could not have anything to eat till to-morrow morning. Ordered to bivouac for night in kitchen garden. Commandant explained we were not a pack of girls; should not require anything but water-proof sheet and shelter of gooseberry bushes.

Query (before bivouac bugle-call).—Had there been a military academy in Sparta on Woolwich principles, whether most of the Spartan fellows wouldn't have cut it?

Absit Omen!

(*On the Assembly's change of quarters.*)

WITH war's seeds 'twixt Parties, as Goddesses, sown,
Let's hope that the danger afar is,
Of another apple of discord thrown
For another Judgment of Paris!

THE PUBLIC TO ITS PURVEYORS OF GAS AND WATER.—Rather your room than your Company.



A WELL-EARNED REPROOF.

Father (sternly). "I'M MUCH DISAPPOINTED TO FIND, SIR, THAT YOU ARE FIRST IN EVERY CLASS. I ALSO HEAR, TO MY GREAT REGRET, THAT YOU HAVE DISTINGUISHED YOURSELF BOTH AT CRICKET AND FOOTBALL, AND ARE THE BEST GYMNAST IN THE SCHOOL. WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WILL BE LEFT OF YOU AT THIRTY, IF YOU TAKE IT OUT OF YOURSELF IN THIS DISGRACEFUL WAY AT THIRTEEN?"

Son. "I'M VERY SORRY, FATHER. I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE—AND—AND I WON'T DO IT AGAIN."

Father. "I HOPE NOT! FOR IF BY THE END OF NEXT TERM YOU ARE NOT EITHER THE BIGGEST DUNCE OR THE GREATEST MUFF IN THE WHOLE SCHOOL, I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY ALTOGETHER!"

FROM OUR ABSENT FRIEND.

On the Entertainment to the Comédie Française at the Mansion House.

SIR.—I regret having been unable to join in the *festin* at the Mansion House, as it must have been a very grand and jovial affair—specially for Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT—but the Paris *Figaro's* account of the guests has rather bothered me. Here is an extract:—

"A côté du Lord Maire était placée Mme. MADELINE BROHAN; M. E.M. PERREIN se trouvait auprès de Mme. la Mairesse. La scène anglaise était représentée par Miss NEILSON, une adorable tragédienne et comédienne, qui a joué onze cents fois le rôle de *Juliette*; Mme. KENDEL, Mme. BANKROFF, Miss NEVILLE; M. VESIN, M. WINDHAM, M. CH. WARNER, qui a en ce moment un grand succès à Londres dans *The Drink*, imitation de *L'Assommoir*."

I recognise Miss NEILSON. That's easy enough, and I don't suppose among all the *comédiennes et tragédiennes* could they find a prettier face than hers. The French reporter took care to inquire all about her, and get her name all right,—but how about the others? Mme. KENDEL—only one vowel out—and then Mme. BANKROFF!!! Here's a triumph for Countess ZICKA, the Russian Adventuress, in *Diplomacy*!

Let Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT at once avail themselves of this title, "Count and Countess BANKROFF"—there couldn't be a better title for the Manager and Manageress of the Prince of Wales's, which

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

QUERY, How to convert motion into electricity, so as to be enabled to generate the electric light at a moderate cost? By means of waterfalls, windmills, and tidal rivers, answer scientific economists. Good. But is there not another motive agency which could be very cheaply and readily supplied? Couldn't you get it out of convict labour? By the simple expedient of connecting our cranks and treadmills with electro-magnetic machines, a quantity of force convertible into electric currents, and thence into light, might be obtained proportionate to the strength of criminals in custody. Thus the moral darkness of the country might be made to afford the means of physical illumination; as is the darkness so would be the light—very great. Isn't this a pretty as well as a scientific idea? In the meanwhile you would put rogues, thieves, and ruffians to some real use, and make them do something for their molasses, skilligolee, and cell-accommodation, without forcing prison labour into injurious competition with honest industry.

AMERICAN SHEMASONS.

CAN a woman keep a secret? Possibly; at least in the United States: and if she belong to certain associations included amongst—

"FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.—The reports of the American May Meetings include that of the Women's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, described as attended by representatives of various women's societies throughout the United States. The meeting was held on the 23rd of May at Saratoga. Men were not admitted."

From this interesting item of Transatlantic intelligence it appears that a considerable some of American Ladies have gone ahead so far as to have formed themselves into secret societies, excluding men—as freemasons exclude women—from their lodges. To a missionary meeting of women at Saratoga "men were not admitted." The female missionaries were "tiled" against mankind. There is a curious felicity discernible in the selection of Saratoga for the shemasons' meeting. Saratoga is a compound of Sara and *toga*—Sara signifying the sex the name pertains to, and *toga* meaning *toga virilis*—with underclothing and continuations to correspond.

should change its name to the Imperial Czar Theatre. Bravo, Count BANKROFF!

Who is Miss NEVILLE? There may be such an *artiste* among us, or is it Mister HENRY NEVILLE in disguise? "And this is fame!" cried either the Editor of the *Eatanwill Gazette* or the other idiot, his rival. Then here is Mr. VESIN with an "s" instead of a "z." Pity they didn't make it "WEE-SIN," and henceforth he could have been known as Mr. LITTLE PECCADILLO. "Mr. WINDHAM" with an "i" instead of a "y." Well, the substitution is good. Finally, Mr. CHARLES WARNER, who is so successful in "*The Drink*!" Capital. Bravo, French *Figaro* Reporter! And how does CHARLES READE like "*imitation de L'Assommoir*"? But no matter. Here's another extract:—

"Le succès de beauté a été pour Mlle. BARETTA fort remarquée par le Lord Maire; pour Mlles. CROIZETTE et SAMARY, celle-ci riant beaucoup lorsqu'on lui a passé le *loving cup*, ou coupe d'amour, sorte de ciboire en vermeil rempli de vin à la cannelle, où chacun boit à son tour suivant un cérémonial prescrit—Mlle. SAMARY ne pouvait de dédaire à y tremper ses jolies lèvres.

"Mlle. BERNHARDT, placée au bout de la table d'honneur et ayant pour voisin son camarade THIRON, ne semblait pas s'amuser beaucoup."

The "Loving Cup" is good for Loving Cup. It sounds like somebody's Drink for Cattle. And then poor Mlle. SARAH, who was bored by it all, and showed it too!

Being afraid lest the *Figaro* account should have escaped your Argus eyes, I send it, and am YOUR REPRESENTATIVE (*chez lui*).

AWFUL DEFLECTION.



H - dear, JACOB
BRIGHT!
Vivisection out-right!
You cutting
Cat's tails off,
Night after
night!

FROM BAD TO
WORSE.

We read of great excitement in Virginia owing to the ravages of the "army-worm," which devastates grass farms. Thousands of the worms can be seen with the naked eye, as they advance to the scene of their devastations.

Behind them is a desert without a blade of grass. This is the form the detestable ravage of the army-worm takes in the New World. In the Old World, especially in Germany and Russia, the army-worm not only eats up the hay, but the cereals, and everything, in fact, that supports human life! If this pestilent worm be a serious nuisance on the other side of the Atlantic, on this side it is a curse which threatens to be destructive to human industry and progress altogether.

WISHES AT THE R.A.

I WISH that all the works could be labelled with their titles and the names of the Artists.

If this accommodation is not practicable, I wish that the numbers could be made more conspicuous, and not put on tickets so twisted as to be illegible from below. The long struggle of short visitors to make out the present figures is exhausting, as well as tantalising.

I wish myself a Master of Foxhounds, or a Chairman of a Railway, or a Bishop, or a Sheriff, or a Lieutenant-General, or a Colonel of Rifles, that I might be painted for nothing, be presented with my own portrait, and be handed down from generation to generation as a precious heirloom—even if ultimately, as an enormous bore.

I wish it was not so hot.

I wish I had come earlier.

I wish I could find a seat.

I wish I had come later.

I wish I could get up betimes in the morning, and be here when the doors open.

I wish that the Academy would depute some of its Members to go round the Galleries and point out the best works by outsiders, and that the principal outsiders would perform the same useful office for the Academicians and Associates.

I wish I had visited the Exhibition without reading beforehand a single line of all that the critics have written.

I wish that some of the pictures could have had better places, and others worse, and others—none at all.

I wish the Catalogue would vouchsafe a little information about "the Chantrey Bequest."

I wish I knew more about the Duc D'ANJOU, and the Duc D'ENGHEN, and the Gordon Riots, and "the Studholme Chapter, Rose Croix," and Boreas and Orythyia, and CHARLOTTE CORDAY, and MARAT, and Nausicaa, and CATHERINE DOUGLAS, and FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, and WILLIAM the Silent, and CALICLES, and Bent and Wrack, and the Cottabo, and the Circulation of the Blood, and dry point.

I wish Mr. MILLAIS many happy returns of success like his portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE.

I wish that the Academy would revive the order of female Academicians, too long in abeyance, and enrol in its ranks the Painter of Nos. 20 and 582.

I wish the Academy would appoint me one of its Honorary Members—say, Professor of Ancient Mythology, or Philology, or Seismography.

I wish that there could be some indication in the Catalogue of the proper pronunciation of such distinguished, but perplexing names, as ALMA-TADEMA, BOEHM, BOUGHTON, CALDERON, VICAT COLE, FILDES, HERKOMER, OULESS, RIVIERE, and YEAMES. (Perhaps a little guidance to the orthoepy of Nausicaa would not be unacceptable.)

I wish I had money to buy a landscape or two.

If they can do it without risk of bankruptcy, I wish the Refreshment Contractors would charge something less than sixpence for a cup—and that not a large cup—or tea.

Finally, I wish the Royal Academy an endless succession of years of ever-increasing vigour, prosperity, and success, millions of annual shillings in its coffers, long life to its accomplished President, lucrative and constant Commissions to each and all of its Members—in a word, *Floreat Regia Academia Artium!*—for hath it not abolished the obligation to deposit sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, before entering its *penetralia*?

THE LOST SEASON.

A Lay of the Future.

"You are old, Father WILLIAM!" the Young Man cried.
"Just a hundred and one," Father WILLIAM replied,
And he wagged his beard with a sapient smile.
"Bless me!" said the Youth, "that's a jolly long while
To have lived, and you just *must* remember a lot."
"No end," quoth the Aged One, sipping his "tot."
"I'm a hundred and one, come the tenth of September,
And 'twould take a big book to hold all I remember.
I remember steam-engines, and 'busses, and gas,
And the days when a lass was just dressed *like* a lass;
I remember when women had charms and no votes,
When men wore white chokers and swallow-tailed coats;
I remember the times of the Toothpick and Crutch,
When Gabmen existed and charged you too much;
I remember when men used to travel by rail,
Play cricket, and 'strike,' and drink fourpenny ale;
When game was preserved, and folks cared about fun,
And stared at that trifle, a hundred-ton gun;
I remember when Kings and kid-gloves were the thing,
And—ah, yes, above all, I remember the Spring!"
"What was *that*?" cried the Youth. Said the Old 'Un, "Oh dear!
You have never read up your old poets, I fear,
Or you wouldn't ask that, though the name, it is true,
Could have but traditional meaning for you.
Why, the Spring was a Season, bland, genial, gay,
Beginning with March, Boy, and ending with May;
Just the time, as you know, when our North-easters blow,
And the country lies under six inches of snow;
But then—ah, you'll doubt me!—but then 'twas a time,
Such as very old bards celebrate in their rhyme,
When the sun used to shine—" Cried the Youth, "That's absurd!"
"And the flowers—" "Come, come!" said the Boy, "my old bird,
You're a bit off your head." Said the Sage, "Rubid youth,
Pray shut up. I am telling you nought but the truth.
Then the skies were bright blue, and the fields were bright green,
And the primrose, and lilac, and maybuds were seen—
Now extinct as the Dodo—and birds used to sing;
Oh, a jolly nice Season, my lad, was the Spring.;
The Youth shook his head. "Father WILLIAM," he said,
"I'm afraid it is time that you took to your bed!
You're a jolly old chap—I respect you as such—
But the yarn you now pitch is a *leettle* too much.
March, April, and May, the worst months of the year,
When colds are most common, and coals are most dear,
Ever such as *you* picture them, flowery, fine,
All sweetness, and song-birds, and sparkle, and shine?
Oh, Walker! Get home, Father WILLIAM, get home!
For your wits, I am sure, are beginning to roam.
Why, June is now ending, with rain, rain, still rain!
And Summer has followed Spring's suit, 'tis too plain!"

Troops by Train.

It is of course a fact interesting to Mr. BRIGHT that the Canadian Legislature has passed a resolution to ask the co-operation of the Imperial Government in constructing the Pacific Railway. Hope, at the outset of Railway enterprise, told the flattering tale that all Railways would prove pacific.

ISRAEL IN ENGLAND.—In the window of a shop in Paternoster Row is placarded a lately published pamphlet, entitled *Are Englishmen Israelites?* Probably not, though Disraelites are said to be numerous.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

Containing much that was never even thought of in Dickens's Dictionary. Specially intended for Visitors to the Metropolis during the Agricultural Show.



of the Adelphi of TERENCE. Here it is. Mr. BEN WEBSTER, who wrote the Dictionary which bears his name, is still connected with this house of entertainment. The clock at Westminster and LORD BEACONSFIELD were both named after Mr. "BEN" WEBSTER. In theatrical parlance, where "Ben" is short for "Benefit," Mr. WEBSTER is spoken of as the Biggest Ben ever known on the Stage. Admission to the theatre is by payment, but there is no extra charge for standing on the doorstep, in order to give passers-by the idea that you have your seat inside, and have only come out during an *entr'acte*. Just now it is "Halloway time" at the Adelphi, where they are playing *Amy Robart* with an exceptionally strong cast. Miss NEILSON is the *chère Amy*, "supported," as they say, by Messrs. HENRY NEVILLE and H. VEZIN, though the heroine is quite capable of supporting herself.

ADMIRALTY.—Where all the Admirals are. If you want an Admiral, call in here, and take your choice. Office-hours from eleven to five. When you enter the gates, you must say to the sailor on duty, "What cheer, messmate?" On his replying "Aye, eye, my hearty! Cheer it is!" you may pass on. At the door you must ring three bells, whereupon the Loblolly Boy in buttons will sound a fog-horn, and signals will be made from the mast-head. After this, you will be informed whether the Admiral you've come to see is at home. If he is, ask him for an order to view the collection of *Tales told to the Marines*, in the Nautical Library. Also obtain an order for the dry cellars where the Logs are kept, and an admission to the Museum, where you will find the Wooden Walls of Old England, used as folding-screens to keep out the draughts in winter. The rooms at the back of the building are entirely devoted to Rear-Admirals. In the smoking-room only horn-pipes are allowed. No smoking abaft the binnacle. Everyone takes grog aboard at five bells. In passing through the hall, be careful to pay implicit obedience to the printed notice—"Visitors are particularly requested *not* to speak to the man at the wheel." The Admiralty is governed by three Lords, who are called The Three Masters, of whom the one who arrives before the others in the morning, is styled the First Lord. In the back-yard, on which the rooms of the Rear-Admirals look out, are kept Mother Carey's chickens, all under hatches. An interesting sight, which no visitor to London should miss.

ALBANY.—A funereal sort of Burlington Arcade, guarded by two officials, one at each end. Here the State prisoners are kept, their cells being on the right and left of the central passage. Shudder, stranger, and pass on! All hope abandon ye who enter here.

ALBERT HALL.—A very agreeable person, and well-known Londoner, whose acquaintance should be cultivated by everyone coming to town for the season, as he gives delightful parties, and his residence commands a fine view of Hyde Park.

ALHAMBRA.—The residence of the Moorish Ambassador in Leicester Square. Receptions every night from seven till 11.30.

ALPINE CLUB.—Here any speculator can invest in Alpine

stocks, which are quoted daily in the City. The Alpine Club have purchased most of the foreign mountains. Mount Blanc belongs to them. The stocks go up every summer. Look for their offices in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

ANALYSTS.—Directly you come up to London, lose no time in going straight to an Analyst, to get analysed. When you have been thoroughly analysed, the Analyst enters your name in his annals, and presents you with a ticket which will clear all the bars in London, including Chancery, Common Law, Criterion, and the Old Bailey Bar. Once analysed, you are free of the City, and can walk about as much as you like. Armed with the Analyst's Pass, you can go right through the Royal Exchange without any interruption from the Beadle, walk gaily past Buckingham Palace without being challenged by the sentry,—only, if you are challenged, you are bound to accept the challenge, and fight 'em both, one down t'other come on, until the arrival of the patrol. With the Analyst's Ticket in your pocket, you can walk up and down Burlington Arcade, stopping to look in at all the shop-windows, and are permitted to speak three times to the Warders on duty without fee. It confers on you the right to pluck primroses on Primrose Hill, free of charge, to attend all the services in St. Paul's, to feed the ducks in the Green Park, and the right of precedence at any drinking fountain within the four-mile radius. In all cases of dispute with a cabman or 'bus conductor, produce your Analyst's Ticket, which will be at once a satisfactory and sufficient explanation.

Before making a purchase at any shop, inquire whether they take off sixty per cent., cash, for anyone holding an Analyst's Ticket. Wherever they do this, it is an immense saving, specially in such articles de luxe as hats, gloves, socks, walking-sticks, penknives, handkerchiefs, and white shirts. Any schoolboy will tell you where the Chief Analyst's offices are. Catch any schoolboy coming out of school, and ask him. Of course you must make yourself *au courant* with the signs used by the London schoolboys, or you may mistake his meaning, and so lose your own time and waste his, for which he will have a remedy against you with the School Board authorities through the immediate agency of the nearest policeman.

Again we repeat, as a visitor to London and a stranger to the Metropolis, you can't do better than provide yourself with an Analyst's Ticket. If possible, get an Annual Analyst's Ticket. All complaints are analysed at the Chief Office, St. Luke's, E.C.; and all letters on the subject should be addressed to the Analytical Pigeons' Milk Office, care of Overseer, the Hatch, Colney.

ANGLING.—This is the science of turning the corners or "doing the angles" neatly, most useful to all pedestrians and drivers of vehicles. England was once the land of the Angles, which accounts for there still being so many nooks and corners to be found all over the country. The term has a secondary meaning, implying "fishing," but in London it is almost obsolete, except perhaps in the neighbourhood of the Serpentine, which—it being a long time before we get to "S," so we may as well anticipate the information—is so called from the serpents found in it. These serpents are not venomous, and closely resemble eels. Every sort of fish may be angled for in the Serpentine, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. Bait can be used for carp, tench, jack, trout, salmon trout, char, and minnows, but purely sea-fish are rarely found below bridge, though they have been seen above it. With such chances at hand, why should the disciple of IZAAK WALTON hook it elsewhere?

AQUARIUM.—A place where there are two sorts of fish; that is, fish imprisoned in tanks, and some loose fish outside. The distractions are numerous. All is fish that comes to their net, and so they are now exhibiting a learned Bull. The motto of the establishment is "Bless the Duke of ARGYLL!" Here you can see everything from Indefatigable Flyers, like ZAZEL, down to the Industrious Fleas.

Jones's Domestic Forecast.

- July 1.—Mrs. J. Cloudy and threatening.
- ,, 2.—Miss J. Dull in the morning. Very fine in the afternoon and evening.
- ,, 3.—MARY JANE. Same as 2.
- ,, 4.—Master J. Unsettled. Rather fresh towards midnight.
- ,, 5.—Butler. Unsteady.
- ,, 6.—Baby. Squally.

Warnings—from Cook and Buttons.

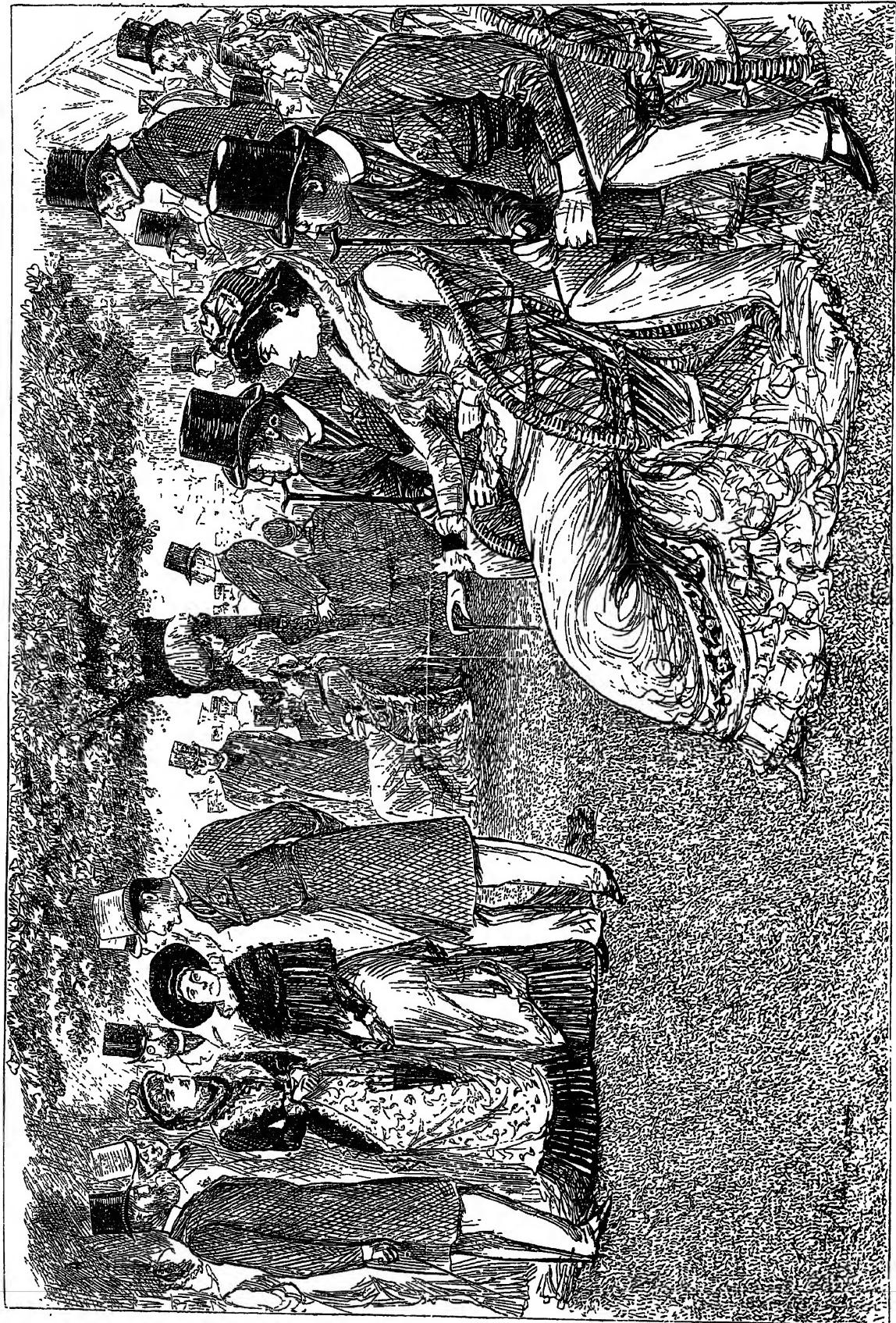
Pressure in the East considerable, which may be the occasion of disturbance in the West-End.

A DARK SÉANCE.

THE Report of the first sitting of Convocation finished thus:—

"The Upper House sat in camera for the rest of the day."

Of course their photographs were all taken, and every proposition was met with a negative. "The rest is silence."



BEAUTY A CRITIC ON BEAUTY.

Fred and Charlie. "There's Mrs. Spiffington! Ain't she looking lovely!"

Mrs. Billington (*a rival Beauty*). "I never could see the loveness of Mrs. Spiffington, I confess! Now, that short woman, with the large black hat, who's with her, is lovely, if you like!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, June 23 (Lords).—His Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has done his best to clear himself of blame in connection with the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL. His letters to Lord CHELMSFORD are creditable to his good-nature, whatever they may be to his grammar.

Lord BEACONSFIELD and Earl GRANVILLE spoke the sympathy with the bereaved mother of the Government and the Opposition Peers.

Lord TEURO did his best to get the Committee on the Thames Prevention of Floods Bill instructed to charge on the rates the cost of works for public benefit under the Bill.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, speaking with the voice of Lambeth, backed the prayer.

Lord REDESDALE said the Bill should have been a Public Bill; that it would want sharp looking after, but deprecated any instruction to the Committee. Lord REDESDALE likes to monopolise the instruction of Committees in the Lords.

(Commons.)—A rush of questions. Mr. LOWTHER is acquiring an unavoidable distinction for his "chaffy" way of answering his Irish querists. It seems to be his object to get the Home-Rulers to tread on the tail of his coat. In fact, Mr. LOWTHER, like the English



LAST SWEET THING IN TOILETTES.

(With Punch's Compliments to M. Worth.)

settlers within the pale, of old, is evidently becoming "*Ipsius Hibernis Hibernior*," in his relish for a row, and his skill in getting up one.

Prayers on all sides for light—light—more light on the Egyptian darkness, from Sir F. GOLDSMID, Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. OTWAY, and Mr. COURTEY. The darkness is cleared up now. What do we see? A dissolving view. *Exit KHEDIVE*, ushered out by Powers. *Enter TEWKIE*, ushered in by Padishah. *Manet*, poor fellah—under his burden. He alone is unchanged.

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, Mr. HOLMS made a bold move to get privates represented on Courts-Martial. They are so in Foreign armies. The Right Honourable Mr. C. G. BENTINCK, and Colonel ALEXANDER protested against the change as unnecessary and impracticable. Soldiers had perfect confidence in Courts-Martial as now constituted. Sir H. HAVELOCK, General SHUTE, and all the soldiers in the House, bore the same testimony; Mr. O'DONNELL contra. Some progress was actually made with the Bill, and a whole batch of other Bills was advanced a stage. Hurrah! No cry to speak of, and a good deal of wool for once.

Tuesday (Lords).—Poor Lord ORANMORE! He had a notice on Monday's paper, and when it came on he was not in his place, so his order was dropped. Lord ORANMORE said he had stayed till a quarter past six, at which hour a Bill was under discussion. How could he dream of the possibility of his notice being reached? If a noble Lord mayn't go home with a clear conscience at a quarter past six, what are we coming to!

Commons (Morning Sitting).—It is satisfactory to know that we mean to make the Cape Colony pay part of the expenses of this unhappy war.

Mr. O'DONNELL is much exercised about the burning of Zulu kraals by our soldiers. A certain party in the House seems unwilling to admit that the making of omelettes involves the breaking of eggs. The time to stir is before the omelette is ordered.

More progress with the Army Discipline Bill.

Colonel STANLEY gave notice of postponement of the Clause relating to the powers of the Provost-Marshal.

Sir ROBERT PEEL said, if that Clause were postponed, it would be better to postpone the rest of the Bill.

Sir W. HARROD said there would be no difficulty in passing the Bill if the House could only have the benefit of the Honourable Baronet's absence. Thanks to that, they had passed twenty-one clauses, and if he would only continue to stay away, would soon pass twenty-one more.

Mr. O'DONNELL declared, if the Clause was postponed, his inten-

tion of opposing the rest of the Bill. It was a famous chance of winning popularity.

Colonel STANLEY said his object was to limit the very unlimited powers of the Provost-Marshal.

There was a long fight over the Enlistment Clauses. Finally, power was given to extend the period of enlistment from six to twelve years.

Mr. O'DONNELL moved, in the teeth of all reason, to omit the words forfeiting a man's previous service, for desertion, fraudulent enlistment, and other heinous offences, in the count of time towards pension. On which Mr. BIGGAR talked the House out.

The morning's talk-out was followed by a Count Out in the evening. "Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

Wednesday.—A serious and interesting adjourned debate over Second Reading of the O'CONNOR DON'S Irish University Bill, notable for new departures of some leading Liberals in the direction of concessions to Irish ideas. Professor PLAYFAIR, for one, evidently inclined in this direction, though he could not support this Bill, which would constitute a theological Academy in Ireland. He would never consent to put the higher education under ecclesiastical authority, whether of Rome or Geneva.

Mr. LEATHAM boldly broke with his party, in view of the importance of giving a University education to Roman Catholics which Roman Catholics would accept. "When prejudices were the prejudices of a whole nation, they almost rose to the dignity of principles."

Mr. W. E. FORSTER followed suit:

"He could not see why it was just that Roman-Catholic students should not have quite as good a chance of getting a degree, of obtaining quite as much State aid in the acquisition of high University culture as Protestant students. He entirely agreed with his hon. friend the Member for Huddersfield that the present state of things in reality enforced religious disability."

But the Nonconformists who speak through Mr. RICHARD held their ground. He could support no Bill that took the remnant of the revenues of the Disestablished Church to endow the Roman-Catholic priesthood. The Bill in effect would do this, disguise the fact as its promoters might.

Mr. HOLT (a supporter of Government) said—

"They were asked to provide by that Bill for the endowment of colleges which might or would be sectarian colleges, and for a University which should hereafter assume a denominational character under the control of the Roman-Catholic hierarchy. That was the scheme which the Bill was calculated to promote; and he was on that account compelled to give it his opposition."

Sir W. BARTTELOT wanted to know

"On what ground we were to endow a Roman-Catholic University, when we would not give any endowment to Roman-Catholic primary education? It had been determined that religious animosities in Ireland should as far as possible be put on one side, and that all classes should be brought up together, so that they might live together without those heartburnings engendered by denominational education. These things being so, no Government would be able to deal with this question on the lines of this Bill."

Mr. SYNAN gave the Irish Roman-Catholic reasons in favour of the Bill; Mr. MACARTNEY and the Irish Attorney-General the Irish Protestant reasons against it.

In the end, Mr. CROSS sprang a mine on the House by announcing that the Government meant to put their views on the question on record by introducing a measure of their own, which the LORD CHANCELLOR would ask leave to do to-morrow.

Sir W. HARROD gave the Government a sharp wigging for not sparing the time of the House by sooner announcing their intention. Was this to be another "Ten Minutes' Bill?"

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER declared the Government had only made up their minds after hearing and weighing all that had been said in favour of the Bill, and having come to the conclusion that they could not support the Bill, they felt they were bound to bring forward their counter-proposal in the shape of a Bill of their own.

In other words, the Cabinet having felt the pulse of their supporters, have discovered that the only thing they can do is to drop the red-hot poker of Irish University Education. That is what it comes to. Their supporters won't have the O'CONNOR DON'S Bill. They can't carry their own; but they can introduce it. They will introduce it, and drop it forthwith.

Thursday (Lords).—At the eleventh hour, the House of Lords, by LORD CAERNARVON, have interfered to save London Bridge from disfigurement by cast-iron wings, or at least to interpose a Select Committee between it and that embellishment. Sir J. RENNIE'S Bridge is not yet safe; but at least there is to be a rehearing of those who think that provision for City traffic across the river can be made without destroying a noble architectural work. The Bill, on Third Reading, has been referred to a Select Committee.

(Commons).—To-night's sitting was memorable for the most Irish of all the Irish rows of the year, if not the Session.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, asking the Chief Secretary a question as to his authority for saying that most of the speakers at the late Tenant Farmers' Meeting at Milltown, County Galway, were not tenant-

farmers at all, was answered in the Lowtherian manner, in a light and jaunty style, that made the supporters of Government laugh, and the Irish Home-Rule Members savage. Whereupon Mr. O'CONNOR POWER moved the adjournment of the House, for the purpose of pitching into the Chief Secretary; whereupon the supporters of the Government went off in a loud and lively conversation, which drowned Mr. O'Connor's voice; whereupon Mr. O'CONNOR's friends, Mr. PARNELL at their head, rushed in, on the point of order; whereupon Mr. NEWDEGATE rose to order on Mr. PARNELL, and Mr. SULLIVAN to order on Mr. NEWDEGATE, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on Mr. SULLIVAN, and Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, till at last the SPEAKER himself was swept into the row, and disorder swamped order and reigned supreme. Then the mild wisdom of Lord HARTINGTON threw oil on the troubled waters; but, even after that, the storm was very nearly raised again between Mr. BRIGHT, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and Lord JOHN MANNERS. Whereupon explanations from everybody who had been concerned in the disturbance made confusion worse confounded, till Mr. O'CONNOR POWER withdrew his Motion, and the House settled down to the business of the evening, after an hour of such lively scrimmage as would not have done discredit to the French Legislative Chamber.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER confirmed the news of the abdication of the KHEDIVE in favour of his son, Prince TEWKIR, and answered Lord HARTINGTON's questions, to the effect that France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and the Porte, had all had a finger in the Egyptian pie; that the principal ground for pressing ISMAIL's abdication was the misgovernment of Egypt; and that the abdication had taken place in obedience to orders received from the Porte.

Mr. FAWCETT wanted to know if the recommendations to the KHEDIVE to resign had been made solely in consequence of the mis-government of his people, and had nothing to do with the failure of the KHEDIVE to execute his engagements to his creditors.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the "complications" between the KHEDIVE and his creditors were "part of the case against him." To pay his creditors he had to squeeze his poor fellahs, and this caused oppression; "but still it would be incorrect to say that these complications were the reason of the action of the Government."

Poor Sir STAFFORD! How helplessly yet laboriously he beat about the bush! But it would not have been pleasant to say that England has been dragged into action at the wheels of Prince BISMARCK's chariot, and that spirited England only interfered on finding that the other European Powers were quite prepared to interfere without her.

Friday (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON pleaded for the oppressed Armenians.

Lord SALISBURY sneered at the folly and impatience with the progress of Turkish reforms in Asia Minor.

Hurry no man's cattle—especially the SULTAN's. Money makes the Turk to go,—and, as the Turk has no money, it is a case of "no go" with the Turk. Very pleasant, especially when ye consider that we have guaranteed Turkish dominion in Asia Minor on condition of its reform, and that there is no reform of its condition.

(Commons).—More talk over Army Discipline and Reform Bill. Suppose, after the scene of Thursday, the House brought in a Bill for its own?

A MATTER OF TASTE.

"As to the æsthetical character of the work, that was purely a matter of taste."—*The Lord Chancellor on the Proposed Widening of London Bridge.*

A MATTER of taste! Oh, precisely, my Lord!
And taste, as we know, is a question en l'air.
Why should Cits, or Lord Chancellors either, be bored
With moot points of æsthetics? It's jolly unfair.
Our Boctian Babylon's practical rule
Is that money expended on Beauty's sheer waste;
So the man who disputes about Art is a fool,
For that's purely a matter of taste!

An architect's quarrel—between pot and kettle—
Think of making a fuss à propos of a Bridge!
The Court of C. C. all such questions should settle,
Undisturbed by the buzz of the critical midge.
CARNARVON, and GRANVILLE, and GREY may talk trash,
About grand designs marred and fine structures defaced;
But our CHANCELLOR—bless him!—such twaddlers can smash
With, "It's purely a matter of taste!"

Blow Beauty! It bothers us Britishers so,
We can't get the hang of it, try how we may.
Besides our prime object is Trade, don't you know,
And we can't let mere prettiness stand in its way.

Some say since we've scarcely a building in town
That is handsome, imposing, artistic, or chaste,
That to spoil our best bridge were the work of a clown;—
But that's purely a matter of taste!

Mere beauty don't count at the banker's, you see,
And æsthetical plans do not turn in a penny.
Trade must have free way, and it's fiddle-de-dee
To talk of fine Art or the feelings of RENNIE.
Thanks, my Lord, for your comforting words—they are pearls!
Such *nous* on the Woolsack seems wit run to waste;
"It is more like an Alderman's view than an Earl's!"—
Though, that's purely a matter of taste!

OUT-OF-DOORS REGISTER FOR THE WEEK.

EATHER.—Match at Lord's (*Mondays*).—Umbrellas versus Waterproofs and Goloshes. The umpires to be supplied with swimming-belts should the weather necessitate the precaution.

Tuesday.—Grand Submarine Regatta. Diving-bell boats, with crews in divers costumes. Course—the bed of the Thames.

Wednesday.—Grand Shower Show in all the London Parks.

Thursday.—Garden Party, under canvas, in a fashionable suburb. Thunderstorms, waterspouts, and hailstorms, at frequent intervals.

Friday.—Grand Swimming Race over the Derby Course. Open to horses of three years old and upwards.

Saturday.—Magnificent display of the whole system of London Waterworks. Hours, 1 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. inclusive.

GLORIOUS APOLLO!

NEW Song. "The Sun has set." The "setting" to music by Mr. WALTER AUSTIN. Another result of the wonderful weather. It ought to be very popular this unseasonable Season. Plenty more meteorological subjects at hand for this rising Composer—or rather this setting Composer. Here are a few suggestive titles—"Where is the Summer? Gone, alas!" "Hail! Frowning Morn!" "Hoist the Cone!"—a patriotic song. "The Tar's Farewell to Fine Weather." "See the Conquering Zero comes!"—a barometrical measure. And a Glee, with words altered to suit the season.

"Under the greenwood tree,
A fool to lie you'd be,
To catch cold and sore-throat,
Till you cannot sing a note,
Come shiver! Come shiver! Come shiver!
'Tis plain to see,
No summer there'll be,
But winter and rough weather!"

"The Weathercock proclaims the Morn!" And the same Composer could write a new Cantata suitable to this Summer, entitled "The Fire Screen."

Bravo! Master WALTER, let us have the sun set to music. It's the only thing that remains to be done with it.

A Speaker's Assistant.

Nolumus mores, any more than leges Anglie mutari. Nevertheless, might not the SPEAKER of the House of Commons as well be provided, like the President of the French Chamber of Deputies, with a Bell, for the purpose of arguing, when necessary, with Obstructive Home-Rulers. Or, if a Bell might seem a servile imitation, what would the Collective Wisdom say to a Chinese gong?



EARLY EXAM.

"AND WHAT DID YOUR GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS THEN FOR YOU?"

"KNIFE, FORK, AND 'POON!'"

CHARLES, OUR FRIEND.

THANKS to Messrs. MACMILLAN for the *Memoirs of Charles Mathews*, Architect, Author, Artist, and Actor.

Everyone was interested in "CHARLEY" MATHEWS. "CHARLEY was our darling" ever since we can remember going to the play, and yet who ever thought for one moment seriously that a time must inevitably come when CHARLES MATHEWS would have joined the majority, and when middle-aged playgoers would shake their heads regretfully, and say to the cadets of their families, "Ah, you should have seen CHARLES MATHEWS!"—"CHARLEY," as we used to call him!

Yet so it is. And, while his memory is still so brightly green amongst us, that we can hardly realise the fact of his having left us for good—for the best—and almost prefer to imagine that he has only gone away for a longer trip than usual beyond the Antipodes this time—"to the Sawannahs," as poor old Joe Willett softly murmured,—his autobiography comes to us, pleasant and chatty as the man himself.

Who but thinks of CHARLES MATHEWS affectionately, whether they knew him personally, or not? He had the popularity of the Second CHARLES without his vices; and, unlike the First CHARLES, our CHARLEY, "Cool as a Cucumber," never lost his head. We had got into the way—old and young—of looking upon him as a "scapegrace" to whom everything was to be forgiven because he was such a good fellow. We identified him with his characters: he was equally to us *Charles Coldstream* as he was CHARLES MATHEWS; and we looked upon his *Affable Hawk* as himself down to the ground,—only without the "Hawk."

"Imitate CHARLES MATHEWS!" cried out some one in the Gallery to Mr. J. L. TOOLE while giving his imitations of PHELPS, FECHTER, BUCKSTONE, &c.

"I shan't!" shouted Mr. TOOLE in reply. "I would if I could, but CHARLES MATHEWS is *imitable*!"

The public took a sort of kind old fatherly view of their favourite, and were inclined to shake their heads at him, and say "Oh, CHARLES, CHARLES!" like Sir Oliver in the *School for Scandal*, and then forgive him as a young rascal up to anything at any age.

No matter that his autobiography clearly and emphatically disavows this view of his character, the public has made its ideal CHARLEY, and to that tradition, in spite of his most earnest disclaimers, the public will stick.

The first volume is far more characteristic—more Mathew-y—than the second; and the idea will occur to most of his intimate friends, and to many of his acquaintances, that there are in existence sufficient materials for a third supplemental volume, much of which would come under the head of "Supper-le-mental Anecdotes." CHARLES MATHEWS was Charles his Friend to everyone, and never more so than at those late, pleasant, genial meals, when he ate little, drank hardly anything, refreshed himself with a cigar of his own peculiar brand, talked much, and always well. The most interesting part of his autobiography is contained in the first volume; while perhaps the most amusing is to be found in the second, where his public speeches are recorded. If Messrs. MACMILLAN and the Compiler will take this hint, we shall have to thank them again for a third volume of *Mathewiana* to complete the set.

THE WREATH REFUSED.

AIR—"Celia's Arbour."

"Lord BEACONSFIELD has refused to accept the People's Tribute, the Golden Wreath, purchased with the 52,000 pennies collected with such unheard-of exertion by Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI."—*Event of the Day*.

IN TRACY's sanctum, black as night,
Hang, doomed wreath—so hateful now!—
And, haply, now Lord B. won't bite,
A place thou'lt find on TRACY's brow!
And if upon thy leaflets bright
Spots of corrosion we should see,
We'll know they are not signs of slight,
But tears of pity for T. T.!

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (June, 1879).—Blankets and Eider Downs.



HOW ABOUT THE DONKEY?

ISMAIL, " 'GET OFF! BISMILLAH! WHO'S TO GET ON? ALL THESE FRANKS—OR SON TEWFIK, WITH THE PADISHAH BEHIND HIM? PLEASANT

"The SULTAN's firman has arrived at Alexandrin, pronouncing the deposition of the KEDIVE, and the nomination of Prince TEWFIK in his stead."—Reuter's Eastern Telegram.

'ARRY AT THE GAIETY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've seen her! I'm sure you'll at once understand who I mean. There is only one "her" now in town, and that's SARAH, the Gaiety Queen. Every gent as is really a gent, and a lover of *chick and lez bow*, Is bound to have seen SARAH B., so yours truly of course 'ad to go.

I've bin picking up French a bit lately along o' my new chum, ALFONGS, Who acts as a *garsong*—that's waiter—at one of them new Restorongs, I can patter it proper, I tell yer, and feel to be quite in the swim; And as ALF, as I call him, likes plays, why I went to see SARAH with him.

Rum name, don't you know; don't sound French, more than BETSY or EMILY-ANN; But you hear it all over the shop, like one once heard, "Whoa EMMA!" old man. All our Pros feel their nose out of joint since this Comerdey Frongsay lot came, And finding 'twas quite *lez fromage*, I was bound to be fly to the game.

"'Ot?" Oh my! In that Gallery, CHARLIE, Old Nick would have found it too warm,

Which two-and-a-tanner is stiff, but you do have to pay for good form; And oh! sech a swell lot below us, the regular *crame deller crame!* But I noticed most on 'em had books, though, and minded 'em too, all the same.

They do put on the pace in their patter, them French do, remarkable 'ot, And though I'd straight tips from ALFONGS, I must own as I missed a rare lot. But if some of the Swells didn't ditto, I'll eat my old hat, which it's tough— Though they tried to look horfay,—wot in English we'd call up to snuff.

If you ask wot I thought of it, CHARLIE. I tell you, old feller, not much! It's dry, CHARLIE, doosidly dry, and for spice *our theayters* can't touch. From wot I ad'eard of French plays I did look for a bit of a lark—*Pink Dominos* style, only more so, but blowed if 'twas up to that mark.

Nothing pointed, you know, and no puns; all the 'igh perlite droring-room style, Lots of naughty-nice business, I s'pose, but so wropped up in smirk, shrug, and smile, That yer couldn't lay hold on it somehow, like some sorts of scents, my dear boy, Which you never can git a fair sniff at, and consequent can't arf enjoy.

I do like my flavours strong, no French salads or *sooflays* for me, And when you are in for a joke give us one as a fellow can see. ALFONGS talks about Gallic *fine ess*, wot the dickens it is I don't know, But French flagree's not to my mind, I like more of stuff, substance, and go.

And SARAH? Well, CHARLIE, she's fetching, there ain't no two ways about that, She made pooty pictures when standing, and pootier ones when she sat; But she's cut jest a *leettle* too fine for my fancy. No, give me CROYSETT, As I think you would say is a stunner, though SARAH's the Toothpickers' pet.

But take 'em all round, well, I tell yer, I think they're a bit of a frost, Though, my parleyvoo not being pufrect, no doubt there was some things I lost; But there didn't seem nothing to brisk one, no rallies, no dances, no songs, Not a patch upon TERRY, with NELLY and KATE, as I sez to ALFONGS.

Then there's WARNER in *Drink*, now, that's business, good goods and no error— Oh 'lor!

I shall never forget that D. T.! If the Froggies 'ud do *Lassommor*, Wy, I'd go, if 'twere jest to compare 'em. I saw CROYSETT die in the *Sphinks*; But I guess she ain't in it with CHARLIE, although it is strikenine *she* drinks.

No, SARAH's the rage, there's no doubt, with her picters, and coffins, and skulls, Musseer Got's all the go, and the COCKLINGS have nobbled the toffs and the gulls;

But this style of French play ain't *my* sort. ALFONGS says when we two go to Parry

He'll show me the Real French Jam. Carn't *you* come with us?

Toot à Voo,
'ARRY.

The Lower House.

At a late ecclesiastical meeting of some sort there was talk of petitioning Parliament against alteration of the Common Prayer Book. Quite apart from anything doctrinal, there is, however, one expression in that volume, of which the excision is dictated by the logic of facts. Can a Legislative Body, liable to such scenes of uproar as those habitually provoked by the Members for Donnybrook, with any decency, continue to be spoken of as, "The *High* Court of Parliament?"

ALL IN THE SAME LINE.

PUNCH hears, with pleasure, that ZAZEL is going to be married—and to a distinguished divine. Strange fate! Out of the mouth of a Canon into the arms of an Archdeacon! May she be happy!

WARNING IN TAVERN WINDOWS.

In the window of more than one public-house is posted an advertising placard of the D. T. play, *Drink*, illustrated with a series of pictorial faces representing the several stages of D. T. Temperance Public-houses? Yes, Temperance; but not Total Abstinence. Establishments for the sale of intoxicating liquors, they display, however, a caution admonishing the purchaser not to imbibe them in intoxicating quantities, and are thus really inculcating the practice of true temperance. Isn't this as it should be?

BRIDGING A DIFFICULTY.

THE London Bridge Bill having been handed over by the Lords to the further consideration of a Committee, Mr. Punch takes the opportunity of throwing some light on the matter from his private letter-box. From a handful of correspondence at his command, he picks out the following:

"A PRACTICAL MAN" writes: "Certainly, carry out the plan of the Corporation, but with this proviso, that the thing be made to pay its own expenses. This is simple enough. Cast away the coping, pier-heads, pillars, and all such superfluous stuff, getting a fair market-price for it; then flatten the faces up and down river, and paint the whole a bright vermilion. This done, let it all out, at so much a foot, for advertisements, and there you are—every penny of your money back! As to taste, a bridge is made to walk over, and not to stare at, I suppose? But even if you come to looks, in my opinion there would be nothing handsomer than this, this side of Lambeth Suspension."

"AESTHETICUS" hopes that one of the finest river-structures in Europe is not going to be ruthlessly sacrificed, because no one is ready to step forward with a few millions to save it. "How do we know," he asks, "that after this any public monument is safe from the hands of the despoiler? Think what it would be to see the Duke of York's column threatened!" He concludes by pertinently asking, "What is the convenience of ten thousand cabs conveying people missing trains, when weighed against the culture of an artistic theory?"

"CONTRACTOR" suggests "a couple of new bridges, one for waggons, and one for cabs, on each side of the old one." This he points out "would not materially relieve the traffic in King William Street, though it would certainly enliven the river navigation, and possess the merit of treading on nobody's toes. "As to cost," he adds, "Give him the job, and he'll answer for that."

"WEST END" wants to know why the Corporation doesn't "try the Hyde Park dodge, and shut out the cabs and vans altogether, sending them, if they must get across, round by the Tower ferry;" and, lastly,

"CHICAGO" hints that he knows "a smart thing in wire in the flying line," though he should have thought "that to turn the Thames down the Borough Road clean into Greenwich by a short cut, would have squared the City Architect, and satisfied the rest of the public, who hadn't a dollar on it."

But Mr. Punch must close his portfolio, reserving his own simple solution of the matter till he gives his evidence, as he has already been specially requested to do, before the newly-appointed Committee.



LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

Jones (who understands French so well, although he does not speak it), reading over *List of Pieces to be played at the Gaity*:—"LE GENDRE DE M. POIRIER. WHY, WHAT GENDER SHOULD THE MAN BE, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW!"

"CHE SARA SARA!"

A RARELY-ENDOWED Sociétaire of the Comédie Française has been supplementing her appearances before the British public at the Gaiety Theatre by private entertainments in the houses of some of "the leaders of fashion." The little piece in which this charming actress plays has been written with a view to showing her proficiency in other arts beside the histrionic.

Mr. Punch suggests that when her present *pièce de résistance* is worn out—which it must soon be at the present rate of MME. S. B.'s run—something like the following (smartly translated into French) might be substituted for it:—

"ALL IS VANITY."

SCENE.—A Studio, with Busts and Groups in Marble, Clay, and Plaster, with "all that is wanted for modelling and sculpting"; Sketches, Pictures, with "all that is wanted for painting"; a Captive Balloon, with "all that is wanted for flying"; a Table, with "all that is wanted for writing."

Enter Dr. FEEDER.

Dr. Feeder. So, this is the shrine of the goddess of the hour! It is here that she turns critics' heads, bewitches statesmen, and leads the leaders of party and of fashion captives of her bow—and smile! (Bows to Audience.) Surely even that brightest and most erratic of stars should have found her sphere at last! Ah, here she comes!

Enter STELLA, dressed en Pierrot Galant in white satin, with a large diamond star in her necktie.

Stella. Kind, good Doctor, I am delighted to see you! Be good enough to observe my expression of delight. (Strikes attitude, showing expression of delight to Audience.) If you had been five minutes later, my anger would have known no bounds. You ask what my anger is like when it knows no bounds? (To Audience.) Something like this. (Screams, stamps, and shows her anger out of bounds.) And yet I could doat upon you, with all the clinging ten-

derness of a weak woman's loving heart I could say—(to Audience)—"Be kind enough to note the softness and sweetness of my voice,"—(to Dr. FEEDER, tenderly)—"I love you! Oh, how I love you!"

Dr. Feeder. And you show it by neglecting all my prescriptions, and throwing my physic to the dogs, from the insane heights to which your genius will insist on soaring!

Stella. This balloon is captive. It will not fly away with either of us. It is my only resource for taking the air, in this gas and smoke-laden atmosphere. (Gets into car attached to captive balloon, and ascends to the ceiling. After waiting for the applause, descends, and gets out.) Be not alarmed. I have ascended before, and written a book about it. Shall I read you some of it?

Dr. Feeder (hurriedly). By no means, rapturous delight as it would be. Why waste time in reading, when all the other Muses are waiting to welcome their sister? You paint?

Stella. Paint! See here! (Seizes a ready-laid palette, a sheaf of pencils, and mahlstick, and dashes off a tone-study of the greatest lady present.) Now do you ask if I paint?

Dr. Feeder. Charming! A new ANGELICA! And this modelling clay? Is it possible that the Muse of Sculpture too owns a sister in you?

Stella. A sister—or a rival! (Quickly modelling a bust, a bas-relief, or a medallion of the most conspicuous public character in the Audience.) You recognise the likeness.

Dr. Feeder (after a long and careful inspection). Not at the first glance. It is surely not CHARLES THE FIRST, nor NELSON—nor Lord BEACONSFIELD?

Stella (angrily). How stupid you are! It is a portrait of—(Here names conspicuous personage.)

Dr. Feeder. To the life—and (bowing to personage) from the life! (Looking at watch.) And now I think it is time to go to the theatre, where your comrades and an eager public are waiting for you.

Stella. I shall not go.

Dr. Feeder. Not go! That would be to fail in respect for the public and your comrades.

Stella. Then I will fail! I am tired out. Think of the entertainments I have given, the crowds I have received, and the excitement I have gone through!

Dr. Feeder. Everywhere, except at the theatre.

Stella. As you say—except at the theatre. But I am a genius: I cannot be bound by ordinary rules. I am worn out by my constant exertions . . . broken by the rush of emotions, impressions, excitements—everywhere—

Dr. Feeder. Except at the theatre.

Stella (Snapping her fingers). That for the theatre! I am the great STELLA! What is the theatre to me?

Dr. Feeder. But your comrades . . . the British public?

Stella. Let them wait. Nothing stimulates curiosity like expectation. (Addressing spectators.) If my kind friends here will but approve, I may snap my fingers at my comrades, at the public, and at everybody before and behind the Curtain. (To Doctor.) Ah! I faint! Support me!

[Languishes and sinks on Dr. FEEDER'S shoulder in an appealing attitude. Tableau.

HYPOTHESIS AGAINST HARVEY.

THE delivery of the annual Harveyian Oration by Dr. WILKS, F.R.S., at the College of Physicians on Thursday last week, may suggest the observation that there is no original thinker going about and impugning HARVEY's discovery. It is a wonder that the genius of GALILEO, does not likewise employ his eminent abilities in trying to prove HARVEY also a duffer. If the earth is flat, then, of course it doesn't revolve round the sun, and the alleged revolution of the earth is all humbug; and if the revolution of the earth is humbug, so also may be presumed to be the circulation of the blood. The demonstration of its movelessness only needs facts which might be easily cited, they being, in reality, by no means the stubborn things they are reputed to be; but extremely pliable.

The text of Dr. WILKS's discourse was HARVEY's advice to his followers to "study and search out the secrets of Nature by way of experiment." We fear that our friends the Anti-Vivisectionists will hardly be in favour of following the method of investigation prescribed by HARVEY.

Our Woolwich Infants.

(Dedicated to the "Cadet Company" of the R.M.A.)

THE life of Young Woolwich was once Spartan hard,

And now it's grown freer and gayer;

But Punch will back claret that pampered a CHARD
'Gainst black draught that "brought up" a FITZMAYER.



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